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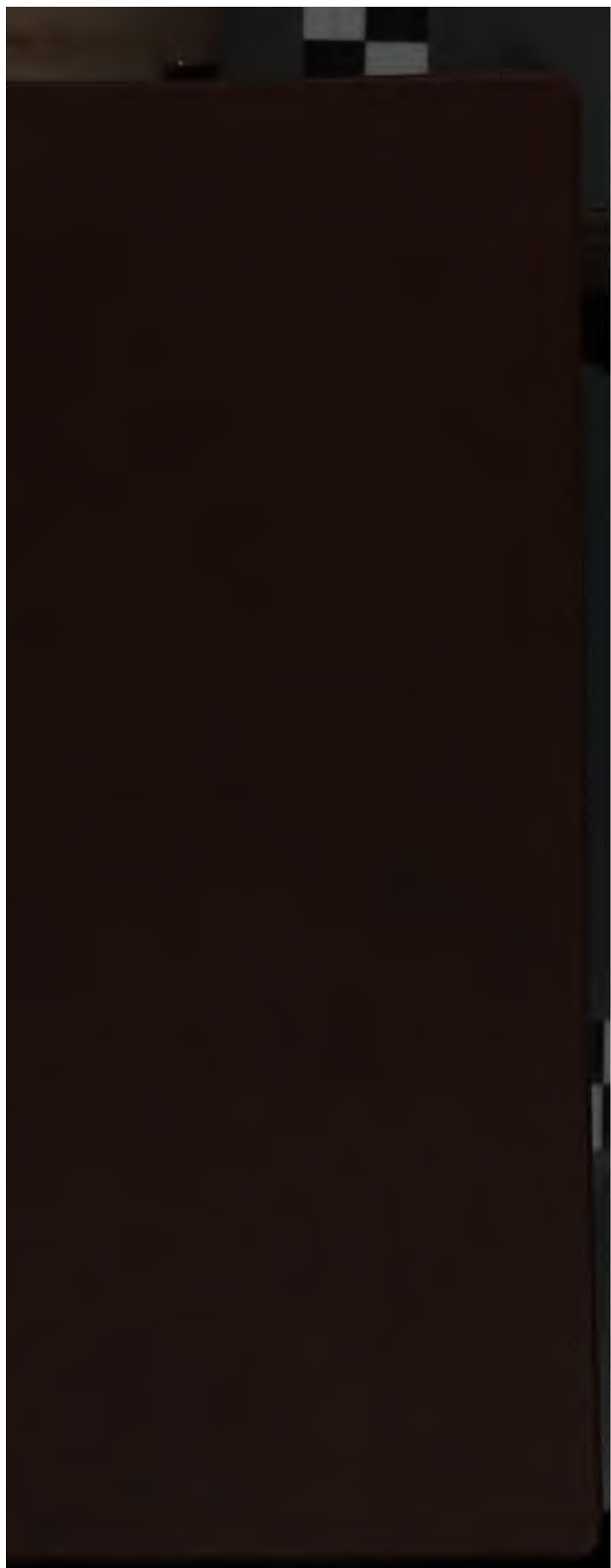
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THE
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- Art. I.—*A Handbook for Young Painters.* By C. R. Leslie, R.A., Author of the "Life of Constable." London: John Murray. 1855.
2. *Lectures on Architecture and Painting, delivered at Edinburgh in November, 1853.* By John Ruskin. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1854.
3. *Art and Poetry; being Thoughts towards Nature.* Conducted principally by Artists. London: Aylott and Jones. January, February, March, April, 1850.

IN Art we live in an age of anarchy and disorganization. In the multitude of counsellors is no longer safety. Positive art-guidance is needed, and instead thereof are raised only opposing and discordant cries: in the indefinite multiplication of authorities, all authority is overthrown; confusion and strife but thicken as knowledge augments, and these last days become perplexed and dazzled by the conflict and excess of light. How rightly to read the past history of Art, how to deduce from the great works that have come down to us, laws for our philosophy or rules for our practice, daily becomes more difficult. At what epoch Art culminated? what masters through their works and teachings are Art's great lawgivers? what are the true aims and ends towards which our modern Art should tend?—these vital and fundamental questions daily lead to interminable dispute. The public is thus confounded and misled, and the artist, driven about by every wind of doctrine, sinks a victim when he should rise a victor. It is altogether vain to hope that this battle of the schools, this conflict of systems, may conduce in the result

to the establishment of recognized law; that, so what is false may be overthrown, and that which is indeed fundamental and vital, consolidated into a sound Art-philosophy. We believe, that at the present moment, great responsibility devolves on the office of the critic. It is he who is to adjudicate on conflicting claims, to weigh opposing evidence, to unravel the intricacy of involved precedents, and finally, if it be possible, to deduce therefrom the true laws and principles which shall govern future decisions, and guide the general practice. The works prefixed to the present article are opposing witnesses, or rather contending counsel, brought into the court of public opinion; and after having given to the question raised by the evidence and arguments adduced, mature consideration, we will now endeavour to pronounce a judgment which, though it should fail to settle the question in dispute, may yet tend to reconcile and remove existing difficulties, and, at all events, not augment present confusion.

The English Pre-Raphaelite reformation or heresy is the subject on which we propose to treat. The periodical entitled "Art and Poetry" prefixed to this article, may be taken as an *ex parte* statement of the case by "the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren" themselves, the plaintiffs in the suit. Mr. Ruskin, in his Edinburgh Lectures, is their volunteer counsel, and shows, perhaps, greater zeal than discretion in his advocacy. Mr. Leslie, on the other hand, is engaged in the defence, and seeks to maintain against these radical renovators the authority and rights to which Raphael, by the common consent of three centuries, has been deemed entitled. The case involves important and fundamental considerations: it threatens an utter revolution in acknowledged Art-authorities. If the plaintiffs in the suit should win, the decisions of three centuries are overthrown, ancient landmarks removed, and great names disinherited. The question is complex; the plaintiffs cannot fairly be nonsuited on a bare statement of the matter in dispute: they merit a patient hearing, and have a case worthy of the due deliberation of the court. That the arguments are not unequally balanced, and that each party has its strongholds more easy to defend than to capture, may well be inferred by the obstinate prolongation of the contest without any definite or final result. The conflict, moreover, is not one of mere words, but of deeds. The plaintiffs enforce their arguments by example, and add to the novelty of their faith the startling eccentricities of their works: their words are but a prelude and apology for these works. They thus seek to substantiate their claims and position in the court of public opinion, in order to give to the licence of their practice the sanction of established law. Now, shall all past decisions be

reversed in their favour? Do they show sufficient cause? This is the question. We put them to their proof and trial. The plausibility, if not the soundness of their arguments, no less than the undoubted merit of their works, will at least claim for the whole question a calm and considerate investigation.

Without further prelude, we will, therefore, at once allow Mr. Ruskin to open the case for his clients "the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren." In his Edinburgh Lectures, Mr. Ruskin thus speaks of Raphael, and the Art-degradation to which he is accused of having led:—

"He died at thirty-seven: and, in his twenty-fifth year, one half year only past the precise centre of his available life, he was sent for to Rome, to decorate the Vatican for Pope Julius II., and having, until that time, worked exclusively in the ancient and stern mediæval manner, he, in the first chamber which he decorated in that palace, wrote upon its walls the *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* of the arts of Christianity.

"And he wrote it thus: on one wall of that chamber he placed a picture of the World, or Kingdom of *Theology*, presided over by Christ. And on the side wall of that same chamber, he placed the World, or Kingdom of *Poetry*, presided over by Apollo. And from that spot, and from that hour, the intellect and art of Italy date their degradation."

... "Raphael had neither religion nor originality enough to trace the spirit of poetry, and the spirit of philosophy, to the inspiration of the true God, as well as that of theology; but that, on the contrary, he elevated the creation of fancy on the one wall, to the same rank as the subjects of faith upon the other; that in deliberate, balanced opposition to the rock of the Mount Zion, he reared the rock of the Parnassus and the rock of the Acropolis. . . . The doom of the arts of Europe went forth from that chamber, and it was brought about in great part by the very excellences of the man who had thus marked the commencement of decline. . . . The mediæval principles led *up* to Raphael, and the modern principles led down from him."—pp. 213—215.

Mr. Ruskin further insists that mediæval Art was *religious*, and all modern Art is *profane*; that mediæval Art *confessed* Christ, while modern art *denies* Christ.

The justness of this charge against Raphael we have already examined in a previous paper; at the present moment it will suffice to mark that this master is here degraded in order that the early Italian Pre-Raphaelite painters may be exalted. The comparative merits of the two periods is, in fact, the historical turning-point of the whole question. The Pre-Raphaelite epoch extends from Cimabue, born in Florence in the year 1240, to

Perugino, the master of Raphael, who was born in the year 1446. The modern English Pre-Raphaelites, it is well known, claim their descent from these early Italian masters; acknowledge them as the true fathers in Art; renounce the accustomed allegiance paid to Raphael, and pass by in silence, as unworthy of notice, the great names of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. In "Art and Poetry" we doubt if the names of Leonardo and Michael Angelo once occur; and Raphael is mentioned only as a contrast to earlier masters. As an example of the general teaching of the school, we quote the following passage from the work just referred to:—

"Let us now return to the early Italian painters. . . . In Ghiberti, in Fra-Angelico (well named), in Masaccio, in Ghirlandajo, and in Baccio della Porta, in fact, in nearly all the works of the painters of this school, will be found a character of gentleness, grace, and freedom, which cannot be surpassed by any other school, be that which it may; and it is evident that this result must have been obtained by their peculiar attachment to simple nature alone, their casting aside all ornament, or rather, their perfect ignorance of such, —a happy fortune none have shared with them."

Speaking of Orcagna's well known fresco, *The Triumph of Death*, in the Campo Santo, at Pisa, the writer continues—

"Altogether this picture contains, perhaps, a greater amount of bold imagination and originality of conception than any of the kind ever painted. For sublimity, there are few works which equal the Archangels of Giotto, who stand singly holding their sceptres, and with relapsed wings. The *Paul* of Masaccio is a well known example of the dignified simplicity of which these artists possessed so large a share. These instances might be multiplied without end; but surely enough have been cited in the way of example to show the surpassing talent and knowledge of these painters, and their consequent success, by following natural principles, until the introduction of false and meretricious ornament led the chiefs from the simple chastity of nature, which it is as useless to attempt to elevate as to endeavour to match the works of God by those of man."—p. 62.

Now, we do not adduce this passage as absolutely false in doctrine, but as partial and one-sided, and likewise as an example of the bias with which these men read Art-history, ascribing all possible excellences to the early Italian masters, and passing Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Correggio, as unworthy of their notice. The work last quoted contains a dialogue of some originality and elevation of thought, in which is found the following passage, from which the tenets of "the Brethren" are further evident:—

“What an array of deep, earnest, and noble thinkers, like angels armed with a brightness that withers, stand between Giotto and Raffaele: to mention only Orcagna, Ghiberti, Masaccio, Lippi, Fra-Beato Angelico, and Francia. Parallel *them* with Post-Raffaele artists. If you think you can, you have dared a labour of which the fruit shall be to you as Dead Sea apples, golden and sweet to the eye, but in the mouth, ashes and bitterness.”—p. 159.

In justice to this modern school, we quote, in conclusion, the following passage, which will serve to show in what manner “the Brethren” seek to avail themselves of the aid of mediæval works, without merging their own individuality and independence:—

“The discovery of the New World without the compass would have been sheer chance; but with it, it became an absolute certainty. So, in such manner, the modern artist seeks to use early mediæval Art as a fulcrum to raise through, but only as a fulcrum; for he himself holds the lever, whereby he shall both guide and fix the stones of his Art-temple; as experience which shall be to him a rudder, directing the motion of his ship, but in subordination to his control; and as a compass, which shall regulate his journey, but which, so far from taking away his liberty, shall even add to it, because, through it his course is set so fast in the ways of truth as to allow him, undividedly, to give up his whole soul to the purpose of his voyage, and to steer a wider and freer path over the trackless, but to him, with his rudder and compass, no longer the trackless or waste ocean; for God and his endeavours prospering him, that shall yield up unto his hands, discoveries as man-worthy as any hitherto beheld by men or conceived by poets.”—p. 160.

It must be confessed, that unless these passages possess more truth than perspicuity, they can have but little value. However, we think, from their general purport may be darkly conjectured what these men really teach and seek to embody in their practice. It is evident that the term “Pre-Raphaelites” is no misnomer, but aptly expresses the purposed revival of an early Art-epoch.

In the Paris Exhibition we had an opportunity of again examining many of the more noted pictures of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren. Now, we would ask, why were they greeted in Paris as in London, with laughter and derision?—there must be some reason for this: the reason is, that their absurdities, not their merits, first attract the general notice. A characteristic trait in the ridiculous is, that its absurdity is instantaneously patent. Merit, at least in some of its forms, may lie hidden, and its appreciation often requires technical knowledge, careful study, or cultivated taste; but the ridiculous at once arrests the eye and excites the mind. Merit may demand the slow process of reason for its appreciation; the absurd is instantaneously de-

tected by intuition. Now, that manifest absurdity is a leading characteristic in even the better pictures of the modern Pre-Raphaelites, is necessarily inferred from the general derision which greets these productions. To corroborate this charge of the ridiculous and grotesque, we would adduce Mr. Hunt's pictures of *The Hireling Shepherd* and *The Light of the World*. They were both pictures of unquestionably deep thought and serious purpose; yet we appeal to our readers, if the first feeling and impression on seeing these works, was not that of surprise and repulsion at their strange quaintness, stiffness, and gratuitous deformity. With the multitude, such pictures cannot fail to bring serious subjects into ridicule. We admit that further examination might reveal hidden merits; but an artist has, manifestly, no right to hide his merits in obscurity, and openly parade without veil or hesitation his conceits and deformities. He has no right to make his pictures disagreeable to the general eye, offensive to unsophisticated tastes, trusting to the fancied discrimination of the *dilletanti* few to raise a cry of acclamation in his favour. A picture that is disagreeable is bad, notwithstanding its technical merits. Paintings that require sophisticated ingenuities for their explanation, are but learned and elaborate failures. But it is not right that Mr. Hunt should, alone, furnish examples of the grotesque and the ridiculous: *The Return of the Dove to the Ark*, *Mariana of the Moated Grange*, by Mr. Millais, and *Recollections of Bethlehem*, by Mr. Collins, are equally open to the same charge.

In attentively reconsidering these collected works in Paris, it became more than ever apparent that "the Brethren" fail in catching the real essential spirit of the early Italian masters. Their professed imitation is superficial; the resemblance is only that which meets the casual eye. They have not earnestly dwelt on the works of these early men, looking through the outward form and fashion into the indwelling soul, and thus becoming, at length, transformed into the same spiritual life and image. On the contrary, our modern Pre-Raphaelites have much more affinity with the stiff quaintness of Albert Durer, than with the unearthly purity of Fra-Angelico. They evidently live in the common-place actualities of their own age and country; they are Englishmen, who, decrying their own times and nation, put on the mask and disguise of a foreign land and mediæval period. But it is all a mere outward assumption and pretence. This becomes abundantly evident when we contrast the type of form adopted by the modern men, with that of the mediæval period. The countenances of the Italian masters are pure, spiritual, and unearthly; the features well and regularly formed; the figures and characters, however saint-like and

abstracted, are still living examples of that worship which is in the *beauty* of holiness. Our modern men, on the contrary, for the most part paint countenances of a realistic, and even vulgar type,—their characters are actual, practical, efficient; it may be, that they possess sound sense and clear intellect, but are evidently no dreamers of dreams, or seers of visions; and certainly, by personal appearance and demeanour upon canvas, evince no inward perception of the æsthetic in life or religion. We do not condemn "the Brethren" because, discarding the mediæval types, they have taken to forms of their own conceiving. Far from it. But why then assume a name when—wanting the essential spirit of antiquity—nothing remains to them but that name and a garb of repulsive austerity. But further, these men challenge censure, inasmuch as the forms they have chosen are low and vulgar. For example, a particular form of countenance, has, by common consent and general adoption, been ascribed to our Saviour. Let it be granted that this form comes with no adequate authority, yet we think it wise to adhere to it until one still more worthy shall be formed. Now let us ask, can Mr. Hunt show any such justification for his new rendering of the head of Christ in *The Light of the World*? Is it possible to conceive of a countenance less worthy of the character? If Art be, under any circumstances, justified in attempting to represent the Redeemer, it is manifest that a form should be adopted, which might, if possible, express Divinity dwelling in Humanity. It is true, that the prophet foretold that the Saviour should have "no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." But the Church, after much controversy, rightly decided, that the Redeemer should be represented with all the attributes of heavenly beauty. It is evident, indeed, that this is an imperative condition in all Art-representation, that to endow a divine character with other than divine attributes, would not only be repulsive to reverent feelings, but render Art a hindrance, not an aid, to our worship and our faith. Art lives in the concord, not in the conflict, between the outward and the inward, and it becomes sometimes necessary, as in the example of the figure of St. Paul, to violate historical truth, in order to fulfil a higher law. This paramount Art-law, whereby beauty is made inseparable from truth and goodness, these modern Pre-Raphaelites designedly violate. We have spoken of Mr. Hunt's ignoble conception of the Saviour's character: in contrast, we would refer to the reverent spirit in which Leonardo approached the subject. We are told, that to the head of the Apostles, the master gave so much beauty and majesty, that he was constrained to leave the countenance of

Christ unfinished; he was convinced that he could not hope to find on earth all that perfection of beauty and celestial grace which appeared to him needful, fittingly to represent Divinity Incarnate. The Pre-Raphaelites have still to learn, that they cannot, through mere expression, confer divinity on the features of a Judas. Mr. Hunt's *Light of the World* is but one example among many of that utter neglect of form and elevation of type; that preference, in fact, for the revolting; that too obvious selection, not of the beautiful, but of the grotesque and degraded, which disfigures and debases many of these modern works. It is just possible that low features may be elevated and redeemed by noble expression. This is, indeed, the victory which these men are ever aiming to achieve. But why studiously select a low type, when nobility is within reach. The highest, purest form irradiated by heavenly thoughts and feelings, is not only within the possible compass of art, but, should ever be the constant and primary aim towards which the true poet-artist should invariably strive. This is his high mission in the world. To gather and select out of nature all the noblest, the most beautiful, and, therefore, the most true; to redeem and exalt, and purify that which is low and common-place; to correct nature's errors by nature's perfections, and thus to restore and reveal a noble humanity, is the true province of art.

The Light of the World, by Mr. Hunt, is no solitary example. *The Return of the Dove to the Ark*, by Mr. Millais, may equally be adduced in proof of our position. The two children are most commonplace in character, arrest attention solely by their absolute ugliness; in short, belong to the class of children in whom we can feel not the slightest interest. Again we ask, when beautiful children might easily be found, why designedly select the grotesque, awkward, and disagreeable. Mr. Ruskin tells us that "such works as Mr. Hunt's *Claudio and Isabella* have never been rivalled, in some respects never approached, at any other period of art." Now we most readily admit the high merits of this work; yet unquestionably it is but another example of the unfortunate and fatal tendency of which we speak. Why should all the forms be so odd, quaint, and repulsive? Surely these are not the necessary concomitants of thought and deep feeling. Was it needful that *Isabella* should be commonplace in countenance, and uncouth in general appearance? Is it desirable that art should transcend nature only by invariably representing good people as proportionately ugly? Is this a fixed principle in art, although fortunately not an absolutely uniform law in nature? Was it imperatively necessary, in order to give effect to the words of Shakspeare, "Death is a fearful thing," that *Claudio* should be high shouldered, wooden

in frame, and his countenance revoltingly ugly? On the contrary, we cannot but think that Art would accomplish a nobler mission did it seek to stamp vice and depravity with their inherent deformity, and mould virtue and truth in their native loveliness and beauty. Thus would the world of Art differ from our actual experience, as the world of grace differs from the natural man. Thus would that perfect harmony and oneness reign in the world of Art, which faith and hope tell us will one day be restored to the hostile and discordant elements of life.

We have been the more anxious to insist on this tendency to the grotesque, commonplace, and ridiculous, because we believe the error in practice arises from a corresponding fallacy in principle. This indeed was the mistaken theory which misled Wordsworth, perverted his genius, and marred so many of his works. He tells us that in his poems he designedly chose incidents, situations, and characters from common life, and purposely adopted the language of humble and rustic society. It will now be generally admitted that Wordsworth has himself proved the fallacy of this doctrine in the character of his works. The best portions of his poems, as in like manner the best parts of the pictures painted by the modern Pre-Raphaelites, are in obvious violation of the theory which they severally teach. Coleridge has successfully shown that poetry is essentially ideal and generic; that rustic life is specially unfavourable to the formation of human diction; that the best parts of language are the product, not of clowns or shepherds but of philosophers, and that thus the language of Milton is more truly the language of real, because of noble life, than that of the rustic cottager. It would be well could our Pre-Raphaelites apply the principles involved in this celebrated controversy to the elucidation of their art-philosophy, and the amelioration of their practice. Before quitting the subject, we would direct attention to another point likewise agitated in this controversy. By Wordsworth's assailants it was stated that the object and end of poetry is to please. In Mr. Wordsworth's preface, before quoted, is the following passage, in which the same doctrine is, in fact, clearly admitted: "The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man." This is, in fact, a condemnation of learned and abstruse poems and pictures. Both poetry and painting must speak to universal sympathies, appeal to natural and unsophisticated, not solely to artificial and acquired, tastes. Now on this ground the Pre-Raphaelite works, as we have already hinted, obviously stand condemned. But the passage implies

still more. Far be it from us to insist that the highest function of Art is pleasure, still it is incontrovertibly true that no picture can either be a successful or real work of Art which is absolutely displeasing. It may, and ought to, do something more than please; but still, that it should at all events please, is absolutely needful. Now we have shown that these Pre-Raphaelites disdain to please; they are, therefore, not true artists. They might, we think, learn much that they require to know from the Post-Raphaelites, whom they hold in such utter contempt. There cannot be a doubt that the power of fascination grew with the outward development of art, that even Raphael's greatest works are often less pleasing to the eye than Correggio's delicately blended pictures. Suavity of manner and graces of demeanour may be contemptible when they stand alone, unsupported by more sterling and inherent qualities; but the man who shall designedly violate decorum is as unfitted for our drawing-rooms, as the pictures which uniformly disregard all the elegances and winning beauties of art are unsuited to our galleries. A picture may excite our wonder, our curiosity—it may attract notice by its novelty or its antiquity, but unless it inspire pleasurable emotions, it is assuredly not fitted to become the inmate of our houses, or the companion of our lives. We, therefore, protest against these Pre-Raphaelite works because they are grotesque and unbeautiful. While they do not scruple to violate common sense, they are content in their types to sink into commonplace. We have been told that their manner is a salutary protest against hacknied conventionalism, but this manner is, in fact, itself a gross mannerism; and the protest against conventionalism unfortunately comes in the not less hacknied, and far less pleasing, form of mediæval conventionality.

These clever innovators start with the assertion, that "the principles on which art has been taught for these three hundred years back are essentially wrong;" and in exemplification of the dogma, they reproduce a style and manner which has become extinct, simply because the age and circumstances in which it rose have been succeeded—and forgotten in the revolutions of later, and as we think, better times. We gladly acknowledge the service of the antiquary in literature, and receive the republications which his learning and research bring to light with interest and gratitude. We even look with pleasure on the ingenious and harmless simulation by which fictitious diaries in antique bindings seek to incite our interest in the olden time. In like manner also, the artists, whose industry, love, and antiquarian tastes, carry us back by their skilful revivals into periods well nigh forgotten, are deserving of our thanks and

commendation. We thank these men, because they do the world good service; it is pleasant, and may be profitable, thus to revert to the past. Having perhaps mentally exhausted the thoughts and feelings of modern art, and seeing no immediate prospect of new creations, the eye and the mind, jaded by endless repetition, finds grateful excitement in revivals of an Art-age the opposite of our own. We believe, as we have already said, that this is one cause of the interest created by these productions. Old china, antique furniture, and in the same way old pictures, or revivals of obsolete forms and fashions, are like romances of the olden times, of special charm and interest to many minds. We would not wish to curtail an enjoyment so far from irrational. If the question might rest here, we should contentedly maintain a complaisant silence. But this Art-caprice is not permitted to live merely by virtue of our capricious sensibilities. To sanction these antiquarian eccentricities, involves, as we have seen, not only an approval of their dogmas, but an equal censure upon "the principles on which art has been taught for these three hundred years." These are consequences from which we shrink. We consequently feel necessitated to restrain vagrant sympathies, to curb thoughts which would take a flight into the past, rather than sanction by implication dogmas so ultra and denunciatory. To recur to a former illustration, we read and admit into our libraries imitations of diaries pretended to be written by the good of former days, and piety may be thus promoted, and literature enriched; but if these works were heralded by prefaces dogmatically asserting that the principles upon which all biographies and fictions had been hitherto written were utterly false, the true interests of literature would demand from us that we should denounce such vain presumption, and suppress so daring an innovation. If, then, "the Brethren" have to complain of severity, we tell them that ridicule and condemnation are well merited by assumption so offensive. If critics and artists, who have laboured zealously for art's honour, are told "that the principles on which art has been taught for these three hundred years back are essentially wrong;" if thus the challenge has been given and the battle opened, can "the Brethren" complain, should their self-created enemies refuse to fraternize in the spirit of brotherhood? Can they complain when the truth is boldly spoken, when their art is decried as an anachronism of the dark ages unsuited to this nineteenth century; their works condemned as archaisms ignoring the progress made during the three centuries they despise, and their teaching stigmatized as not only offensive, but unsound. Let them learn that the reputation they rightly merit and now enjoy is chiefly owing to the fact that they themselves have

violated their dogmatic creed. Thus their best works have refuted their cherished principles by abandoning and renouncing the eccentricities of their former mistaken practice.

This English revival is, after all, but the echo of a similar movement in Germany. Overbeck in Rome and Cornelius in Munich are the leaders, as they were the revivers, of the modern mediæval school in Germany. Germany has taken the same position in art as in literature. Studios, learned, and of untiring industry, the Art which she has elaborated is the accumulated product of thought and study devoted alike to the records and muniments in Art-history, and to the fundamental principles in human nature upon which Art-philosophy is built. We believe that among the varied examples of German Art precedents may be found for almost any vagary and eccentricity with which "the Brethren" may seek to astonish and amuse the public. Yet we have been glad to find that the greatest men in that country have studied nature not less diligently than mediæval pictures, and have thereby, in great measure, escaped a morbid, stiff, and affected mannerism, and attained for the most part to a manly, vigorous, and independent style. Overbeck, whose studio in Rome we visited some years since, has, perhaps, of all others most sedulously moulded himself on the earlier Italian masters. He would appear to live in the past, to breathe its atmosphere, and thus, in his works, to become instinct with its spirit. The severe, emaciated beauty of his countenance, the saint-like loftiness of his head, with the calm subdued dignity of his bearing, are the best comments upon his works. His productions and character are, indeed, one; to understand each you must see the other; his pictures and designs are but the counterparts, the outward sign of a spiritual grace.

It is worthy of remark that this special Art-manifestation has hitherto always been circumscribed within the pale of the Roman Catholic church. Its first origin in Italy dates prior to the Reformation, and under Protestantism it has never prospered. Protestantism may, possibly, in other respects afford abundant recompense; permitting, as it does, greater freedom to the mind—to it may be reserved the office of breaking the last shackles which bind Art and encumber genius; and thus, less servilely dependent on the past, enfranchised man may press forward towards the prize of Art's high calling in the future. Protestants as we are in Art, no less than in theology, we will not willingly surrender our confidence that the true, the good, and the free must ultimately be found best conducive to the highest, fullest, and freest development of the beautiful. Still we cannot fail to mark the wide gulph which separates Protestant from Roman Catholic art, a gulph as broad as that which stands between the

two contending theologies. The consequence to which this leads is evident. We can imagine a revival of mediæval Christian Art in a Roman Catholic country; in a Protestant we cannot. An Art whose vital spirit is legendary lore; an Art in which Mariolatry is the ever-fruitful source of inspiration, whose atmosphere is the cloister, whose aim and function is to inspire in the worshippers that spirit in which itself lives, moves, and has its being, is certainly in its whole life, genius, and soul unsuited to a Protestant age and country. Protestantism disdains to allure through the senses; it overthrows legends and traditions by a stern appeal to the law and to the testimony, and places the creations of flights of imagination under the cold control of reason. Let it be admitted that thus truth is attained—it is not equally evident that pictorial Art is advanced. The Reformation, seeking to substitute for a religion of the senses a pure spiritual Christianity, in the blind zeal of a reactionary movement overlooked and ignored the mysterious union and oneness subsisting between body and soul; forgot that the invisible is a mental creation out of things visible, that the spiritual and supersensuous rest on the senses and the material world as a basis, and that therefore it becomes the province and glory of Art to redeem matter from its grossness, to suffuse spiritualism into materialism, to make even the senses ministers to our higher being, that so there may be no schism in the body, no disunion or antipathies in the whole creation of God. But Protestantism has hitherto overlooked for the most part these vital principles, and it yet remains a problem practically unsolved, whether a phase of religion aiming at unadorned, immaterial truth, however conducive to man's advancement, is compatible with Art's development. We, therefore, regard, as we have already said, this attempted revival of mediæval Art as a great anomaly.

The Art of the middle ages was the expression and product of the times in which it rose. All genuine vital Art must be so. To reproduce the mere outward form and fashion of mediæval works is to feed on the husks and leave the grain. Now, the outward form and embodiment of the early works evince a technical Art condition as infantile and immature as middle-age science itself. To revert to mediæval times, therefore, for instruction in the materialism and technicalities of Art is about as reasonable as to search among the manuscripts of monasteries for the construction of the telescope or the manufacture of chronometers. All that is valuable in mediæval Art is its spirit; and that spirit, as we have seen, is counter to the whole tenour and purport of the religion, science, and philosophy of the days in which we live. When these modern "Brethren" speak, then, of these ancient works as containing all that is needful for the

salvation of their country's Art, it is evident that they read amiss the spirit of our times, and the agencies and thoughts which are struggling for expression. Our modern Art chiefly wants the infusion of soul, but it must be the soul of this nineteenth century, not that of the middle ages, which is dead. Our age in the mighty forces at work, in the tragedies not less than the achievements of our civilization, is calling for a painter as it needs the poet to give expression to its energies in the highest Art. High Art is not necessarily extinct because Holy Families are not seen on the walls of our Academy. Raphael himself, born an Englishman in the nineteenth century instead of an Italian in the fifteenth, would have given to his genius a largeness and expansion fitted to these later and freer times. He probably would have felt that all families are holy where God and his truth rules and reigns, and might, even in these days, or, indeed, equally in any time, have won for himself the epithet, "divine," by seizing on the essential and true dignity inherent in general humanity.

"The Brethren," are evidently moved by high thoughts, and so far merit our respect. They have earnestly questioned how best out of the past may be educed an Art worthy of England's future. The intention and purpose are noble, but they have sought their end by means too exclusive and circumscribed. The metaphor in which Milton likened the dismembered form of truth to the mangled body of Osiris, is equally applicable to beauty. We venture to adapt the figure to our present purpose. Beauty came, indeed, once into the world a perfect shape, most glorious to look on, but her lovely form, hewn into a thousand pieces, is now scattered to the four winds of heaven. It becomes the last sad office of the friends of beauty, wandering up and down, to gather together limb by limb still as they can find them, hoping to bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Let "the Brethren" apply the metaphor to their own instruction. As the friends of a beauty mangled, and mutilated, and scattered to the four winds, let them not limit their search to the narrow confines of one age or country. They will not bring together every scattered joint and member unless they carry their loving search far and wide. We do them no injustice to tell them plainly that they have as yet failed to mould into an immortal feature beauty's loveliness and perfection. The metaphor is bold, but not less literal. Is truth limited to the Christian era? Can the Christian of our day, or, indeed, of any other day, neglect; without loss and prejudice, the lessons which heathen, but not, therefore, wholly unenlightened, sages have left for our instruction? And, in like manner, was no manifestation of

universal beauty vouchsafed to heathen times? Is it necessary to argue the point? Are the classic forms which have been received for ages as models of essential beauty to be discarded and condemned merely because they are not Christian? The Roman Catholic works of mediæval times, which at the present moment it is the fashion exclusively to extol, are surely not admirable so far as they are Romish; and in like manner the classic remains are not beautiful and imitable so far as they are pagan. True philosophy surely would teach us to cast aside and exclude from each the extraneous and the vicious, and to seize upon that saving and essential beauty present in these, and, indeed, in all genuine works. An Art worthy of our present attainments and position must be formed on an investigation and deduction commensurate with the entire cycle of Art-history.

Our modern science is built on the most extended investigation and combination of known facts, from which no true data are excluded, and art cannot rank on an equality with our science till it likewise has embraced into its philosophy and practice every true manifestation of the beautiful, however diversified and apparently incompatible. In the progress of the sciences are there not facts which sometimes war against too hasty generalizations? Are there not, likewise, indisputable facts in Art-history which war against the circumscribed and most hasty conclusions of "the Brethren," and their champion, Mr. Ruskin? Is it a fact that the classic remains are examples of the beautiful or not? Did Correggio attain to a certain grace and fascination denied even to Raphael? Is it a fact or not that Titian outvied all previous and subsequent painters in colour? If these things be true, widen the basis of your Art-teaching, and make your conclusions commensurate with your facts. Do not presume to teach others till you have rightly taught yourselves, nor attempt to remodel the Art of your country till your thoughts are raised to the height of the great argument on which you enter.

An important distinction, said to exist between the principles and aims of mediæval and modern Art, merits our consideration. Mr. Ruskin says:—

"When the entire purpose of art was moral teaching, it naturally took truth for its first object, and beauty and the pleasure resulting from beauty only for its second. But when it lost all purpose of moral teaching, it as naturally took beauty for its first object and truth for its second."—Lecture IV., p. 208.

He further insists that the old artists endeavoured to express the real facts of the subject or event, this being the chief business, with only a secondary regard to grace and beauty, "while a modern painter invariably thinks of the grace and beauty of his

sponding distinctions. It is manifest, for instance, that the truth contained in a statistical table is not just that truth best suited for pictorial representation. There is the truth of a geometrical axiom, the truth of a scientific fact, and there is likewise the truth belonging to a poem or a picture. There are truths of the intellect, and nothing more; there are likewise truths which, in addition to their actual and intellectual existence, obtain not only an intellectual assent, but move our imagination and emotions. Now, we will not here enter upon an analysis of the real essence of the beautiful; but it becomes abundantly evident that beauty is truth, plus something else, which something, although an unknown quantity, is yet, when found or recognized in its results, the true essence of the beautiful. A literal, bald, matter-of-fact truth appeals to and moves the intellect, and nothing more. Such facts are emphatically truths, and it is greatly to be desired, in order to avoid ambiguity and confusion, that the term truth should be taken in this limited sense, and no other. Now truth, so defined, is not the essential fundamental object and aim of the fine arts. It is the object of our mathematical and physical sciences; but again we repeat, it is not the essential and fundamental aim of the fine arts. But when the cold intellectual body of truth is, so to say, warmed into life by the intromission of a soul,—when, in addition to that which demands a mere intellectual assent, is added, the element which inspires within us a certain rapture, whose highest manifestation is love,—then it is that we approach to the beautiful and the lovely. Now it is this element which constitutes the life and essential soul of art. For example, geological strata may be painted with the accuracy of a chart, but if merely true in a scientific sense, the drawing is not a work of art;—to the mere dry intellectual fact must be added a certain charm and fascination, known only in the presence of the beautiful, which thus moves the feelings to raptures and ecstasy; and then, and not till then, does the picture, ceasing to be a mere scientific record, rise to the dignity and worth of a poem or work of art. It is this element, whatever be its essence, which thus moves our imagination and emotions, to which we give the name of beauty. We trust, therefore, that we have now rendered it abundantly evident that science primarily concerns itself with truth; and art with beauty. The two elements may, nay, must, constantly intermingle. There may be the poetry of science, and likewise a science in poetry; but yet it is not less indubitable that truth, with its correlative intellect, is the sphere of science, and that beauty, with the corresponding emotions, tastes, or æsthetic faculties, is the rightful and exclusive domain of poetry and art.

We have already admitted that a sickly, sentimental, spurious beauty is prevalent, debilitating not only to the mind, but degrading to art. We most gladly aid Mr. Ruskin and "the Brethren" in denouncing this false similitude of a glorious reality. It is essential to the health and progress of art that it should concern itself with beauty in its highest manifestations. The Divine Philosophy, of which Milton speaks, must justify its divinity by dealing with the noblest truths. Raphael was not constituted the divine by the embodiment of trivial and ephemeral beauties; and art cannot justify its dignity and worth as a teacher and regenerator, till, forsaking the pretty and the puerile, it mounts to the transcendental and eternal. Mr. Leslie, in his "Lectures," has given us some valuable remarks on the higher and more spiritual phases of beauty in the human form. The beauty of age which adorns the hoary head, is the more noble and lovely, because it is the impress of thought, the record of mental strivings and conflicts; it is, in its calm serenity of expression, the symbol and bodily sign of that rest and peace to which the just are hastening. The beauty of youth devoid of care,—the clear sunrise of a mind, with no cloud to darken its horizon,—has likewise spiritual aspects in the promise of its future, if not in the records of its past history, above and beyond the clear complexion and the well-formed features which constitute the hackneyed mannerism of the conventional artist. There is likewise the beauty of sickness and frailty, the chastened purity, induced by calamity,—that beauty made perfect through suffering. There is the beauty which belongs not to this world, which shines with an unearthly lustre in the body's decay; a frail, tottering tenement, through whose flaws and time-worn fissures we look as it were into the mysteries of the spirit-world. Now, we would ask, are beauties such as these beneath the notice of these heralds of an Art-regeneration? Is there here no fitting sphere for the manifestation of their powers in the development of a noble, because a spiritual, Art? Again: these instances may be taken as corroborations of our position, that truth and beauty are not identical. The manifestations of age, or of disease, as facts and simple truths, come exclusively within the province of scientific observation and induction. Whether alluring or repulsive in their aspect, it matters not for the man of science. But to bring them within the province of art something more is requisite. To the mere literal truth must be added that other element—unknown in its essence, yet so manifest through its effect—to which we attach the term of beauty. Here again we see that simple truth is science; truth *plus* beauty is Art. We will not now enter upon the consideration of that highest phase of Art-beauty, the ideal—that type

of absolute perfection which the imagination creates and Art embodies to satisfy the soul's cravings and aspirations. This transcendental beauty, like the highest and transcendental truth, descends to earth on angels' wings. Such ideas are but heavenly visitants among us, soon take wing and fly away, even when most we crave high converse. They are indeed ideals—unembodied spirits which man will fail to realize till earth become regenerate. These are the conceptions through which, when actual realities pall, and the old heavens and earth become stale and unprofitable, we build to ourselves a new heaven and a new earth, our fancy-created habitation. The mind having attained these heights, it is the poet's task to give to the subjective vision expression in words; the painter's highest office to embody them in forms and colours.

The existence of this modern art-schism may be taken as an indication of an Art-need. It is a rebellion against felt wrongs, and will only fail in constituting itself into a legitimate and lawful authority; because, as we have said, it proves itself unequal to the emergency. It may be taken as one of those preludes which give to established authorities warning of the coming storm of revolution: if it be a faction merely, and fail to become a national outburst of the common mind, it is only because the movement is founded, as we have shown, on a partial, instead of an universal, truth. Still, however, it will probably leave some lasting impress: if not a revolution, changing the constituted Art-government, it may yet succeed in enforcing the removal of proved wrongs and the recognition of neglected rights. We deem Mr. Ruskin's lecture on the Pre-Raphaelites somewhat ill-timed and misjudged. It repledges them and their cause to dogmas which their more recent practice had improved upon, if not ignored. Such pictures as *The Huguenot* and *The Order of Release* by Mr. Millais, are rightly entitled to the highest praise, and evince a genius unbiassed and unshackled. In a passage already quoted, "the Brethren" have told us that they seek to use early mediæval art as a fulcrum, by means whereof to raise and fix the stones of their art-temple. Now, as we have already shown, classic Art, nay, the art of every clime and epoch, so far as it is genuine and true, is a fulcrum and a means whereby they may add to the stability and beauty of the great Art-temple they seek to rear. In these last days rich is their inheritance; nature has been ransacked and investigated by our science, and the discovery of an infinite truth has led to the love of an endless beauty. Man is not slumbering within himself, but his faculties, like scouts and delegated ministers, are sent out on missions of enterprise, discovery, and conquest, and return richly laden

with countless spoil. Man now knows nature as he never did before, and with the knowledge has grown a love, and therefrom arisen a landscape-art worthy of our extended science and of our sympathetic admiration for nature's workings. The science of man, likewise, is maturing; the love of man for his brother is taking an organized form: in philanthropy, the spirit of justice and equity is abroad; a civilization, mighty for good and pregnant of evil, is marching on for conquest: man socially, politically, and religiously in ceaseless ferment, knows of no rest till he has secured his highest well-being. We demand, then, that the arts which portray human nature shall partake of this ambitious energy, this high, untiring purpose. We have seen that the Art which depicts the outward landscape has grown with the growth of science, and we demand that the forces, the movements, the wants, the destinies, the voices of praise, and the cry of woe, shall alike find in Art a recording hand and sympathetic heart. To talk of early mediæval examples as the true want and remedy for the present hour is puerile, trifling. To seek high Art exclusively in the repetition of mediæval subjects, is like seeking for Christ in the ceremonies of the sepulchre, when we should rather look for his second coming from heaven. It is to make Art a tradition, instead of an inspiration. While in this very hour there are high thoughts conceived, high deeds enacted, high Art need not fear extinction. If Art beat in unison with the pulses throbbing in society, it will be instinct with high life and noble meaning. To speak of revival when we want living creations, implies and necessitates the decrepitude of age, when we need the energy of youth. Let Art throw itself into the great stir and onward movement of mankind; its destiny will be involved in that of humanity, and its progressive life secured in the sure advancement of civilization. To use early mediæval Art as the sole fulcrum, is to limit your powers and circumscribe your action. In the great task make every science your fellow labourer, and bring every possible accession of knowledge to your aid. Bind science, literature, art, philosophy, into indissoluble union: in their united action will be your strength and victory. A temple thus reared will not fall. In such a temple we ourselves would gladly join the throng of worshippers: in the meantime, however, we are content to stand apart in the outer court of the Gentiles. "The Brethren," as we have already said, are still a mere sect and schism, and failing of universal brotherhood, their worshippers must necessarily remain as circumscribed as their dogmas are exclusive.

- Art. II.—*Bryologia Britannica*; containing the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland, systematically arranged and described, according to the method of Bruch and Schimper, with illustrative plates; being a new (third) edition, with many additions and alterations, of the *Muscologia Britannica*, of Messrs. Hooker and Taylor. By William Wilson. London: Longmans. 1855.
2. *A Popular History of British Mosses*, comprising a general account of their structure, fructification, arrangement, and general distribution. By Robert M. Stark. London: Reeve. 1854.
 3. *Twenty Lessons on British Mosses; or, First Steps to a Knowledge of that Beautiful Tribe of Plants*. By William Gardiner, A.L.S. First and Second Series. London: Longmans. 1846 and 1849.
 4. *The Musci and Hepaticæ found within twenty miles of Liverpool and Southport*. By Frederick P. Marratt. Liverpool: Greenwood. 1855.
 5. *Musci Fifenses: Specimens of the Mosses of Fifeshire*. By Charles Howie. London: Pamplin. 1855.
 6. *Bryologia Europæa; seu Genera Muscorum Europæorum Monographice illustrata*. Auctoribus Ph. Bruch, W. Ph. Schimper, et Th. Gûmbel. Editore W. Ph. Schimper. Stuttgart. 1836—55. 6 vols., quarto.
 7. *Synopsis Muscorum Frondosorum omnium hucusque cognitorum*. Auctore Dr. Carolus Müller. Berlin. 1849.
 8. *Rapport sur un Mémoire pour servir à l'histoire naturelle des Sphaignes*. Par W. P. Schimper. (Commissaires, M.M. Brongniart, Tulasne, Montagne, rapporteur). *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 4th series, vol. I. 1854.

Or late years botany has risen to a high place in the ranks of science, and has, at the same time, greatly increased in favour as a branch of popular knowledge. On the one hand, it has gained the sympathies of the public, by greatly extending its objects of inquiry, by showing its application to the purposes of industry and commerce, and by bringing its literature into an attractive and intelligible form; while, on the other hand, it exhibits strong claims to the attention of the philosopher, by showing its great aim to be the development of a real "philosophy of plants." Botany has, in fact, identified itself with some of the great philosophical questions of the day, and the results which it is now unfolding under the penetrating eye of the histologist, will have important bearings on their solution. In all ages, and in all schools of philosophy, the question, "What is life?" has, in one form or another, proved most interesting

and productive in its results; but, as a philosophical question, has invariably receded beyond the verge of advancing truth. It has now become, to a certain extent, a botanical question. Life is not a thing we can see or feel; we learn of it from its manifestations. To understand the complex, we must first know the simple. The complication of phenomena in the higher organism, leads us back to the lower as that in which its index may be read; and as we are led back, step by step, from man to the lowest of the lower animals, gaining knowledge as we recede, not only of their relations to each other, but of the grand unity of plan and purpose which they demonstrate,—we are in like manner led from the animal to the vegetable kingdom. Here we arrive, ultimately, at the very verge of organization; we view life in its very simplest manifestations, in its most transparent media; we can even trace the early (we cannot as yet say *earliest*) union of inorganic particles into an organism endowed with the mysterious principle of life. But, alas, how little do we know! we look, and wonder, and look again; we fancy we see the very shadow of life itself, but the subtle thing eludes our grasp. The importance of botanical histology is also shown in its applications to economic questions, to the production of food, the checking of adulterations in commerce, as well as in its bearings on medical police. These practical applications of botany are only of recent origin, and are entirely due to the microscope, which has done so much service in giving to botany its present high standing.

The position of botany, and its high aims in philosophy and in the arts of life, which we have curtly indicated, have secured for it a great accession of students of late years. Although officially recognized only in the medical curriculum of our universities, there is a daily increasing recognition of its importance as a subject of general education. So long, indeed, as the facts of science are brought to bear upon questions that concern man's eternal welfare, it is the duty of the theological student to acquaint himself with them; and so long as the Liverpool merchant shall buy his sago under the microscope, so long will the importance of botany be recognized in common life. Considering the present position of botany, it becomes a matter of importance to ascertain the precise value of the claims of the different branches of a subject, whose comprehensive character must ever limit the effectual study of details to one or two departments. We, therefore, purpose on this occasion, to bring shortly forward the pretensions and capabilities of Muscology, a subject which has recently been highly commended to the botanical student, if we may judge from the increasing extent of its literature.

Mosses are minute plants, not generally more than a few inches in height, bearing leaves, and producing, at certain seasons, bright coloured fruit, containing the spores or seeds. These plants are generally distributed, but are most abundant in moist, shady localities, growing most luxuriantly on the shady sides of rocks, and trees, and wet banks. They present great variety in their *habit*, arising principally from the diversity of their mode of branching, the varying length of stem in different species, and its direction of growth, and the mode in which the leaves and capsules are disposed. Some have scarcely any evident stem, consisting merely of a rosette of leaves, from the centre of which the fruit-stalk arises, surmounted by its tiny fruit; others have longer stems, which, branching out in all directions from the base, form little button-like cushions on the bare stone walls and rocks; some, again, form tall, bristly, upright, unbranched stems, clothed with leaves, while others ramify in all directions into loose attenuated branches, which creep through the surrounding herbage.

In regard to their local distribution, again, there is considerable variety, arising not so much from their choice of particular localities, as from their mode of development. Some are hermits, growing like *Buxbaumia* (meet emblem of the "modest Buxbaum!") singly, and apart from others of their own species; but most of them join in the social predilections of other cryptogamia.

The mosses are associated in our minds with fresh verdure, but they are not all of a green colour. The foliage of some kinds* are of a delicate white; others are of a golden hue,† and many of a deep brown, approaching to black—black, indeed, to the naked eye, and only resolved into a paler hue under the powers of a microscope.

Although minute investigations of these humble plants belong almost to our own time, it is not to be imagined that the beauty and variety displayed in them, was not early perceived by the general admirer of nature. We have, indeed, record of an early appreciation of their interest even apart from the supposition of Hasselquist that the "Hyssop" known of old to Solomon, the wise king of Israel, was a minute moss, which still grows on the walls of Jerusalem. Numerous, indeed, are the instances of interest excited in these lowly plants, independent of their scientific investigation, no one of which is more remarkable than the well remembered incident of Mungo Park, in the African desert, whose life was preserved by the faith inspired in

* Sphagnum.

† Hypnum, &c.

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his mind by the beauty of a little moss. Plundered by banditti, worn out with fatigue, and surrounded with all the horrors of the desert, his courage failed him, and he sat down to rest his wearied limbs and ponder on his destitute condition. "At this moment" says he, "painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye; and though the whole plant was not larger than the tip of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of the roots, leaves, &c., without admiration. Can that Being (I thought) who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image? surely not! Reflections such as these would not allow me to despair; I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

There is, indeed, much to admire in the beautiful structure of the humble moss; and there is, perhaps, nothing that can excite more interest in a rural walk by hedgerows and moss-grown walls, than the observation of these little fairy plants, for

"The lowliest thing
Some lesson of love to the mind can bring."

And if we stray into a wood, or by a "streamlet's marge,"

"What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high."

And mosses themselves arouse a thousand reminiscences of mountains and mountain scenery to those who have made a knowledge of them the ambition of their lives; not of "mushroom mountains," indeed, but of those giants whose snow-capped summits mingle with the clouds; for the

"Mosses cool and wet,"

have a congenial home in mountain streams and amid melting snows. Mosses are found in all parts of the world. They are present even in the warmest latitudes, and appear to have a wider geographical distribution than *any* family of plants of higher organization. The beautiful *Octoblepharum album* is said to invest the stems of cocoa-nut and other tropical palms in the hottest parts of the torrid zone. "Others of still more

uncommon occurrence, are gathered on the burning sands of the deserts in the interior of Southern Africa," while many flourish on northern mountains *above* the snow line, wherever a bare rock projects through the fields of everlasting snow. And this extensive distribution does not belong to the *order* of Mosses alone; some individual *species* occur over the whole world, flourishing equally well in the arid deserts of Africa, the cold glens of Scotland, and the lofty peaks of the Andes. Such is the case with *Funaria hygrometrica*, a species common on wayside walls; so also, in regard to the "Mungo Park Moss," *Fissidens bryoides* (it was a shame to give the appropriate name of *exilis* to another species), the very same moss which cheered the African traveller in the desert is pointed out to our own children on shady banks in the green lanes of their northern land, while they sit, book in hand, reading the touching story.

Like most of the lower flowerless plants, however, the mosses reach their maximum of development in cold regions; their simple organization enabling their development to proceed under conditions which render the production of many of the higher plants impossible. Accordingly we find that the mosses increase in number of species as we proceed from the equator towards the poles, so much so, indeed, that within the polar circle, mosses and lichens are almost the only vegetable productions. In Spitsbergen, Martins found "the rocks of schistus, rising out of the mass of everlasting ice, thickly clothed with mosses."

Britain, especially Scotland, lies within the latitudes in which mosses, perhaps, reach their maximum of species, and the insular moist climate, as well as the physical features of the country conspire to increase our native riches in these plants. In Britain a larger number of species is found than in any country in the world of the same extent of surface.

Their choice of *habitats* is a curious subject of investigation, which the collector finds of great practical importance, as well as of scientific interest. Many species grow exclusively on rocks and trees, some preferring particular kinds; and it is probable that in a few cases the attached root of the plant serves as little more than an organ of attachment, nourishment being chiefly derived from the atmosphere. This is well known to be the fact in regard to many sea-weeds, but it is probable that *most* of those mosses which grow upon rocks and stones do obtain nutritive materials from these as a soil, in the same manner as lichens, and like them, serve the important end of disintegrating the rocks, and thus forming a soil, for higher plants. We are told in the "*Muscologia Britannica*," that one curious little moss is found only on the perpendicular faces of the pure white chalk pits that abound so much in Kent and Sussex. "Some are con-

finer to granite, some to calcareous rocks; one species, the *Funaria hygrometrica*, a moss that grows in all parts of the world, is almost sure to spring up where anything has been burned upon the ground, and particularly where charcoal has been made; whence its French name, *la charbonnière*."

It is on the mountains of Scotland that the mosses are to be seen in all their glory; and no pursuit is better fitted than muscology for bringing before the admirer of scenery the wildest landscapes that the Highlands afford. Deer-stalking, shooting, fishing, all lead the sportsman into the lone glens, over the wide expanse of mountain heath, and along the margin of the valley stream; but the botanist, and especially the muscologist, has a wider range; he seeks the veriest solitudes of nature, finds a sure footing on the wild cliffs fearful to look upon, where even the wild deer never roam, and finds himself in the midst of those alpine treasures which nestle in the bald corries, scooped out of the mountain summit (as the poet hath it) by the "Spirit of the Storm." A mountain stream is the muscologist's delight; he espies it afar off. It may be in reality a mere tiny rivulet creeping down from rock to rock; the distance of many miles dwindles it into the merest streak of silvery brightness, reaching from the cloud-capped summit to the vale below; but insignificant as it is, that glorious twinkling thread, hanging, as it were, between heaven and earth, lights up the gloomy mountain side, whose summit is lost in the hazy clouds. Delighted will the botanist wander for hours over heath and through morass, his eye glistening bright as the distant streamlet, at the prospect before him, for he knows that those cool waters, derived from the "frigid eyes" of the mountain summit, which

"Eternal weep

In summer suns and autumn rain,"

give congenial refreshment to those interesting boreal plants which in our latitude only find appropriate conditions where constant humidity and intense severity of temperature are combined. And no sooner does he reach the stream, even at its least interesting part, where it joins the wider stream of the plain below, than a rich harvest of alpine flowers and mosses engage his eye; all along the rugged banks which have been formed by this impetuous streamlet, a galaxy of beauties present themselves, and, as he ascends, their rarity and interest increase. The little mountain saxifrage hangs over the rocks in rich festoons of purple flowers, while her starry sister is bathing in the crystal waters. Overhanging rocks are "with bright green mosses clad," whose brilliant capsules lighten up even to greater brightness their refreshing verdure.

Bartramia's round tufts cluster into dripping crevices; *Distichium*, with its delicate foliage of mellow hue, clothes the earthy banks and shelving rocks with a green carpet too fine even for the light-footed fairies; while *Hypnum Crista-Castrensis* gilds up the drier knolls with its golden ostrich plumes; a colony of *Encalyptas*, each with its huge fringed nightcap, is suggestive (to one who has been reading "Glen Avin," and fancying "the fuhm glide o'er the fell," and "the fairies dancing in the dell") of a troop of the little people fast asleep after their moonlight revel; while a bank of ripe cloud-berries, as we reach the mountain top, brings us back to the regions of reality, and reminds us of corporeal wants—wants, indeed, which the mountain breeze, the low temperature, and the rough exercise conspire to increase to an amazing extent. But what now is the aspect of nature on the mountain summit? Not, indeed, such, probably, as one unacquainted with Scotch mountains would expect on getting to the top of a mountain; not a fine view of the country at your feet and all around, as if the spectator were on the top of a sugar loaf; but a wide expanse of mountain waste, seemingly hemmed in with higher mountains still on every side. Such is generally the case on the great mountains of Scotland.

"Hills rise on hills, and valleys lie between;"

and even those valleys are often as wild and barren as the bald hills themselves. There is great truth and true sublimity in Hogg's picture of the Scotch mountain, Ben-mac-Dhu, which no one can appreciate who has not felt the influences inseparable from scenery of such indescribable grandeur, and its power in nursing superstition:—

- "Beyond the grizzly cliffs, which guard
The infant rills of Highland Dee,
Where hunter's horn was never heard,
Nor bugle of the forest bee.
- "Mid wastes that dorn and dreary lie,
One mountain rears his mighty form,
Disturbs the moon in passing by,
And smiles above the thunder storm.
- "There Avin spreads her ample deep,
To mirror cliffs that brush the Wain;
Whose frigid eyes eternal weep,
In summer suns and autumn rain.
- "There matin hymn was never sung;
No vesper, save the plover's wail;
But mountain eagles breed their young,
And ærial spirits ride the gale."

That mountain's "mighty form," and Loch Avin's "ample deep," we know full well; we have enjoyed their impressive grandeur in sunshine and shower,—in that twilight sunshine which at mid-day breaks through the murky sky of those alpine regions, and in showers of rain and sleet, such as are only seen and felt on alpine summits. Driven from the top of the emphatically "Black Mountain" by the tempest's fury, we have sought shelter for the night beneath one of those huge fragments of rock, whose abundance speaks so eloquently of the war of elements; have boiled our kettle, *à la gipsy*, on a fire of heather and mountain juniper in the midst of the rain; and after thus spending a night of day-dream, half awake, half asleep, with "the sprite of Avin Glen," have we risen from our cold bed of freezing soil, briefly done our toilet in the "greenland wave" of a streamlet fed by the snow wreaths,

"That mock the blazing summer sun,"

and climbed the bald brows of old Cairngorm, as they were feebly tinged with the hues of morning. Ensnared beneath our shelter-stone, which was indeed a great rock in a weary land, Loch Avin lay at our feet, and the truthfulness of Hogg's simple description we can amply testify. "There are many scenes," says he, "among the Grampian deserts which amaze the traveller who ventures to explore them; and in the most pathless wastes, the most striking landscapes are often concealed. Glen Avin exceeds them all in stern and solemn grandeur. It is, indeed, a sublime solitude—such a scene as man has rarely looked upon."

It is the study of botany, and of botany alone, that brings the student in contact with scenery of such grandeur, and if mosses are in view, he is all the more likely to be led amid such solitudes. He wanders over the lone wastes, finding beauty in barrenness, tiny plants which scarcely tinge the rock with hues of verdure, many of them indeed, as the black *Andræas*, which only tend to give it a more lifeless hue:—

"There, to charm the eye,
A host of hidden treasures lie,
A microscopic world, that tells,
That not alone in trees and flowers
The spirit bright of beauty dwells,—
That not alone in lofty bowers
The mighty hand of God is seen,
But more triumphant still in things
Men count as mean."

In Scotland, as in Scandinavia, one may wander for days over those savage table-lands or mountain-tops without encountering

a single glimpse of lowland, or the slightest indication of human existence,—the monotony being indeed occasionally broken by

“A lowly vale, but yet uplifted high
Among the mountains.”

Under such circumstances, when the tired traveller does reach the edge of a slope on the outskirts of the mountains, the most pleasurable sensations are felt, on the first view thus afforded of the fertile valley, with its winding river and corn fields, smoking cottages and bellowing kine. It is, in fact, an emergence from death into life,—an exchange of the mountain desert, of overawing sublimity and perpetual gloom, cheerless to the eye, freezing to the sympathies, deadening to the mind, for the happy indications of civilization, of bright skies, of re-union with mankind.

Although mosses grow in the wildest and most uncultivated places, and usually prefer the most barren peaty soils—those indeed which are incapable of supporting a higher race of plants—still we find that some species of mosses require an abundant supply of nitrogen and other elements obtainable only in rich soils, while a certain number also associate themselves with cultivation, and, like the nettle and the chickweed, follow man's migrations over the world. Several species of a genus of mountain mosses (*Splachnum*) prefer bones as the source of their food, occasionally, however, occurring on other animal remains. One of these (*S. mnioides*) we have seen flourishing on a sheep's jaw bone on Loch-na-gair, another (*S. angustatum*) on a rabbit's incisor tooth on Ben-much-Dhu, while other species abound only on cow dung. “Some mosses,” say Hooker and Taylor (Preface to “*Muscologia Britannica*”), “are never found but upon the dung of animals, of oxen, and particularly of foxes; this is the case with most of the species of the genus *Splachnum*. One of these, the *S. angustatum*, which is commonly met with upon dung, we once saw growing vigorously upon the foot of an old stocking near the summit of Ingleborough, Yorkshire; the same species was found by a friend of ours, covering the half-decayed hat of a traveller who had perished on the mountain of St. Bernard, in Switzerland; and the same, if we mistake not, was discovered by Captain Parry in Melville Island, vegetating in the bleached skull of a musk ox.” Old stag's horns are well known to form an appropriate soil for these plants.

Of what utility are mosses? what are their relations to the interests of man? do they afford materials in the arts of life? or are they otherwise of practical utility? These are interesting points in the history of mosses—questions which are of more general, if of less scientific, moment, than the number of a

mosse's teeth or the breadth of its jaw; for, as Dr. Lindley observes:—"An uninitiated person, reading the definition of a genus of urn mosses, might suppose that to be the tribe in which an approach to the animal creation most nearly takes place. Unacquainted with the exact meaning of the Latin words employed by bryologists, he might understand by the peristomium, a jaw, by the calyptra, a nightcap, and by the struma, a kind of goitre; and when he saw that teeth belonged to this jaw, he would naturally conclude that it was really a vegeto-animal of which he was reading." It is quite true that botany is much disfigured by terms borrowed from the animal kingdom; but there appears to be no special reason for singling out Muscology as faulty in this respect; in writing the above remark, the author did not perhaps recollect that his own favourite order, the orchids, have "lips," and "horns," and "beaks;" that the "lips" are "moveable" and "irritable," and catch flies, and that these flowers are themselves likened in botanical books to bees and flies, and men, and spiders, and butterflies, and toads, and all other creeping and flying things.

The most important relationship which mosses bear to man, in an economical point of view, is closely connected with the office they perform in the economy of nature. Wherever there is a superabundance of moisture the mosses appear, chiefly species of *Sphagnum*, and peat is the result of their death and decay. This is an important article of fuel in the northern parts of our island, where coal is absent, as well as in many parts of Ireland. And from the formation of peat by the growth of mosses, it may be reasoned that, in like manner, the mosses probably played an important part in pre-human times, in the deposit of material now known as coal. Mr. Stark mentions that—

"Recent microscopic observation on the structure of coal from beds of that material stored up for so many ages for the use of man, incontestably prove that there the delicate *Sphagnum* cushioned the swampy ground and displayed its glossy fruit."—*Stark's Popular History*, p. 9.

Our own microscopical examinations of coal have not afforded any direct evidence of this statement, nor are we aware that any details of observations have been published of sufficient value to authenticate it. Mr. Stark gives an interesting account of the formation of peat bogs:—

"A very little examination of the superficial layers of such peat bogs as are in the course of formation, will exhibit the appearances indicated in the succeeding remarks. The formation of the bog is effected primarily by obstruction of streams, by the fall of trees,

through extensive level tracts, as may be inferred from the remains of those found imbedded in them at various depths. Several species of *Bryum* and *Hypnum* are the preponderating genera at first, or while the water continues to flow lazily along; but as these decay, and thus increase the obstruction, the *Sphagnum*, with its dense spongy foliage, soon makes its appearance, and excludes many of its congeners. On examination, the first layer of moss exhibits the stems immediately below the surface in a state of very gradual decay, and by tracing these down we find this process going on, thus rendering the peaty substance more and more compact as we descend, until at length, when a depth of forty feet or so has been reached—for some of the Irish bogs attain as much—we find a compact substance charged with bitumen, thus showing its affinity with coal. By these means a supply of valuable fuel is provided for many who would be otherwise very destitute of this necessary of life. . . . A tenth part of the bulk at present existing in our peat-stores would be more than requisite for many generations, even with a vastly increased consumption.”—*Stark's Popular History of British Mosses*, Introduction, p. 11.

The gradual change of the lower part of the living moss into a kind of peat, may be well seen on dry rocky summits of our highland mountains, especially in the case of *Trichostomum lanuginosum*, which continues to thrive and grow, presenting a living surface above, while the lower part of the stems are dead and converted into solid peat.

Of the uses of mosses in the economy of nature, it has been stated, that the protection they afford to the roots of other plants and to the stems of trees, is one of the most obvious; but their utility in the formation of soil is even of greater importance. They abound chiefly in the temperate and frigid zones, and are the principal vegetable inhabitants of those wintry wastes where the summer heats scarcely affect the frozen surface to the depth of a few inches. In a climate such as ours, where, with the change of season, vegetable life is exposed; for one half of the year, to the rigours of winter, and for the other, to the drought of summer, no contrivance could be more suitable, as a protection to the tender tissues of roots, than the loosely matted branches and leaves of *Hypnums* and other mosses, and of this fact, the horticulturist knows well how to avail himself at these seasons.

It is only in northern regions, where the low ebb of those conditions necessary for the development of the higher plants permits only the simpler forms to grow, that man has recourse to cryptogamic plants in the supply of his daily wants. The mosses do not directly minister to these to any great extent. A few are said to yield colouring matter suitable for dyeing; some have been extolled in times past for their virtues as remedial agents. *Polytrichum commune* yielded to the ladies, in Dil-

lenius's time, an oil for the hair ; it also affords to the Laplander, in its massive tufts, appropriate materials for "bed and bedding," and no one knows better than the botanist how to appreciate a *luxury* of this kind when, wandering alone amid the solitude of the mountains, night overtakes him when no human dwelling is near. The Laplander prepares his bed thus: Looking about for a thick cushion of the *fertile* plant mantling the peaty soil of the mountain side, he marks out with his knife a piece of ground about the size of an ordinary blanket ; then beginning at a corner, he gently severs the turf from the ground, and as the roots of the moss are closely interwoven and matted together, he is enabled, by degrees, to strip off the whole circumscribed turf in one entire piece ; this accomplished, he proceeds in the same manner to mark off and draw up another piece exactly corresponding with the first. Then, shaking them both clean, he lays one upon the ground with the moss uppermost, which serves for a mattress ; and the other over it, with the moss downwards, for a rug ; ensconced between the two, the weary traveller —

"Lays him down
Where purple heath, profusely strewn,
And throat-wort, with its azure bell,
And moss and thyme his cushion swell."

And a sweet and refreshing slumber he enjoys, and wakes with a deep sense of gratitude to his God, who has thus provided a bed for him in the midst of the desert. It has been suggested that their use of the moss in this way may have arisen from the example of the bear, a cohabitant of their country, who, in common with other wild animals, prepares his winter bed of *Polytrichum*. At least, one eminent naturalist has not disdained to follow the bear in his domestic arrangements. Linnæus, during his scientific excursions in Lapland, a country thinly peopled, and inhospitable by the very laws of nature, often sought a *Polytrichum* bed. Had the name *Hypnum* not been given of old to another genus of mosses, one would have thought that Linné would have liked to record his gratitude to *Polytrichum* in such a graceful acknowledgment of its hypnotizing power.

But the white-bog moss, called *Sphagnum*, is even of more importance in the domestic arrangements of northern countries. This, the *manna-derphe* of the Laplander, is used by the matrons to lay in their children's cradles to supply the place of bed, bolster, and every covering ; and from its absorbent power, it keeps the infant remarkably clean, dry, and warm. It is sufficiently soft of itself, but the tender mother, not satisfied with

this, which she changes night and morning, frequently covers the moss with the downy hairs of the rein-deer, and by that means makes a most delicate nest for the new-born babe. Hooker gives the economic use of *Sphagnum* thus:—"Bodies of Laponese children swathed in it till they are old enough to take care of themselves." In the Polar regions, it is dried and made into a sort of bread, "*miseræ vitæ delicias*" (*Endlicher*). *Polytrichum commune* has also been applied to a few purposes. Hassocks, said by Hooker to be much used in churches in the north of England, are made of tufts of this moss simply cut from a moss-bog; the plants held together by the matted roots. Baskets are spoken of as woven of the stems of the same, and brooms are made of them in Yorkshire.

The Esquimaux make wicks for burning in oil of slender tufts of *Dicranum condensatum*.

To the traveller in the dense and trackless forests of North America, the Mosses are pretty sure guides to the points of the compass, as they grow principally, if not entirely, on the northern sides of the trunks of trees, where they find most shade and moisture.

To facilitate the study of Mosses, their cultivation in flower-pots under bell-glasses or in glazed cases, has been in use for some time; and the writer of these remarks urged the importance of this means of investigation at great length in one of the scientific journals many years ago. It is gratifying to find that the cultivation of these plants is progressing. The Rev. Mr. Higgins, of Rainhill, Liverpool, has been very successful. In a Ward's case kept in his garden, one hundred species are cultivated, and "flourish beautifully." His Bryarium being specially devoted to the illustration of Liverpool species, has been the means of adding new species to the Flora, by enabling the botanist to recognize the characters in after-development of species imperfect when gathered. One of the principal advantages resulting from this mode of treatment is, the facility afforded for examining the flowers in their several stages,—a matter of great importance in modern bryology.

The works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, are the leading ones which have, of late years, addressed themselves to the elucidation of this obscure branch of research. We shall briefly indicate their respective characters. The first one in the list, that by Mr. Wilson, is the one which forms the best guide to the student of British species. It is, indeed, a most laborious book, and is a remarkable example of industrious research which ought to be held up to the admiration of all students of botany. Every species (444) is fully described, and its chief features of structure illustrated, and many of them are

now introduced to science for the first time. But even in the brief space which has intervened since the publication of the book, some new species have been added, especially in the puzzling genus *Bryum*. While the volume was in the press, Mr. Ogilvie, of Dundee, discovered one species in Fifeshire, and Mr. Marratt has found several in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, one of which (described in Mr. Wilson's appendix) has been appropriately dedicated to Mr. M. as *B. Marratii*. Whilst this is our standard book on British Mosses, and one of the most thoroughly scientific treatises that has ever been published on British botany, we must also indicate that the very value of its scientific character renders it difficult of use to the beginner. It is gratifying, however, to be able to turn to Mr. Stark's book (No. 2), which, as a convenient and simple scientific history of our British Mosses, is deserving of great credit. It is certainly one of the prettiest books that Messrs. Reeve have published in their natural history series, and we know, from the acceptable manner in which it is regarded by those who have used it, that it will do good service in spreading a taste for this department of science. Although engaged in business, Mr. Stark has, through life, made the mosses a special branch of study, and few botanists are better acquainted with them practically; he has not included many of the new species and those imperfectly known, an arrangement which, while it gives the book less completeness to the advanced student, greatly simplifies its use to those who are most in want of assistance in the study. Mr. Gardiner's little books are simpler still; they are, indeed, addressed to young persons in the form of lessons, but they are charming lessons,—lessons of green fields and woods, and hedgerows and rural lanes, and sea-shores and mountain streams; and their illustrations, being real specimens of the plants dried and pasted into the book, speak to the youthful eye with a vigour and freshness which no drawing can imitate. We are happy to hear that all the *species* of British Mosses are likely to be illustrated in a similar manner, by the nature-printing process, which has done so much good service for the British ferns in the hands of Mr. Moore, of the Chelsea Botanic Garden. Mr. Howie's book (No. 5) consists of a series of admirably prepared specimens of the Fifeshire Mosses. Those who desire to investigate thoroughly the European species, must turn to the, in every sense, *magnificent* work of Bruch and Schimper, while that of Müller forms an index of *all* mosses.

There is one objection we have, which applies to almost all the books which have been published on the subject of Mosses. They are all occupied with the details of species, and little notice is taken of the general structure and physiology of these plants, to

which all specific details ought, in our opinion, to be subservient. We know that the contempt (too often merited) with which the study of mosses and other cryptogamic plants is regarded by many, arises chiefly from the exclusive manner in which the study of species is pursued, and the assiduity with which species and varieties are multiplied (as if that were the great aim of knowledge), while the real questions of general science, which those who have not specially studied the subject could appreciate, are neglected.

In conclusion, we would offer a single remark to those who are entering upon this branch of study, which is unquestionably the department of botany which most fully calls the observing powers into action, and which, perhaps, forms one of the best tests of the qualifications for botanical study. Hitherto, mosses have been *generally* studied in this country without careful use of the microscope, which has led to great confusion, and much imperfect and incorrect knowledge. The minute structure of these plants is daily being more and more recognized as of importance in classification; and we earnestly recommend students to place more reliance upon their microscopical preparations than upon tufts pasted upon paper.

ART. III.—*Glossary of Northamptonshire Words and Phrases, with Examples of their Colloquial Use, and Illustrations from various Authors; to which are added the Customs of the County.* By Anne Elizabeth Baker. 2 vols. London: John Russell Smith; and the Author, Northampton.

THE eminent naturalist, John Ray, a pioneer in many paths, published in 1674 his "Collection of North Country Words," which were soon followed by the "South and East Country Words"—these formed the first English provincial glossary. A hundred and one years passed, and the next noter of old words appeared in the person of John Collier, who, under the soubriquet of "Tim Bobbin," published his "View of the Lancashire Dialect," by way of dialogue between "Tummus and Meary;" accompanied by a copious glossary of Lancashire words and phrases, with their derivations. His wandering and eccentric life afforded him excellent opportunities for collecting dialectical peculiarities, of which he diligently availed himself; though, from the singular bent of his genius, his other endowments are generally lost sight of in the originality of his character as a humourist. Nevertheless, the second place, in order of time, among our English glossarists, belongs to John Collier.

Since that time more than twenty glossaries for different parts of the kingdom have been published; the last is the work now before us, and, without undervaluing the labours of others, we must say that Miss Baker's contribution to English philology has no slight claim to a welcome. The fact, that previously only two glossaries of the Midland district had been published, and one of these, a very small one, is to be noted. Peculiar interest, too, attaches to the common tongue of the Midland Counties. Thence sprang our literature. Wicklif, Robert Longlande—*alias*, Piers Plowman, and Chaucer,* here opened the "well of English undefiled," whence all succeeding generations have drawn. Here Shakspeare, too, lived and died among the middle class; and truly enough has it been said that the Northamptonshire or Warwickshire peasant would often prove a better elucidator of his obscure passages than the book-learned commentator. Very rich in such illustrations of the bard's meaning are the volumes before us. More than a hundred words or phrases employed by Shakspeare, but which have disappeared, or nearly so, from our literature, are shown by Miss Baker to be in common use among the lower classes in Northamptonshire. These elucidations of Shakspeare form a marked feature of the work, and one of very considerable value as well as interest. Take for example—

"NEAT. Complete, thorough, finished. Always used in a bad sense, as, 'He is a *neat* rascal.' This signification has escaped our lexicographers, but is acknowledged by our early dramatists. The Shaksperian commentators have misunderstood the meaning of this word.

"'By thy leave, my *neat* scoundrel.'—*Ben Jonson*.

"'Stand, rogue, stand; you *neat* slave, strike.'

King Lear, ii. 2.

"MATED. Confused, bewildered. The old woman whom I heard use this word, said, 'When I get into the street at night, I am so *mated*, I hardly know where I be.' Nares and others give *mate* to confound, stupify, and subdue, from *mater*, French, of the same meaning. I have never heard this word in any other sense than that of bewildered, which appears to agree with the following passages in Shakspeare much better than with the import adopted by Nares—

"'You are all *mated*, or stark mad.'—*Comedy of Errors*, v. 1.

"'My mind she has *mated*, and amazed my sight;

I think, but dare not speak.'—*Macbeth*, v. 1.

"PALM. The English palm or sallow. *Salix caprea*. Doubtless.

* Though Chaucer was born in London, yet the dialect in which he wrote was identical with that of the Midland Counties, as is clearly seen in the numerous quotations from his works contained in these volumes.

the tree referred to by Shakspeare: 'Look here, what I found on a *palm* tree.'—*As you Like it*, iii. 2. Stevens remarks, 'A *palm* tree in the forest of Arden is as much out of place as a lioness in the subsequent scene;' and Collier, in commenting on this observation, suggests that Shakspeare 'possibly wrote *plane-tree*, which may have been misread by the transcriber or compositor.' Both the remark and the suggestion might have been spared, if these gentlemen had been aware that in the counties bordering on the forest of Arden, the name of an exotic tree is transferred to an indigenous one.

"LONG-PURPLES. Purple loosestrife. *Lithrum salicaria*.

" 'There with fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and *long-purples*.'
Hamlet, iv. 7.

" 'And gay *long-purples*, with its tufty spike,
She'd wade o'er shoes to reach it in the dyke.'
Clare's Village Minstrel, Vol. II., p. 90.

"BOLTER. To cohere, to coagulate. When new-fallen snow collects under a horse's feet, so as to render it difficult for him to proceed with safety, it is said to *bolter*; or if, in mixing flour with milk or other liquids it forms into lumps, the same expression is used. The Shaksperian commentators on this word furnish a striking instance of the superiority of local over bibliographical knowledge, in the elucidation of our early poets: Warburton, Johnson, and others, consider it to signify stained or sprinkled with blood, as from a *bolter* or sieve; and Nares, by copying them without comment, may be presumed to have adopted their error. Our provincialism gives the clear and simple meaning, and no epithet could be more expressive than—

" 'The *blood-boltered* Banquo.' "

The term is still current in Warwickshire, and is one of the many instances in which the bard appropriated familiar localisms with singular felicity.

"BIZZEN-BLIND. Purblind. Anglo-Saxon, *bisen-blind*. This word, with some orthographical variations, occurs in most of the vocabularies, and in many of the glossaries, but it is always simply defined *blind*—a mere pleonasm—whilst we give it a definite import, and in our sense it must have been understood by Shakspeare:—

" 'What can your *bissen* conspectuities glean out of this character.'
Coriolanus, ii. 1.

"LACE-SONGS. Jingling rhymes sung by young girls while engaged at their lace-pillows. The movement of the bobbins is timed by the modulation of the tune, which excites them to regularity and cheerfulness; and it is a pleasing picture, in passing through a rural village, to see them, in warm, sunny weather, seated outside their cottage doors, or seeking the shade of a neighbouring tree, where in cheerful groups they unite in singing their rude and simple rhymes.

This custom of chanting while working at the lace-pillows seems to have prevailed in Shakspeare's time, as we see in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4—

“‘It is old and plain;
The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant.’”

For words now in use, from earlier writers, take—

“**HILL.** To cover. ‘Have you *hilled* the child up?’ ‘*Hill* it up well.’ In accordance with this is the old proverbial expression where there is a large family, ‘It takes a deal to *hill* and to fill;’ i.e., to clothe and to feed. Anglo-Saxon, *helan*, celare. ‘I hylle, I wrappe or lappe; i.e., *couvre*. ‘You must hylle you well nowe a-nyghtes, the wether is colde.’—*Palsgrave*. Wiclif makes frequent use of this word in his translation of the New Testament, and so do many of our early poets:

“‘The litil schip was *hilid* with waves.’
Wiclif, MS., Matt. viii.

“‘Naked, and *hyleden* me; syke, and ye visytiden me.’
Ib., Matt. xxv.

“‘And eke the woodes and the greaves
Ben *hilled* all with grene leaves.’
Gower, fol. cxii.

“‘All *heled* with lead, low to the stones.’
Piers Plowman's Creed.

“**HILLING.** A covering, generally applied to a bed-quilt, as ‘put the *hilling* on.’ Hartshorne defines it ‘the cover or binding of a book;’ and observes, were it not for provincial book-binders, the word would be lost. I am not aware that it is ever so used with us. Wilbraham considers it peculiar to Lancashire and Cheshire, but in this he is mistaken, for we still retain it in common use. It occurs as a noun in Chaucer and Gower. ‘*Tegumentum, a hyllynge, or coverynge.*’ Ort. Voc. Palsgrave gives ‘*hyllynge*, a covering, coverture;’ and ‘*hylling* of a house, *couverture tecte.*’ For further observations on this word, see Kennett's Glossary under ‘*helowe-wall*,’ and Way's ‘*Promptorium.*’

“‘Therefore the woman schal have an *hilgng* on her head.’
Wiclif, I. Corynth. ii.

“‘Your *hyllynages* with furies of armyne,
Powdred with gold of hew full fyne.’
The Squyr of Lowe Degre, v. 839.”

To this Miss Baker might have added that the lace-makers of Northamptonshire still call the piece of cloth or patchwork with which they cover the pillow, when it is not in use, a *hiller*, or hill-pillow.

"MOUGHT. Pronounced mote, a moth. A good old word. Anglo-Saxon, mothe, *tinea*. 'Mowgte, cloth-wyrme, *tinea*.'—*Anglo-Latin Lexicon*, 1440, *Harl. MS.*, 221. 'Mought, that eateth clothes.'—*Palsgrave*.

"'These wormis, ne these *moughtis*, ne these mites,
Upon my parril fret them nevre a dell.'

Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Prologue.

"'Tresoure ye to you tressouris in hevene; where neithir ruste ne moughte distroieth, where theves delven not out.'—*Wiclif, MS., Matt. vi.*

"GLEED. A glowing ember, a clear fire without flame. A good old word, derived from the Anglo-Saxon, *gled*.

"'There's a nice *gleed*, you may boil the milk now without smoking.'

"'And wafris piping hot out of the *glede*.'

Chaucer's Miller's Tale.

"'Graunten any grace, ne forgyveness of synnes,
Til the Holy Gost gloweth hote as a *glede*.'

Piers Plowman's Vision.

"'His armor glytteryde as dyd a *glede*.'

Percy's Reliques, vol. i. p. 7, (ed. 1791.)

We might fill pages with similar examples of words now exclusively in use among the lower classes which are found in our early authors. The illustrations from Spenser are rather of the old form of words still commonly used in literature, than of old words fallen into disuse. His peculiar words and terms of expression are to be sought in Lancashire, where he spent much of his early life, not in the Midland Counties. The following is an exemplification of the former remark :

"YAT, or YATE. Gate.

"'And after this he to the *yates* wente.'

Chaucer, Troil. and Cres.

"'To openen and undo the hye *yates* of hevene.'

Piers Plowman.

"'Sperre the *yate* fast for fear of fraud.'

Spenser, Shep. Cal. May."

The volumes contain upwards of 5,000 words and phrases ; more, we believe, than have appeared in any other glossary ; above 2,000 of these have not been included in any previous publication of the kind. Miss Baker seems to have had unusual facilities for making such a compilation. As the companion of her late highly endowed and lamented brother, in his topogra-

phical excursions through the county during the progress of his history, she was brought into contact with every grade of society, from the peer to the peasant, and availed herself of the opportunities thus afforded for securing exact information. The glossarist has gone into the carpenter's work-shop or to the blacksmith's forge for their technicalities,—to the country market, to glean from all parts of the county the quaint phrases and customs that obtained in many secluded works. The woodman of Whittlebury Forest (now, alas! disforested), the cottager in her home, the labourer in the field or by the road side, have all been laid under contribution. From such sources it is not surprising that during the best part of a life-time, a large number of words, hitherto unnoted, have been obtained. It was a labour of love, pursued with a pains-taking enthusiasm that ensured success. In no point is that success so marked as in the perspicuity of the definitions. Miss Baker was evidently of Dr. Johnson's opinion, who, when some one remarked that lexicographers must of necessity be plagiarists, or at least copy from those who went before them, adding, "You, Mr. Johnson, have a great many words that others have had," replied quickly, "The business of the lexicographers is not to make *words* but *definitions*." In the definition of technical words, the glossary before us is, we should say, unequalled. In most dictionaries the explanation given of such words is meagre. An instance taken at random will suffice to show this peculiar excellence.

BALK is a word of several meanings, some of which being in general use, are given in the dictionaries. Miss Baker gives all the significations current in Northamptonshire, among others, one thus defined by Johnson himself—

"BALKE. A great beam used in building."

Our author has it—

"BALK. 1. A large beam in a roof, which unites with, and supports the rafters; made of the bole of a tree chopped square. Small trees, when felled, and before they are hewn, are called balks. Anglo-Saxon, *balc*, trabs. Ort. Voc. '*Trabes*, a beame or a balke of a hous.'

"' He can well in mine eye sene a stalke,
But in his own he cannot sene a *balke*.'

Chaucer's Miller's Tale.

"' With his owen hand then made he ladders three,
To climben by the ranges and the stalkes
Unto the tubbes honging in the *balkes*.'"—*Ibid.*

This close accuracy of definition is invariable. For another instance take the following:—

"**RAND.** A joint, or rather a piece of beef, cut from between the brisket and the ribs. Forby and Holloway give the word for a joint of beef, but do not define it specifically. Nares, Moore, and Halliwell copy Kersey's definition, 'A long fleshy piece cut between the flank and the buttock.' Palsgrave has '*Rande* of befe, *giste de beuf*.' Beaumont and Fletcher supply an illustration of this term in the 'Wild Goose Chase,' v. 2: 'They came with chopping knives to cut me into [*rands*] rounds and sirloins, and so powder me.' Fletcher, one of our native worthies, probably adopted this word from its local use; but his editor, Whalley, also a native of this county, was ignorant of it, or he would not have substituted *round* for *rand* in the passage quoted, and have appended the following note to it: 'As we can annex no meaning to the word *rands* in this passage, we have inserted *rounds*. A round of beef is almost as common a phrase as a sirloin.' "

Popular rhymes and old adages find an appropriate place in these pages. For an example of the latter, the reader is presented with the following:—

"**MILLER'S-EYE,** 'You've put the *millers-eye* out.' A general phrase when any liquid is too much diluted with an excess of water; most frequently applied to weak tea, or any spirituous mixture; also to an exuberance of milk in making a pudding. This peculiar phrase has no reference to the eye of a miller, but probably to that part of the machinery of a mill termed the *mill-eye*, which is the aperture in the upper revolving stone, beneath the hopper, through which the corn passes to be ground. If, through the inattention of the miller, the grain flows too freely into the hopper, and thence fills the *eye* or aperture of the revolving stone, and brings the machine to a stand, the *mill-eye* is stopped or put out; and hence the metaphorical use of the expression in our adage. The Scotch, according to Jamieson, have 'Drown the *millers*,' with a correspondent meaning."

The local names of plants and animals, and anecdotes of their habits, with occasional geological notices, form another feature of the work.

"**SOLDIER.** Another local name for the field-poppy. *Papaver rhæas*, see **BLIND-EYES.** A name, I presume, common to the Midland district, as Cowper, in one of his poems, calls poppies 'the *soldiers* of the field.'

"**WATLING-STREET THISTLE.** The *Eryngium campestre*. A name which it receives from the *Watling-Street* being its only known habitat; though a very rare plant in this kingdom, it is common in Normandy.

"**HOG-MOUSE.** The shrew-mouse, or little-snouted mouse. *Mus araneus* (Linn.). The name has obviously been suggested from its

long nose, like a pig's. It is superstitiously looked upon with disgust, probably from the erroneous idea that its bite is venomous. Called also **HARDY-MOUSE**. The labourers on the soil are often close observers of the instinct of animals, and they consider this little mouse prognosticates in which quarter of the heavens the wind will prevail during the winter, by making the aperture of its nest in a contrary direction.

"**HICKLE, ICWELL**. The woodpecker. *Picus viridis* (Linn.). This appellation is traceable to the Anglo-Saxon *hicgan*, to try, to search thoroughly; alluding to the habits of this bird, which searches for its food (according to the popular song) by 'tapping the hollow beech-tree,' to discover the unsound part, in order to thrust in its singularly formed tongue to procure its food.

"**COBWEB**. The spotted fly-catcher. *Muscicapa Grisola* (Linn.). This bird feeds on flies, and builds its nest almost entirely of cobwebs when it can obtain them, hence the name.

"**SOLDIER-BANDY**. The stickle-back. See **JACK SHARPLING**. This little fish, at certain seasons of the year, and in particular brooks, becomes of a brilliant crimson, purple, and green colour, which has probably originated the name with children. It is also called **STANSTICKLE**, which see.

"**STANSTICKLE**. A small fish. The *Gasterosteus aculeatus* (Linn.). Its name is obviously derived from the Anglo-Saxon *stan*, stone, and *sticel*, a prick, a sting, from its habit of frequenting rivulets and small streams with pebbly bottoms, against which it is protected by having its body underneath covered by a bony process, set with sharp spines."

The philologist will find in this work an important addition to his stores. It has often occurred to us, as a matter of surprise, that a society has never been formed similar to the Botanical Society of London, open to any one, by which observers of dialectical peculiarities in different counties might contribute to a common collection of the varieties of our language. A tabular view might then be drawn up, showing in which county each word prevailed, its root, and the cognate word in the different branches of the great northern family. How often is a good Lancashire word, for instance, traced, with but slight variation, through the Anglo-Saxon, high or low Dutch, Celtic, or may be Danish or Icelandic, sometimes up to the very tongue of Ulphilas, our northern Cadmus, himself. To the merest tyro in the study there is a charm in hunting out the origin of those peculiar words, which so often occur, standing out from all of similar import, apparently unrelated to any. We may trace *ted*, to spread hay abroad in making, up from the quiet grassy meadows of the Midland district to the bleak hills and narrow valleys of Lancashire, and then find out it was left by the old

Britons, as they were swept into the mountain fastnesses by the Roman or Saxon. The Welch having *te*, that which spreads, *ted*, distended; *tedu*, spread out. *Canting*, the peculiar term for setting anything on its edge, is of the same parentage. *Cant*, in Welsh, and *kant* also in Danish, signifying edge. *Clump*, the common word for a rough piece of wood, as used for firing, is in the Icelandic *klumb*, Swedish, *klump*, Danish, *klomp*.

To the general reader also there is much in these volumes that is attractive. Old customs, festivals, and games are described with graphic accuracy, nor are the quaint words themselves, which form the staple of the work, without their interest. It is something in these days of hurried activity and rapid change, which invest the past with a charm which perhaps it did not possess when it was the present, to feel that we are not so far removed from the old life, but that we may go into our cottages and talk with the old women, who still, in Wiclif's vernacular, will bid their children *hill* up their work, like good *wenches*, and go and *ax* their father to come in. It is pleasant to feel that tokens of

"The blood whence we are sprung"

will remain in England's tongue to the end, perchance, of time.

We must not omit to remark in the Northamptonshire Glossary, the identical word for which we are told Sir Walter Scott once gave half-a-crown to a labourer who had used it in his hearing. It was a substantial reward for a new word.

"WHELM or WHEMBLE. To cover anything by turning some vessel over it; probably a contraction of *overwhelm*. 'Whelm that dish over them currants.' A woman at Peterborough had seven children so small, that she said she could '*whelm* 'em all under a skip.' Anglo-Saxon, *ahwylfan*, *hwealfian*, to cover over, to overwhelm. Palsgrave says, '*whelme* a hollowe thyng over another thyng.' 'Whelme a platter upon it, to save it from the flies.' There are various forms of this word in other districts."

Whemmel was, we believe, the form in which it greeted Sir Walter.

There is scarcely room to find fault with a book which is so exactly what it professes to be, and, withal, so rich in its offerings. We should, however, have liked a careful sifting of the *corruptions*, which are somewhat too freely given, that only those which are archaic might have been retained. The errors in the orthography of the scientific names of plants and animals, indicate a want of care in revising the printer's blunders, that surprises us, considering the extreme accuracy which marks the definitions and descriptions. But these are

slight faults, which we trust the demand for the work will enable the authoress ere long to correct. She may, to quote her own motto—

“Twine
The hope to be remembered in *her* line
With *her* land's language.”

The Northamptonshire Glossary will take its place among the very best glossaries of our language; its excellence constrains us to say, *Miss Baker knew her work, and has done it.*

Art. IV. *Lo Stato Romano dall'anno, 1815 al 1850.* Per Luigi Carlo Farini. Terza edizione. 4 vols. Florence. 1853.

2. *The History of Piedmont.* By Antonio Galleaga. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.

3. *Archivio Triennale delle Cose d'Italia, dall' Avenimento de Pio IX., all' abbandono de Venezia.* Capologo. 1850. •

4. *A History of the Vaudois Church from its Origin, and the Vaudois of Piedmont, to the Present Day.* By Antoine Monastier; translated from the French, and published by the Religious Tract Society. London. 1848.

ITALY, the Piedmont, the Waldenses! How singularly, beautifully, and painfully fascinating are the associations connected with those names in the past! How fraught are they with hopeful aspirations, yet anxious fears, for the future! The visit of our worthy ally, the King of Piedmont, and the very remarkable line of political conduct he has hitherto followed, have brought these subjects home to us, with a more actual and vital interest than they formerly possessed in the minds of our public, too careless, it must be confessed, as a general rule, of political events passing at a distance. We propose, therefore, in noticing the works cited above, to call attention to some of the more striking events of recent Italian history, and to the influence which, we conceive, the Piedmontese monarch is likely to exert upon the future destinies of that lovely but unfortunate country, Italy.

We dwell upon the name; for to us, as we conceive it must do to all lovers of history and literature, it suggests recollections of early studies, of youthful delight, and of maturer, deeper grief and anxiety. What a wonderful history, indeed, is that of the people, springing from a robber's haunt, to rule and

civilize the world! to prepare the way, by the unity of the government it imposed, for a pure and holy religion! and when this mission was fulfilled, to pass from the scene more rapidly than it rose, never, we fear, to rise again. If ever the finger of God were traceable in profane history, it is in this instance; and we should do wisely to ponder upon the lesson so distinctly conveyed. There is a tendency at the present day to repeat the experiments which produced so much misery in the ancient world; and, with very slight changes in names, passages of Greek or Roman history might be reprinted in our journals as contemporaneous events. Why should we not seek to point the moral of these strange tales? One of our modern poets said very truly, although in indifferent verse:—

“’Tis the part of lore
To make men better, happier than before;
Not charmed alone, but wise as they discern;
Nor wise alone—but holier as they learn;—
Else why pursue the visions of the past?
Why, on the perished, one memorial cast?
Why dig the records of forgotten time,
And mix the mouldering with ripening time?
Better ’twere far to trust the careless tide
Of toilless hours, and let the hours provide,
Than merely learn how once the world was new,
And, old in folly, ignorance still pursue!”

Our rulers seem to despise the experience of the past, and blindly to copy the errors of other times and states of society; and although it is true, as Oxenstiern said, that it requires little wisdom to govern the world, yet much must be gained by a calm and philosophical retrospective glance over the history of a country such as Italy has been, and perhaps, notwithstanding our fears, may still again be. Twice has she led the onward wave of civilization—under the banners of the Roman legions, and under the milder influence of her arts and literature, towards the close of mediæval history. There is, even now, lingering amongst her uneducated and politically enslaved populations a spark of that heavenly fire, which may again lighten her onward on her path to unity, independence, and power. Italy must learn to decipher the hidden mystery of her double fall ere she can again attain the proud rank amongst nations her patriot sons aspire to: we also must learn to read the signs of the times, if we would avoid the fate to which her errors have led her.

The most striking and characteristic difference to be observed between the external character, at least, of the events of ancient and modern history, is to be found in the tendency of society in

the ancient world to personify itself in great despotisms; whilst, until lately, the tendency of modern society has been decidedly towards the improvement of the condition of the people, and the equalization of rank and power amongst all its members. In France, Spain, Belgium, and the United States, however, democracy seems, of late years, to tend to create rather an equality of misery, than simply an equality of rights; and, in the desire to level all distinctions, the legislators of those countries, it is to be feared, have rendered the societies intrusted to their guidance as powerless to resist the blandishments, or the force, of a bold usurper, as were the Romans or the Greeks after they had destroyed their aristocracies. We moderns are, in fact, now repeating the error of the ancients, in sacrificing several of the natural aspirations of our race to an abstract love of an equality, which only levels downwards, so to speak. England is not free from this danger, and the tendency of much of our recent legislation is decidedly towards the introduction of the worst description of democracy, or the rule of mere numbers. Italy would be particularly exposed to this danger, if she were now independent, from her spirit of imitation, and from the prejudices of her populations, who have felt only the evils of aristocracy; and the occurrences of 1848-9 prove that our anticipations on this score are not mere theoretical fancies.

Be this as it may, the lesson which the history of Italy, from the reign of Arcadius and Honorius to the present day, affords, is the more worthy of study, because of the singular illustration it presents of the ultimate triumph of a system of refined civilization, notwithstanding its defects, over the brute force of foreign invaders. Italy became during a series of years—distinguished from one another only by the atrocities of the several tribes—the victim alternately of the Gothic, the Lombardic, the Hunic, the Teutonic, the Hungarian, the Frankish, and the Saracenic and Norman races. Yet all these various tribes rapidly assimilated themselves to the conquered and despised nations amongst which they settled. They adopted successively the religion, the laws, and much of the social organization, and of the language, they found to prevail in the country they occupied. Even in the darkest period of the middle ages—a period it is now too much the fashion to admire without discrimination—the admitted superiority of the Roman laws over the barbarian legislation, especially after the former had been revised under the care and inspection of Tribonian, induced the various conquerors of Italy to set aside their own codes, and to adopt the system which prevailed amongst their more intellectual, yet feeble, subjects. The modification of the languages they introduced is, perhaps, a more remarkable phenomenon than the

change of the legislation, because laws represent the calm, reflective judgment of the rulers of a nation, whilst its language is the most intimate expression of the inner life of the people itself. The northern tribes, it is true, substituted the analytical genius of their tongues for the synthetical genius of those of the ancient world; and, to dwell more immediately upon details, they rapidly substituted the use of prepositions for case-endings, and auxiliary verbs for the inflexions of tense and mood; whilst new words and turns of phrase in accordance with barbaric modes of thought were introduced. But, nevertheless, the old Latin tongue prevailed ultimately over the intruding dialects, and to the present hour it forms the basis—is, in fact, the keynote to all the varieties of speech used in the Italic peninsular.

Let it not be supposed, that, in thus calling attention to the peculiar character of the Italian language,—to the direct relationship between it and the language of the former masters of world,—that we are dwelling upon a subject of mere philological interest. Farini says, very wisely, that “the independence of the language is the first element of a nationality;” and it is to the vague, indefinite, popular belief,—to the intimate conviction in the minds of the learned,—of the positive existence of the Italian nation, as manifested by its peculiar form of speech, that we must look for an explanation of the ceaseless attempts which Italy has made to cast off the yoke of the stranger. Political charlatans, who call themselves statesmen, may flatter themselves that the territorial divisions into which they carve the map of the world, and which they vainly hope to consecrate under the name of Holy Alliances—perpetual peaces—will endure: such men as Prince Metternich, blinded by temporary success, may assert that such names as Italy are but geographical abstractions. Yet so long as the Italian language subsists; so long as the inhabitants of the Piedmont, of Lombardy, of Florence, of Rome, or of Naples, read in their own vernacular tongue, and can glory in the works of such fellow-countrymen as Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Vico, Alfieri;—so long will Italy be a fact in the minds of its inhabitants, so long will they aspire for, and labour to attain, the universal recognition of the desire of their heart. To our minds, Italy was never less firmly settled than it is now that every hope of the “*risorgimento Italiano*” has been apparently crushed by the iron hand of Austria, the ill-judged intervention of France, and the tyranny of King Bomba, aided as they all have been by the mischievous interference of Lord Palmerston. No; Italian nationality is based upon natural laws which cannot be set aside by the protocols or the paper-treaties of these rulers of a little day. It may be some years before the various sections of this

nation, so long torn by its local jealousies and steeple quarrels, learn to adopt a single leader in the arduous fight before them. Yet this wisdom will, sooner or later, be learnt in the rude school of adversity; and then all the artificial arrangements of the politicians will be swept aside; for it is literally true, that when a nation wills it, she can be free.

It is an arduous problem to solve, that said problem of accounting for the moral weakness of the national mind of Italy, simultaneously with the existence of an intellectual refinement and an artistic excellence superior, perhaps, to that of any other nation of modern times. What are the conditions which influence the brightest development of the intellect? what circumstances are necessary to produce epochs such as the Augustan, the Medicean, the Elizabethan, the Louis Quatorze, or the Queen Anne epochs? The train of speculation to which these inquiries give rise would lead us too far were we to attempt to enter upon it now; and, therefore, we reserve it (D.V.) for a future occasion. But there is a singular coincidence to be observed between the oft-recurring active attempts of the Italians to vindicate their claim to a distinct nationality and the epochs of the literary grandeur of their nation. Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch were more or less actively engaged in the fierce wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or the attempts of Rienzi to revive the Roman name. Macchiavelli, Michael Angelo, and Tasso lived in the troubled times when the Italians strove to attain their proper position between the contending armies of France and the Hispano-Germanic empire. It is true that Raphael and Ariosto stood aloof from the struggle, and appear to have been careless of its results. But they were intellectual voluptuaries, not really great men; although the picture of *La Vierge au Donatoire* might induce us to believe that at times even Raphael himself shook off his love of the physically beautiful to enter into the heart-rending agonies of his country; and Ariosto's "Canzone scritta in nome di una Gentildonna Romana" breathes the deep melancholy which must then have pervaded every true Italian breast. So again, the names of Alfieri, Monti, Leopardi, Perticari, Pellico, Manzoni, of Gioberti, Balbo, Davanzati, Mamiani, D'Azeglio, Gualterio, and a crowd of others have either foreshadowed, or been directly connected with, the recent attempts to establish "l'indipendenza Italiana." To our minds, indeed, it appears evident that no epoch of national greatness, of whatsoever description it may be, can exist unless the whole intellectual power of the mass of the nation are, or have recently been, excited by a struggle, able to bring into action all the faculties, to exercise all the energies, of the race. The heart of a nation, in fact, must beat loud and high ere the

powers of the head can be brought fully into play ; and freedom and independence alone can command a succession of great men, of a description to honour as well as to adorn a nation.

All the histories of modern Italy concur in one respect ; they prove that, slowly and carefully, the dukes and kings of the house of Savoy have laboured to prepare the somewhat heterogenous populations of their rugged dominions to assume a leading part in the drama of the future destinies of Italy ; whilst many of them have striven, with singular persistence and skill, to identify themselves with the national movement for independence. It was not, however, until the middle of the sixteenth century that their attention was distinctly directed towards the extension of their power in Italy ; for previously to that period, the ambition of the counts and dukes of Savoy appears to have been turned more towards the increase of their territory at the expense of the old Burgundian provinces and of La Suisse Romande. In the great struggle between France and the Hispano-Germanic empire, as usually happens, the weaker neighbours were made to bear the brunt of the quarrel ; and the Duke of Savoy was stripped, one after another, of the fair provinces lying between the Alps and the Rhone. The great religious movement of the beginning of the sixteenth century also contributed to diminish the possessions of the house of Savoy on the north-west slope of the Alps ; and Henry IV. of France, in revenge for the conduct of Charles Emmanuel in the conspiracy of Biron, and the subsequent war with Spain, stripped him of the provinces of La Bresse, Bugey, Valromey, and the Pays de Gex. Reduced thus to the possession of little more than the existing duchy of Savoy on the north, the house of Savoy turned all their attention towards their prospects of aggrandizement on the south of the Alps ; and their projects were singularly favoured by the gradual decay—the break up, so to speak—of the Spanish dominion in Italy. There was a long struggle, a period of chequered fortunes, and of great suffering for their subjects, in the interval between the peace concluded between Henry IV. and Charles Emmanuel and the peace of Utrecht in 1713 ; but, at the latter period, the Dukes of Savoy had secured the greater part of their present Italian dominions, and in 1718 they became Kings of Sardinia, with possession of that island, instead of the richer island of Sicily, which had fallen to their share in one of the previous parcellings of Italy. During the remainder of the eighteenth century the Sardinian monarchs consolidated and extended their dominions on the main land ; gaining at each peace which separated the feebly conducted wars of that singular period, notwithstanding the frequent reverses their armies sustained in the field. The storm of the French

Revolution of 1793 burst violently over the Savoy and northern Italy, and Charles Emmanuel IV. was compelled to retire to his insular dominions of Sardinia by the shameful conduct of the French generals, and the rose-water *littérateur* Ginguene; leaving the Savoy and Piedmont in the possession of the rapacious invaders who enslaved nations under the pretence of freedom, and whilst loudly proclaiming the rights of man, only allowed those rights to be exercised according to their own theories. In his island refuge Charles Emmanuel abdicated in favour of his brother, Victor Emmanuel I., who was restored to his throne at the peace of 1814, and obtained in the revision of the map of Europe then effected, an extension of his hereditary dominions by the addition of Genoa and the Riviera. The misfortunes of this house of Savoy seem thus ever to have added in the end to its power and splendour.

It was, however, during the period which has elapsed between 1815 and 1850, that the Sardinian kingdom has made the most decided advances towards securing to itself the moral supremacy of Italy; and the late Carlo Alberto did not, during the close of his reign, hesitate to avow that the revival and the independence of Italian nationality was the desire of his heart. A good history of that singular character is still required, for neither Gallenga nor Farini, still less the writers of the Mazzini school, have appreciated the contradictions of Carlo Alberto's life, or of the motives which led to them. Gallenga, perhaps, has taken the most philosophical view of his position; and from his long residence in our own country he has been enabled to form a more correct opinion than most of his countrymen could do, of the difficulties which always attend even the regular action of a system of constitutional government. Carlo Alberto was not himself either a man of talent or a man of strong conviction. His education had not been of a description to develop his intellect nor to strengthen his character; and the false position he assumed, or was hurried into, in 1821, not only threw the suspicion of treachery over his affected liberalism in later years, but made him wavering and uncertain. He did, nevertheless, strive earnestly in the cause he undertook, and spared no personal sacrifice, hesitated before no danger, in his effort to render Italy free. It is impossible to read the latter part of Gallenga's history without a deep feeling of commiseration for the weak-minded but chivalrous monarch; and equally must the impartial reader be convinced that the small state which could rise so rapidly and so elastically, as Piedmont has done, from the exhaustion of the last war, must have been wonderfully well administered before the period of its misfortunes; whilst the ease with which the inhabitants of that country have adapted

themselves to the recent introduction of free constitutional institutions proves not only that their previous training must have been adapted to develop their national character, but also that they are still worthy to be the depositaries "*delle speranze d'Italia*." Gallenga dwells with complacency upon the statistics which show that in material prosperity Piedmont has advanced in a remarkable degree since the peace of Novara (in 1849); but the fact of most vital importance is one to which he has also alluded; viz., that nearly all the intellectual life of Italy is now concentrated at Turin. Even Farini himself has been naturalized in the Piedmontese dominions, and Guerazzi and Mamiani have also settled there, joining the galaxy of talent which numbers in its ranks Balbo, D'Azeglio, Rosmini, Catta Montanelli, Martini, Giuria, Boggio, Prati, and many others of, perhaps, equal merit. The Piedmontese periodical press is as remarkable for its ability and moderation, as the majority of its legislature has proved itself to be, contrasting in respect of its moderation most favourably with the press influenced by the socialist and republican emigrants; and we believe that the merit of having produced this state of things is due mainly to Carlo Alberto.

To us it appears that a state which has already done such great things, and has achieved such moral triumphs, cannot fail to go on from strength to strength, until it shall be enabled to effect what must be the sincere wish of every enlightened citizen of the world,—we mean the restoration and independence of Italy. The Austrians conquered in 1849, and the imbecile despots of the Bourbon and Lorraine families have recovered their powers of mischief. Rome has been again condemned to linger under the emasculating system which has degraded its noble population for so many years—a result, by the way, to which republican France contributed with fatal eagerness. In Lombardy, and the whole of Italy in fact, excepting in Piedmont, liberty and progress are by-words and reproaches. But a light still shines in that darkness, and the eyes of men, truly lovers of their country, are turned with hope and aspiration towards it. Probably, for years to come Italy may have to support the heavy burthen now laid on it. The political horizon does not present many appearances favourable to her cause; and it may be years ere so extraordinary a combination of circumstances as occurred in 1848 and 1849, may again place within her grasp the object of her aspirations. In the life of a nation, however, years are as nothing; for, though generations pass away, humanity still survives to carry forward the inscrutable decrees of Providence. Italy was not fit to receive freedom in 1848; and the strange saturnalia of the Mazzini faction proved

that she still required the deep lessons of adversity to teach her that liberty could not exist without order; and that nations require to pass through an apprenticeship of limited freedom before they can be intrusted with the plenitude of their rights. This has been the course of progressive constitutional progress through which Piedmont has passed under the guidance of the house of Savoy. The present King of Sardinia has nobly acted his part in the great drama; and the Italians may rest assured that their only chance of freedom at present seems to be that of rallying round the throne and the nation which so wisely "marshals them the way that they should go." May the lessons of the past not be wasted!

With respect to the literary merits of the three works upon Italian history which have suggested these remarks, we would observe that none of them exhibits the philosophical grasp of the subject we should have desired to have met with. Farini's work, "*Lo Stato Romano*," is well written, it is true, and contains many passages remarkable for their eloquence, and their deep meaning; but it is generally superficial, and deals far more with the events of the clubs and streets than with the recondite causes which set men's passions in motion. He disposes of the long period between 1815 and 1846, in about half a volume; and relates the whole history of his native country between 1846 and the middle of 1848, in a space but little greater, devoting the remainder of his four volumes to the follies and wickedness of the Republicans, and their repression by foreign bayonets. The outbreak of these contemptible and repulsive characters was, however, but a symptom of a deep-seated social decomposition. The nature and condition of the latter it imported us to know; and Farini, with his extraordinary access to authentic information, and we will add, with his impartial and sound judgment, would have done better, would have rendered truer service to his cause, if he had endeavoured to trace the causes of the Italian outbreak of 1847 and 1848 rather than by relating the events of 1849 and 1850 in the detail he has done. His work is wordy, in fact; it is not philosophical; and strange to say, when we bear in mind his eloquent praise of the authors who endeavoured to purge the Italian language of the Gallicisms which were so fashionable about 1815, his style is open to the reproach of not being purely Italian. Evidently Farini has deeply studied the modern French authors; and he has not escaped the danger to which literary men are often exposed. Cicero said, "*Abeunt studia in mores*;" this is true even now, and the author who studies exclusively one class of authorities infallibly takes his tone from them.

Gallenga's work is wider and more comprehensive in its

design than that of Farini; or, at least, it includes a longer period, and touches upon subjects of greater range. It is very nicely written, notwithstanding several faults of style, and the use of words which are not English—a fault excusable in a foreigner. Still there is a want of grasp of thought, a deficiency of philosophical appreciation of the hidden causes of events, a dwelling (to use a phrase borrowed from physical science) on phenomena rather than on laws,—a reproach to which Farini is also open. The fact is, that history is a deep science; it is treated too much as a real romance. Authors write, and the public read, history for amusement far too often; and it thence happens, that the awful lessons it should convey are not given. Gallenga has somewhat fallen into this error; and his history of Piedmont will be read with more pleasure than advantage. The research and the impartiality with which it is written will, however, cause his History to take a high rank amongst the works elicited by the wonderful events of modern times.

As to the “*Archivio Triennale delle cose d’Italia*,” &c., we would observe, that it is a curious illustration of the wrong-headedness, if not more properly, the wilful blindness of the Mazzinian school. Like the ultra re-actionists, the Republicans seem to learn nothing, and to forget nothing. Experience reads its lessons in vain to them. Not contented with thwarting the efforts of the Piedmontese monarch during his life, they repeat their accusations over his grave; and it really seems that they prefer servitude, without the consolations of a national monarchy, to constitutional freedom under a king. The mystery is, to explain how men of the Mazzini stamp in Italian, and of the Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc school in French affairs, attain the eminence, bad as it is, they enjoy. Shallow, empty phrase-mongers; men without personal or moral consideration; unscrupulous in the political means they employ, even to the shedding of blood;—the description of leadership they assume over a considerable fraction of our race, must ever be a subject of surprise. Perhaps the best treatment for them is silent contempt—and so we dismiss the *Archivio*.

There is a curious episode in the history of Piedmont, connected with the Waldenses, which has always been a subject of interest to Protestant Englishmen, from the days of Cromwell and Milton, to the present time. Reformers before the Reformation, Protestants before Protestantism existed, they must be considered the precursors of the form of faith which has enabled so large a portion of Western Europe to shake of priestly rule. It is too, a noble and an inspiring spectacle, to see a small band of earnest believers manfully struggling to

retain their right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Gallenga rather ingeniously explains away the odious character of the persecutions of these confessors of the wilderness; but, alas! the slaughter and devastation of the Waldensian valley in the 16th and 17th centuries, must ever remain foul blots on the escutcheon of the House of Savoy. It is to be suspected, perhaps, that much of the religious movement of the Reformation bore a political character we now overlook. Certain it is that the Huguenot leaders of France at one time contemplated the erection of a Federal Republic in that country, and thus arrayed against themselves the popular feeling in favour of the constitution of a strong nationality. But the dwellers in the isolated valleys of the Waldenses could have entertained no such views with respect to their country; and, therefore, the persecution of these men was even a more gratuitous piece of cruelty than the massacres of Charles IX., or the dragonnades of Louis XIV. In the latter days of Carlo Alberto, the laws of Piedmont were altered so as to extend their protection to our formerly persecuted, but then barely tolerated, brethren; and the Piedmontese government, under the present enlightened monarch, has done much to improve their condition, and to place them upon a footing of civil and religious equality with their Catholic brethren. The stain of the past will thus, we hope, be effaced, and Piedmont will maintain its high moral position of being the first Italian state which has recognised the rights of conscience.

In the History of the Vaudois Church, by Antoine Monastier, our readers will find an extremely able account of this remarkable variety of Protestantism. It is written in rather a close, heavy style; such as characterizes the recent productions of the Genevese school of literature, which we confess does not appear to us to pay sufficient attention to the graces which might easily be made to adorn subjects of such vital importance as the class they usually select. There is a dryness and baldness about Monastier's History, partly to be attributed to the translator perhaps, but which, unfortunately, pervades the majority of Genevese productions of a similar character: but if the reader can overcome the unfavourable impression resulting from this cause, there will be found in the work we have cited so much to interest, and to instruct, that we most cordially recommend its perusal.

As we began—Italy, Piedmont, the Waldenses!—so we end. To us, those names are full of deep import, and alike in the past and the future have they been, and will they be, associated with moral problems of surpassing interest to humanity. Devoutly

do we hope that all Italians will profit by the lessons of the past, and avoid hereafter the follies and the wickedness which have caused them to sacrifice the glorious opportunities presented by the events of 1848. They must now submit to the moral discipline of adversity and oppression for some years; but if they wait patiently for the gradual unfolding of the deep plans of Providence, they may be sure that the feeling of nationality was never impressed in vain. Their motto must be—like that of the old Count of Savoy, and Carlo Alberto—“*J’attens mon astre.*”

Meanwhile, courteous reader, study the works of Gallenga, Farini, and Monastier, if you would know more of modern Italy, Piedmont, and the Waldenses.

ART. V.—*Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical.* By the Rev. William Archer Butler, M.A., Late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. First series. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author's Life, by the Rev. Thomas Woodward, M.A., Vicar of Mullingar. Third edition. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1855.

THE name of Professor Butler is to many of our readers already a respected, and even an endeared, one. A young Irish clergyman, he discoursed with a fervid affluence of style, indicative alike of heart and power. Firmly, yet genially, orthodox, a lover of his own church—but rather of Christ's church, and so of his own for Christ's sake—he was the man to win from the circle of his friends the best plaudits—those of love, and to find for his influence a second circle, remoter, yet larger than the first. Honour be to all unsectarian churchmen and to all catholic nonconformists; and the honour that they should have, gradually they will have; for the sympathetic admirers of the second circle will increase in number; and if the place of the admired one seems not so high to these as to the members of the first circle, his real force is not the weaker for a truer estimate thereof. The Christian benefit that man may confer on men may be received most purely by those who are neither too near their benefactor nor too remote from him.

Butler was already a foremost man when he died; but the meridian of life is not usually the meridian of fame. He had attained, or nearly attained, the former—the thirty-fifth year—but his legitimate influence had not yet risen to the height of “perfect day.” How many, indeed, of our spiritual guides and

friends sink in the shadows of death for a double rising. They emerge, celestially bright, into the upper country; and as they rise in heaven they arise on earth. Their previous earthly course was but as the morning star heralding their prolonged, true day, and disappearing in the sunrise of the day that it heralded. They died that they might live both for us and for themselves. It is not alone true that, being dead, the good yet speak, but true, also, that the best cannot speak their full message in its full authority till they have died. Without ranking Butler among the highest, or attempting to assign his rank higher or lower among modern divines, it is plain that he was one of those who are greater as departed than as present. How often, when the Master calls his servants upwards for rest and for promotion, this act of his is not the recal but the increase of his mercies towards us. Has the Lord taken away our light? not so; he has but made it shine for us with fuller and more far-reaching lustre.

These discourses of Professor Butler are like the tables of the rich man, as the man of faith should be. The provision is plentiful and good, and the banqueting room has its ornament as well as its provision. If any books must be bewintered with an icy dulness, let them not be religious books. It is not only with distaste, but with resentment, that we regard the book which professes to be spiritual, and yet is mean and dull. It defames that Saviour who must be in us as a glory in order to be our hope of glory. Saintliness is not restriction and impoverishment; utterances most prim, most formal, are not, therefore, most saintly. And, in particular, let not sermons be dull. If dulness be their known, or even suspected, quality, it is a sin to print them, and an almost worse sin to buy them. Sometimes, indeed, we comfort ourselves concerning the many poor books, tracts, sermons, &c., that fall in our way, by thinking of them as of the "blacks" that fall from the smoke of the many furnaces of life. We are pleasantly reminded how much of the right fire is burning all around us. The very smoke has a beautiful glare while the fire shines on it. So is it that much vague sermonic discourse tells of fire-burning, and has for the hour beauty from the fire of which it testifies. But sermons printed, that were good enough, perhaps, though not best, as sermons preached, are like morning clouds with the morning glory taken out of them, mere colourless obscurities; or, as we have said, are but "blacks" from the vanished and vanishing smoke, reminding us, if we are good-humoured, of many useful fires; but being reminders, nevertheless, with which we could well dispense.

It is something, then, to say for Professor Butler's Sermons

that they really deserved to be printed. In his pages the cultivated Christian heart shows its fecundity, and its products have at once succulence and beauty. Striking originality is not, we think, his characteristic; but his sermons evince large capacities, and these sincerely consecrated in an humble and a fervent faith. Many of them have an invigorating verdurousness, and are like the wide green fields, to gaze on which both rests and strengthens us. He believed, too, as we love that men should, with a plenary, cordial faith. To him Christ was supremely great, and Christianity the universal interest. An earnest, but not a bitter Protestant, he was no fanatic because he was a convert. He had not exchanged the empty ceremonies of superstition for the barren formalities of a merely logical creed. It was life that drew him from the Pope to Christ, the Lord and Lover of souls. He was not one of those—of whom there are many—who, driven away by unreasonableness, are yet not drawn by reason; who, fleeing from the house of bondage, yet do not enter the temple of liberty to become therein worshippers and ministers. He was a Protestant for spiritual life's sake, and life made him able to distinguish in an individual Papist between the Papistry and the Christianity. No wonder, then, that his mother, being a zealous Roman Catholic, he could both love her as a mother and revere her as a Christian. Of his conversion his editor says:—

“It was during his pupilage at Clonmel, about two years before his entrance into college, that the important change took place in Butler's religious views, by which he passed from the straitest sect of Roman Catholicism into a faithful son and champion of the Church of Ireland. He had been from the cradle deeply impressed with a sense of religion, and conscientious in the observance of the rites and ceremonies of his creed. His moral feelings were extraordinarily sensitive. For long hours of night he would lie prostrate on the ground, filled with remorse for offences which would not for one moment have disturbed the self-complacency of even well conducted youths. Upon one occasion, when his heart was oppressed with a sense of sinfulness, he attended confession, and hoped to find relief for his burdened spirit. The unsympathizing confessor received these secrets of his soul as if they were but morbid and distempered imaginations, and threw all his poignant emotions back upon himself. A shock was given to the moral nature of the ardent, earnest youth; he that day began to doubt; he examined the controversy for himself, and his powerful mind was not long before it found and rested in the truth.”—*Memoir*, p. v.

His temper, and we think wisdom, as a Protestant, were shown in his refusal to become a sectarian propagandist when in the terrible Irish famine of 1846-7, he was so laborious a minister of temporal relief. He would not catch men with guile even

for Christ. No! least of all could he approve of guile in the service of the "faithful and true witness." Let mercy's offering to the famishing be an evidence for Christ and for the Protestant as inspired with Christ's charity. But let not the bread of this life be a bait to ensnare men into the professed acceptance of the bread which is from heaven. And in a letter written at this period, speaking of converts to the Established Church from other sections of the church general, he uses these remarkable words:—

"For my own part I will not scruple to say—though, perhaps, it is scarcely wise to enter upon such a topic without more room than I can now demand, to explain and guard my meaning—it is not without fear and trembling I should at *any* time receive into the church a convert from any of the forms of Christianity outside it, *whom I had known to be sincerely devoted according to the measure of his light.*

The duty of so doing may arise; and when the duty is plain it must of course be done; I only say that I should feel very great anxiety in doing it. Men ought never to forget how fearfully heavy is the responsibility of a new convert. You have unsettled all the man's habitual convictions: are you prepared to labour night and day to replace them with others as effective over the heart and life? If not, you have done him an irreparable wrong. Motives to righteousness, low, mixed, uncertain, as it may be, are greatly better than none; and there can be no doubt that he who has lost so many he once possessed, requires constant, earnest, indefatigable exertion on the part of the teacher who undertakes to supply their place. What care, what skill, what persevering patience does it need to repair the shattered principle of faith in one whom you have succeeded in convincing that all the deepest practical convictions of his whole past life are delusions."—*Memoir*, pp. 29, 30.

We might somewhat modify what is thus said, but we will only observe, that here it is at once assumed, that the legitimate convert makes a real and important advance, and that a man may be in much error and occupy a quite inferior spiritual position, yet have true Christian life and enjoy much of its blessedness. These sentiments, in particular, of Professor Butler, and the character of his sermons in general, may usefully suggest to us some remarks on the relations of doctrine and character, and on ecclesiastical position, and what it indicates concerning spiritual life. We must avow that there are statements of doctrine in these sermons, with which, either as to substance or expression, we do not individually concur. The book, too, is not one which we should at once think of as most helpful to a person engaged in the deepest and most fundamental inquiries into Christian doctrine. But though not most helpful to a select few, surely

it would be helpful to the most of religious readers, and to these select ones among such, by its devout fervour and its unaffected practicality.

There is a salubrity about the air of a book whose breezes of thought blow across an elevated table-land of religious faith. Butler's editor says, that his style reminded you of the great French preachers. Let the Frenchman be French. We will not be so; for this reason, if for no other, that it would not be natural for us. But, at least, let the Irishman, being Irish, sometimes remind us in his swell, or even surge, of language, of those French swordsmen of the spirit, who strove lawfully—according to their law—in that arena of true and varied eloquence, the pulpit, and to whom he has, perhaps, so much more affinity than we have. If a man have rather that imperial command of language which Foster attributed to Hall, than that magical command which the same authority attributed to Coleridge, so but Truth, the emperor, bear himself with kingly port amid the pomp of his retinue, one will not object but rejoice. All pomps are not vanities. "Butler," says one of his auditors, referring to a description he gave of Jeremy Taylor, "took away our breath." Let language shake the soul like a wind, and "take away our breath," if, at the same time, Truth breaks through the clouds of our usual dulness with a glorifying splendour.

But we were proposing to address to the reader some remarks on doctrine and character. We say then, that the world is not a gymnasium, in which men contend about propositions, and the keenest debater wins salvation as a prize. Many have died in faith and have been promoted to their heavenly places, to whom such words as gymnasium and proposition would have been alike unintelligible. They were "marrow men," though not of the party that assumed that name. Religion is the marrow and theology the bone; the marrow has very much to do with making the bone, and then the bone very much to do with protecting the marrow. Many of these men of simple faith knew not, indeed, the importance of controversies that were waging around them. But how many a controversialist knows not the worth of the life about whose laws and affairs he is disputing. Christ is not his life but his logic. He becomes atrophied by disputation, wastes himself into a skeleton, and, instead of winning souls by the arguments that they hear, repels them by this skeleton form that they see.

But let it be distinctly understood, that religion has its own science. Its scientific student may be its meek and diligent "minister." In all science we seek to know with the utmost

fulness and accuracy; and we economize both time and heart, if wise enough to learn where knowledge has its temporary, or (as to earth) its final limit. The solitary student will not desist from the prosecution of his studies, because so few comprehend his topics and his interest in them. Millions of men are unconsciously interested in the results of studies to which they are unsympathetic or opposed. Let the theologer theologize, not angry with the unintelligent crowd of common Christians—one with them, and that humbly, whenever he can be; seeking their service, and not his own pleasure merely, in his lonely work. Woe to the unlearned church: double woe to the church where learning is paraded and life languishes. Does some scorner say, of what use is the Differential Calculus in a market-place? Of no use, indeed, we reply, if you only go there and declaim upon it from the top of an empty butter-tub; but of great use, if you consider how it affects all the mechanics of our social life. Of what use are the higher inquiries of philosophical theology? Of no use if the people be gathered to hear the gospel on a market-day, and you hide Christ from them and hinder their approach to Him by a *chevaux-de-frise* of reasonings; but of immense use, if, by its discipline, your own reason has been calmly satisfied, and you can, with loving frankness, preach the cross and the crown to the common people, no unsubdued doubt in your own soul, taunting and dragging you from behind like a hidden demon at every sentence you utter.

Let it be understood, too, that no Christian can be without his contest, though the greater intellectual wrestles are but for the few. Did not many souls agonize in that time of "much murmuring" when some said, "he is a good man" and others said "nay, but he deceiveth the people!" We are, as Christians, the declared recipients and expectants of divine good; and that we be led by goodness and the good, not led away by deceit and deceivers, is what must be wished. But vain is the wish without a corresponding endeavour. Will you be good or bad? Which will you have, ease and shame, or toil and blessedness? Will you come to Christ, that you may be made righteous as He is righteous, or will you stay and remain unrighteous, in order to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season? These, and such like, are the battle-questions of life. And if, Will you be orthodox or heretical? is not felt by the questioner to have most intimate relation to these questions, then on him the frown of God rests. The really vital controversy of most ancient times, and of the most modern, is that between evil and good. The controversy between Truth and Error is but a part, though ever a most principal part, of this great contest. If

there be strifes about error that are carried on without care for, or without well-planned relation to, the interests of this great campaign, these are not legitimate warfare against the foe, but wasteful and unlicensed *émeutes* among the soldiery.

But if it be granted that error about some main doctrine of Christianity makes a man none the worse one, then our "earnest contending" for Christianity must be wholly on some other account than its doctrine? This last assuredly we will not grant. Christianity is life, but it is livingly influential by virtue of facts, whose worth is their significance. "The spirit," the life, "was not yet given, because Christ was not yet glorified." Certainly: the transcendent fact was not yet accomplished; how could God then impart the plenary life? And if to any of us the transcendent fact is not yet realized in its transcendency, if its holy consolatory and most sublime significance is imperfectly apprehended, so much the less of living power must Christianity have in us, and exert over us. We do not grant then that a man is none the worse for error about main doctrine. This would be to grant that a man's vision is none the worse for his not seeing truly, and that he can be none the colder for sitting farther from the fire. But if he is the worse for error, he may yet be a good man; and a much better one, too, than many whose logically descriptive Christianity is more correct than his own. He who sits remote from a real fire will be warmer than one who has nothing in the cold weather but the picture of a fire. If at any time we attach importance rather to propositions about Christ, than to union with Him by personal trust, we do really attach importance rather to what a man will allow to be true of Him, than to the effects truth has upon his soul, and upon society through him. We must know Christ by becoming "one spirit" with Him. And this is to know Him by such identification with Him, that our life is productively vitalized by his. This is not the propositional knowledge of the head, but the experimental knowledge of the total humanity. How is it then that such immense value is thought to lie in having a correct creed? How is it that religion is so often preached propositionally, rather than humanly, and we must add, humanely? This latter question may be easily, yet must upbraidingly, be answered. You must have life before you can preach livingly, and many have it not. They have learned about the truth, not from it. Not the spirit of the gospel law, but the technicalities of gospel lawyers, concern their professional status and emolument. They learn of their fathers, rather than of their father's God; and they avoid what is unusual, not naming it heretical, but only not orthodox, because to repeat words is so much more

reputable than to try spirits, and to adopt and vindicate the good you find.

But as to the great, and often exaggerated, importance attached to having a correct creed, we must speak in another manner. It has often been fatally true, that fear for the truth has nullified truth's power. Gradually our sense of responsibility for opinion must pass, as our whole sense of responsibility should, from under the control of fear to that of love. And fear for the truth may be much mixed with fear for ourselves—unholy, unchristian fear. We must investigate with filial trust, not with slavish dread. And surely this is indeed a "depth of Satan,"—to make the preciousness of truth a reason for obstructing, and even banning, our free brotherly and hopeful pursuit thereof. Is a man true? then such truth as he has will do him good, and if encouraged and guided, he will advance and get more. But we cannot look upon every one who is moving as advancing. We cannot regard every "free thinker" as sacredly free, even if we can regard him as a thinker at all. By Christian truth we mean Divine reality that cannot be earnestly regarded without involving strong feelings and the weightiest practical changes. How evident it is, that to win such attention to the fact, that its significance shall be seen, felt, and declared, is arduous. How evident that realities will be mis-seen, and their sense mis-spoken. It is no light matter to change the evil heart into what we will call an orthodox heart—a heart right in actuative tendencies, according to a clear apprehension of that truth of which Christ is the harmonious and sublime form. If by a correct creed we mean a livingly full apprehension of what Christ is, how can we but be anxious to possess, maintain, and vindicate one? Our anxiety must not be selfish, should not be timorous, but surely it must be grave. Only, the peculiar way in which we talk of orthodoxy is too often sadly, ludicrously absurd. We talk as if the suit of armour would fight the battle without the man inside, and as if any accommodative changes of the armour were renouncing the first principles of defence. It is vain to be verbally right, if we are not livingly real—to have declarative expression of belief, without the convinced contesting man, whose expression it is. It has been felt, and though this is not universally the case, yet most frequently has it been so, that truth is hard to get and easy to lose. We must guard it, therefore, with love's jealousy, and with the prudence of those who know not only that the times, but that time itself is evil. Surely no adversary of that which he understands to be meant by what is called sound doctrine, can expect otherwise than that its advocates should contend earnestly for it. But assuredly, too, we

shall ever find that the best champions of the faith are those who have come gradually, and as by advances, in which military prudence, toil, and valour were all exercised, to the knowledge of the truth, plentiful as it is. These have distinct consciousnesses of valuable spiritual processes through which they have gone during, and in order to, the formation of opinions. They are not afraid of the heretic, lest they should catch the heresy: no, they are physicians of erring souls, and will not leave the patient for fear that they should take the fever. They value the meal, but they value too the huntsman's labour which stimulates a healthy appetite. They know that a sectarian position is not of necessity a proof of wilfulness, and, therefore, that it is not incompatible with a catholic spirit. They know that often a man *must* be at the outset a sectarian of a certain sort—some special sect being to him the only open door to the Church—must first belong to a limited Christian school, before he can belong to the inner and the wider school of Christ. By such men the spirit of Christ is recognized as the spirit of character. And they know, from personal experience, that according to the degrees of men's intellectuality, the Christian character that they possess must urge them, by the force of its own life-seeking nourishment, to the adoption of fuller and greater convictions as to truth. The spirit of Christ known but as man, becoming to the believer the spirit of character, will urge him to seek that from Christ which may reveal Him as divine. Christ unfelt is Christ unseen: Christ the more felt is seen the more truly. These wise advocates of plenary doctrine will justify men's positions towards the relative truth through their own fuller insight into the absolute truth; and knowing, for example, by insight, and not by tradition, the doctrine of the Trinity, will pronounce an historical acquittal for many of its opponents, and recognize many admirable Christians among those demurrers who, unconsciously benefited by the truths they see not as yet, may sometimes even think that these exist not for beholding.

To determine how far any one must agree with us in doctrine, in order for union in the spirit of character, is impossible. But that character which is anywise the product of facts partially apprehended in their living significance, must have impulses and necessities which lead to a fuller and more appreciative contemplation of these facts, is certain. Because the proportional necessity of doctrine in the case of two, or of many different men, cannot be determined, do we know nothing as to the worth of doctrine to men in general? Many attainments are impossible to this and that Christian man, which, woe to the Church, if she makes not for herself. Many wants would be fatal to the Church, which, in a given state, are scarcely inju-

rious to the individual member. Men who begin in much error and much ignorance must continue long before full light and full emancipation are their own; and many, having more of practicalness and affection than of intellectuality, feeling that value is not so much attributed to truth, because of its effect as to alleged right opinions about truth involving no such effects, are almost compelled into averseness to doctrinal inquiry—are content to quietly imbibe the sunshine of Christ and grow good, even as grapes quietly ripen in the summer heats. “Better bless the sun than reason why he shines,” is unconsciously their motto. The pleasant light of to-day does not depend on our theory of the sun, as moving round the earth, or as sustaining the earth in ceaseless orderly movement round himself; but, oh, what immense enlargement of mind and soul is involved in a true knowledge of the central position that our familiar and royal friend occupies, and the whole relation that he bears to us. To-day’s sunshine of religion is independent of astronomic knowledge, though not of astronomic truth; but surely an astronomic theology is nobly practical, were it only as deepening our reverence and broadening our hope.

How many thoughtful men—and many too, not enough thoughtful—are now desiring to desectarianize religion, and to deformalize doctrinal expression. To denounce sectarianism is most certainly not the way to destroy it. We might as well denounce a conflagration in the hope of extinguishing the flames. The best men in the several sects are at once those who feel justified in having belonged to them, and an ardent desire to escape their trammels. To meet them with sarcasm and suspicion is, in repudiating advances that were made towards us, to prevent advances that were making towards Christ. Let every Christian rather judge himself and justify his neighbour. Does our neighbour use such light as he has—does he seek more light? The more we have in common of that life which is light, the more shall we see “eye to eye” that glorious Form, whose brightness is the fountain of the light of life.

Any good book of sermons like this of Professor Butler, and any other good book on religion—would that good books were numerous—makes us feel that articles of religion, so many and no more, are, as if you should record the lessons of history in a limited number of logical deductions, thus predetermining and formalizing the whole results of study. Wherever there has been formalism, there has been indifference or Phariseism. We like to be addressed on religion from the reasonable, conscientious heart: we like to see the man’s countenance, the light of his doctrine revealing composure throned on his brow, kindness in his eyes, and health glowing on his cheeks. We like not to see

the bare bones of logic, and to hear speech like sepulchral winds whistling through them. The preacher's subject is Christian Wisdom, and he occupies, now one doctrinal summit, and now another on the wide field, whence he may survey what lies around; now industrially, now poetically, now with military eye; now with the backward history glance, and now with the forward prophetic one. We know not which to dislike most, the latitudinarianism which is so flippant, or the (spurious) orthodoxy which is so haughty. The one affects rather the name of God, but knows not, or knows little of, his Son, in whom is eternal life; the other affects rather the name of Christ, but knows not his beneficent spirit. The Saviour was livingly orthodox: the orthodoxy of his priestly foes was dead and deadly. They were proud to be in the right, and, therefore, were literally rather than spiritually right, and vitiated their every good doctrine with their bad character. They were haughty instead of holy. Their mental sharpness was a grieving thorn, a quick-set hedge for enclosing their own preserves, stolen, alas, from sanctuary land. Their intricate commentary upon Moses was a snaring net for weak consciences, and a chain-armour of subtlety to make themselves impenetrable to the shafts of reason. They collected the bones of dead saints, and stopped the mouths of living ones. By the beauty of the sepulchre, they bewitched men into forgetfulness that it was but a grave. The ancient manna of the law, that might still have been so fresh, in their keeping bred worms and stank. They were most theological, yet most wicked. Faultlessly ecclesiastical and aridly learned, they ignored public welfare, and wallowing at the river of God in the desert of tradition, preferred to be pyramids in this desert rather than palms by that river side. Their "soundness" in the religion of Moses was but a bitter and a baleful egotism. It was egotism slew celestial charity, as it always will, or will try to do. Let us be warned. We may be *doctrinaires* who do not violently kill Truth, but only bury it alive: rise, it ever has done, and rise it ever will. Let us beware, nevertheless, how we assault or neglect it, whether as individuals in the crowd of popular sinners, or as members of the selecter, but, perhaps, wickeder group of pharasaic pedants. When doctrine comes forth from burial to re-create and re-actuate character, though it may sometimes appear to us "in another form," to try our discernment and enlarge our thoughts; yet, even as Christ left not his body in the grave, but came forth to open day, with the same body that had been entombed, so doth doctrine. In quiet triumph doctrine comes back in the dear, familiar, evangelic form. It shows us its wounds, shows where the thrust was aimed at its heart, and how its hands, the instruments of its

activity, were bound and tortured. Let it be understood then, that our care for right doctrine may be that of men who have grieved for old wounds, and would prevent the sorrow and indignity of new ones. The friends of doctrine have but too often been the foes of character. But never can those become so, who trust and worship Christ "alive from the dead,"—Christ who died on the battle-field of righteousness, the great victim that he might be the great captain, who saves men by enlisting them in his service, and who assures to all the faithful, victory with and through himself.

ART. VI.—*Cambridge Essays*. Contributed by Members of the University. London: J. W. Parker. 1855.

ON the appearance of the "Oxford Essays," some months ago, we presented a critical analysis of their contents, and took occasion to advert to the scantiness of the contributions of the resident members of our elder Universities to the general literature of this country. Of the two, however, Oxford has ever been more addicted to the pursuits of the classics and *belles lettres*, while the more exclusive and abstract character of the studies prosecuted at Cambridge, appears to be clearly recognized by the writers before us, who say in their preface, "Lest the title *Cambridge Essays* should attract or deter readers, by suggesting astronomical calculations and transcendental analysis, it is necessary to state that no scientific subjects are treated of in our pages, except such as may be made intelligible and interesting to the general public of educated men." This fact thus admitted, enhances the credit of this undertaking, and bespeaks an especial and candid interest in the adventures of those intellectual truants, who

" Disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry."

Happily, too, they do not repel the exercise of that candour by the systematic advocacy of any political or ecclesiastical system. Neither of these vexed topics is touched on in the pages before us; while the name of the writer, affixed to each essay, limits to himself the responsibility for the opinions he may advance.

In addition to this, the work modestly announces itself as an experiment, the repetition of which will be dependent upon its reception by the public. On all accounts, therefore, it demands

at our hands a liberal, and even a thankful reception; and being, as we hope it is, the first of a series, we cannot do better than present a careful analysis of its contents, rather than indulge in a general criticism on its merits. The first, and perhaps the most elaborate article before us, is devoted to an examination of the literary life and character of Molière: that great learning is displayed in this article is unquestionable; its fault is, that it is too discursive. The mere biography of Molière is not a matter of great interest, and when the writer had before him such intrinsically interesting materials as the comedies of Molière supply, we think he need hardly have gone so far a-field as Plato, Cervantes, Shakspere, Rousseau, Terence, and a host of others, to whom he assigns no inconsiderable parts upon his stage. It seems to us, we confess, a little pedantic, in commenting on the best known work of the French comedian, to compare the hypocrisy of Tartuffe, so familiar to the general reader through a host of subsequent types, with the *ισχάρη ἀδικία* of Plato. His bracketing, to use a university phrase, the Tartuffe of Molière with the "Provincial Letters" of Pascal, would have been a happy idea, had he not omitted the cardinal moral point from his consideration. In the delineation of Tartuffe, as in more modern times in that of Mawworm, and still more recently in the Stiggins and Pecksniff of Mr. Dickens, the risk is incurred of stabbing religion through the ribs of hypocrisy. And unless a great and distinguishing veneration is indicated for the genuine, the million who are not apt to make nice distinctions, especially on religious subjects, are sure to identify it with the counterfeit, and to pour on both an indiscriminate ridicule. The Parable of the Tares and the Wheat should be carefully studied by those who venture into the field, or rather the common, of religious profession, for the purpose of weeding out imposture.

The most philosophical passage in Mr. Watson's Essay deserves to be quoted; and will remind such of our readers as are acquainted with that work, too little known, of Madame De Staël on "Literature in its Connexion with Social Institutions," of the analogies which she so profoundly and sagaciously presents:—

"In the case of the seventeenth century it is interesting to observe the analogy between these social convulsions and the development of literature, especially dramatic literature. The sixteenth century had been filled with strifes, political and intellectual, civil wars followed on each other's heels, kings were assassinated—or worse—assassins; the whole length and breadth of the country rang with turmoil; without were fightings, within were fears. Comes Henry of Navarre, and makes an archipelago a continent, France a nation, appeases distractions, blunts the keen edge of hate, and, in a word,

makes Frenchmen all of those who drank the Seine, the Garonne, and the Rhone. Comes Richelieu, and finds some poppies still standing in the garden, and straightways cuts them down; gives a helping hand to the weak over the heads of the strong, and so lays a foundation for a superstructure of absolute monarchy. France has now got a government. Comes Louis and provides the tape, and capital tape it has been for the administrative reform introduced by him, and lasted till the present day—the “*ordonnances*” of Louis XIV. furnishing the framework, we should remember, for the *Code Napoleon*. It completed the levelling of all distinctions of rank—that first and great commandment in the despot's decalogue—and cast a neutral tint over the whole surface of society.

“It is only by remembering this transformation which society underwent that you can account for the position which the literature of the seventeenth century occupies with relation to the sixteenth and the eighteenth. To use the language of mathematics, there is a solution of continuity between the literatures of the two centuries last named. It is of the sixteenth century that the eighteenth proceeds. The *Que sais je* of Charron, the *Je ne sais* of Montaigne, which has been the goal where the sixteenth rested from the race, became the starting-place of the eighteenth century, so that the seventeenth century is a parenthesis in the literary history of France. The angry flood of a narrow and rapid current here merges into a broad expanse of calm deep water, but only to resume anon its impetuous course with yet greater violence than before. What in the political world was the lassitude of generations worn out by civil war, in literature was harmony and repose. All extravagances of thought were subdued, all asperities of diction were softened down; nay, so great was the thirst after uniformity, that the speech itself was put into academic livery. Further, all the productions of that age exhibit a remarkable sobriety of expression, every idea seems to be fashioned by the understanding, and to receive the sanction of common sense before it is coloured by the imagination or warmed by the heart. Such is the balance maintained between fancy and judgment in the writings of the great men of that age, that while you seldom meet with anything common-place, you as seldom meet with anything unnatural, and never with anything unintelligible. Addison's definition of fine writing—the exhibition of sentiments which are natural without being obvious—might have been suggested by these French classics. To preserve unity in the midst of variety, seems further to have been the governing spirit of that literature. ‘*Omnis pæne pulchritudinis forma unitas est*’ (Augustine, Ep. 18). Accordingly it will be found that the elaboration of details is always sacrificed to general effect. There is something organic—root, branch, and leaf—about the writings of those men. The ‘*unus et alter assuitur pannus*’ of Horace applies not to them, but rather what Lord Bacon says of Nature, when she makes a flower or living creature, viz., ‘that she forms the rudiments of all the parts at one time.’ Thus is the literature of France synthetical rather than analytical; that is, it has a proneness to deal with general types, and to avoid the particular shapes and

lines of character which cannot escape the attention of one who closely analyzes the human heart. This spirit of generalization, however, as opposed to the more subtle spirit of observation, is characteristic of all non-Teutonic literature."—*Essay I.*, pp. 46—48.

The reader will have observed one expression in this extract which smacks of the University of Cambridge;—we refer to the phrase, "a solution of continuity." But one other has met our eye in the perusal of this volume, and that occurs in the same *Essay*; and, for its felicitous wit, it deserves to be repeated here. "Louis, so to speak," says the writer, "reduced all the fractions into which France had been split up, to a common denominator." This happy expression deserves to be set beside the grammatical pun of the *Examiner*, in reference to the late Sir Robert Peel, of whom it says that it is popularly believed that he never had a grandfather; so that his father is the only instance we know of a *relative* without an *antecedent*!

Passing by two *Essays*, the one on the "English Language in America," and the other entitled "Notes on Modern Geography," both of which indicate talents to which the nature of the subjects offers but imperfect scope, we come to the fourth on the "Limitations to Severity in War," by Charles Buxton, M.A. This is a very interesting piece of casuistical investigation, and just now is particularly seasonable. The writer assumes, that under certain circumstances, the prosecution of a war may be, not only justifiable, but even obligatory, and then inquires, what are the limitations of mischief which we are bound to observe; and what are the moral principles on which such obligation rests.

"Why is it," he says, "that we may slaughter twenty thousand men on the field of battle, or in a siege, but may not bayonet a wounded man, or put a prisoner to death? Why may we ruin our adversary's trade, but not ravage his lands? Why may we not shoot his sentinels? Why may we not poison his wells? Why may we lie in ambush in a forest and massacre a regiment, or spring a mine under its feet, or shoot a general down from some safe hiding-place, and yet not employ an assassin to slay the head and cause of the war? Why may we destroy government property of all kinds, but not that of the private citizen? Is it lawful to inflict punishment on our adversary? Is it fair to exact compensation from him? What are the principles, the primary truths, upon which the usages of war should be based? In other words, how can the conduct of war be best reconciled with the laws of God?"—p. 110.

At a superficial glance it might appear, that in the ordinary prosecution of war, there is such a necessary indiscriminateness of injury, as renders the application of limiting laws a pedantic

affectation. In shelling a town, the defending force and the peaceful inhabitants are equally imperilled, and the wholesale havoc effected by the ignition of a magazine, is as probable as the narrower range of destruction depended on the bursting of a projectile in a less dangerous vicinity. Yet it is only necessary to put an extreme case in order to show a wide distinction here. The indescribable cruelties of Indian warfare, perfectly paralleled by recent atrocities in China, mark a palpable boundary between two modes of conducting war, even when the zeal of the belligerent parties is equal. Where, then, is the ethical line to be drawn? Mr. Buxton defines it, and we think justly, in these terms: "that violence may be used—and may only be used—for the purpose of lessening the force that enables the enemy to persist in his wrong-doing; whereas, to hurt an enemy out of ill-will, for the pleasure of hurting him, or to seize what belongs to him for the sake of booty, is murder and robbery. We see the objections and difficulties which may be urged against this principle. It may be said, and that with plausibility, that the force of the enemy, and his disposition to maintain the contest, may be indirectly affected by injuries which do not immediately cripple his resources of hostility. Still allowing for cases which must be conscientiously dealt with as they arise, we think that the doctrine laid down above, may be safely taken as the general standard of public duty.

The writer proceeds to cite a number of historical cases in which his principle has been violated, and deals with them with much ingenuity and candour; though when he attempts to fix a charge of immorality, under his canon, on the act of firing on an enemy's sentinel, we confess he does not carry our judgment with him. We are unable to see why a sentinel should enjoy an immunity which is denied to an *aide-de-camp* or a general. Without following him through his arguments, we will give the resultant principles. They are:—

"1. That a belligerent (so far, of course, as he had a right to enter into the war at all) has the right, by all means in his power, to lessen the force of his opponent; but that to this his right is absolutely limited.

"2. Even this permission is so far restricted, that the more merciful method of lessening the opponent's force must invariably be selected.

"3. There must be some sort of balance between the advantage to be gained and the misery to be inflicted.

"4. A may not injure B, in order to influence the conduct of C.

"5. It is not right to chastise a conquered nation for having provoked the war, though it is fair to make it pay for its cost."

The writer concludes his essay with a powerful exhortation to the French and English governments, to illustrate, by their

conduct in connexion with the present war, the moral duties laid down in the first of the above divisions; we cannot help thinking that if he had dwelt with some stringency upon the last, he would have written much to the edification and comfort of an overtaxed and commerce-crippled people.

The Essay entitled "The Relation of Novels to Life," while it contains much discriminative dissertation, involves much against which we cannot help taking exception; we think the writer is unfortunate in his definition of what constitutes a novel:—

"Familiar" he says "as the word 'novel' may be, it is almost the last word in the language to suggest any formal definition, but it is impossible to estimate the influence of this species of literature, or to understand how its character is determined, unless we have some clear notion as to what is and what is not included in the word. The first requisite of a novel is, that it should be a biography—an account of the life or part of the life of a person. When this principle is neglected or violated, the novel becomes tiresome; after a certain point it ceases to be a novel at all, and becomes a mere string of descriptions,"—p. 148.

The distinction between the romance and the novel appears to us analogous to that between tragedy and comedy; the former presents to us unusual situations, highly wrought emotions, and strange incidents, while the latter is confined within the circumference of every-day life, and exhibits to us men and things under the ordinary angle of vision. The definition, therefore, of the novel as a fictitious biography, neither includes nor excludes essential distinctions. No fictitious biography of a Cromwell could constitute a novel any more than a fictitious history of a Brummell and his coteries could constitute a romance.

A main, but somewhat unsuspected cause of the morbid effect of novels upon the minds of the young, is ingeniously developed in the following passage:—

"The suppressed vein which occurs in novels may, therefore, be considered as an essential feature of that kind of literature, but it involves a *suggestio falsi* which is not so obvious, and has more tendency to mislead readers. It requires but very little experience of life to be aware that the circumstances stated in a novel, form a very small part of what must actually have occurred to the persons represented, but it requires more experience to see in what respects the fact that all dull matter is suppressed, falsifies the representation of what is actually described. The most remarkable of all the modifications with which novels represent real life, consist in the way in which such suppressions distort their representations of character. These representations differ from the thing represented, much as a portrait differs from a real face. A child would probably prefer the portrait to the face, because its colours are more definite, smoother,

and less altered by the various disturbing causes which act upon the living body. This difference is a consequence of yielding to the temptations under which novelists continually labour, of taking an entirely different view of character from those who seek not to represent but to understand it."—Pp. 156-7.

Preferring truth to originality, we must pronounce the opinion that the effects of novels upon the young, is at best to familiarize them prematurely with the passions, intrigues, and machinations of mature life, and in its graver aspect of evil, to lead them to reckon on those fortuitous events which give the charm by surprise to the incidents of novels; to prefer the chapter of accidents to the practice of industry and forethought, and to forget, or, more probably, not to know, the splendid apostrophe of Juvenal,—

"Nullum numen habes si sit prudentia; nos Te
Nos, Fortuna deam facimus cœloque locamus!"

But unquestionably, the most striking Essay in the volume before us, is that of Mr. George Brimley, on the "Poems of Tennyson." While, however, we admire the nice perception of poetical beauty which reigns throughout what we will frankly denominate this beautiful Essay, while we fully appreciate the exceptions which the writer so respectfully and so justly takes against our author, whom he evidently idolizes, we must say, we differ widely from him in what we think the overweening estimate which he forms of Mr. Tennyson, as the poet of his day, as Shakspeare and Chaucer were respectively of theirs. He tells us that it has often happened to him "to meet with persons of unquestioned talent and good taste, who profess themselves unable to understand why Mr. Tennyson is placed so high among poets as his admirers are inclined to place him; who say they find him obscure and affected—the writer for a class rather than a people." This is not the exception which we should take; for we are not aware that he is the poet of any class except of that of his indiscriminate admirers. He has originated no new school, and, perhaps, no poet is less remarkable for the enunciation of any comprehensive or novel principles, either literary or social. Without assigning him to any specific class, we still think, that if there had been no Wordsworth there would have been no Tennyson. Like Wordsworth, he has extraordinary power of imagination, but he seems to have adopted the canons of that poet, and, by virtue of them, is like him, sometimes puerile, and often unintelligible. Not a few of his poems remind us of some of Turner's paintings, which delight the eye by the gorgeousness of their colouring, but which, from the absence of distinct delineation, afford to the mind but a dreamy

pleasure, as compared with the "sober certainty of waking bliss" inspired by masters of a different type. In connexion with this subject, a few sentences of very happy dissertation deserve to be quoted, no less for their own sake than for the purpose of illustration :—

"Magnificent similes do not make poetry, but they are among its most effective means of filling the mind of the reader with the actual grandeur and pathos of the particular scene presented, where the poet seizes, not upon some mere superficial resemblance that draws the fancy between two objects essentially different in the general feeling they excite, but brings in a phenomenon of nature, which excites feelings analogous to those belonging to the event or scene he is narrating. The use of simile and figure, not only enables him to avoid encumbering his narrative by detail and epithet and general terms otherwise necessary to bring his object before the mind, but associates that object at once and spontaneously with the feelings belonging to the illustrating phenomenon—an effect which could not be produced apart from this device, except by long drawn-out reflections. Simile and figure, may be regarded as a natural short-hand, which substitutes well-known things for the unknown qualities of whatever has to be described, and which, therefore, gives the general effect of the things to be described, without necessitating the task of minute description. This is exactly the reverse of the use made of these forms of speech by the man of wit, who intentionally selects for his illustration some merely accidental, and often merely verbal, resemblance between two things, essentially different in themselves, and in the feelings they excite. But the poet, in his impassioned or serious moods, seizes, not on resemblances, but true analogies; and they at once adorn his poetry with impressive pictures, and convey his meaning with force and brevity."—P. 247.

In all this we quite concur. We do not desire in poetry "long drawn-out reflections" nor "minute description," and we admire any method which conveys "meaning with force and brevity." But this last is the *conditio sine qua non*. The one thing which we cannot dispense with is an intelligible meaning. Nor should the discovery of this require a laborious search. That toil must be tolerated in a mathematical problem, in the solution of which intense exertion of mind is a thing of course; but not so with poetry, which is, as Horace says, "*animis natum jucandis*;" here we expect not exercise but indulgence—not a struggle, but a repast; and the taste for exhuming a doubtful meaning, like a disputable fossil bone, from a poem, is as unnatural as that of a lover whose most intense desire should be, not to caress his mistress, but to dissect her. We cannot help suspecting that it was in bar of such demands as these that Mr. Tennyson penned the following lines :—

"THE POET'S MIND.

"Vex not thou the poet's mind
 With thy shallow wit,
 Vex not thou the poet's mind,
 For thou canst not fathom it.
 Clear and bright it should be ever,
 Flowing like a crystal river,
 Bright as light, and clear as wind.

"Dark-browed sophist, come not anear,
 All the place is holy ground;
 Hollow smile and frozen sneer,
 Come not here;
 Holy water will I pour
 Into every spicy flower
 Of the laurel shrubs that hedge it around,
 The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer;
 In your eye there is death,
 There is frost in your breath
 Which would blight the plants
 Where you stand; you cannot hear
 From the groves within
 The wild birds' din.
 In the heart of the garden the merry bird chants;
 It would fall to the ground if you came in.
 In the middle leaps a fountain
 Like sheet lightning,
 Ever bright'ning,
 With a low melodious thunder;
 All day and all night it is ever drawn
 From the brain of the purple fountain
 Which stands in the distance yonder.
 It springs on a level of bowery lawn,
 And the mountain draws it from Heaven above,
 And it sings a song of undying love;
 And yet though its voice be so clear and full,
 You never would hear it, your ears are so dull;
 So keep where you are, you are foul with sin,
 It would shrink to the earth if you came in."

We think the pervading sentiment of these lines both objectionable and unworthy. It is too evident that the "low-browed sophist" is but the *bête noir* better known as the critic; while the introductory passage especially would seem to intimate that poems are only to be read and judged of by poets. Both these notions are most objectionable. In poetry, as in every other form of discourse which addresses itself to the human mind, wherever there is not logic the vacuum is simply the synonyme of nonsense; while, wherever there is a logical sequence of ideas, it requires

no poet to interpret their meaning or to appreciate their fitness and beauty. Milton feared no "low-browed sophist;" nor need Mr. Tennyson, so long as he respects his own fame and the understanding of his readers.

If poetry had been written for the perusal and enjoyment of poets alone, so small would have been the market and so scanty the demand, that not one-thousandth part of the poetical literature that we possess would have existed to form the materials of our criticism. In a word, the final cause of poetry is the delectation of the universal mind; and whatever does not fulfil this condition is no poetry at all. The writer of the Essay before us—Mr. Brimley—is evidently enamoured of Tennyson. He has developed his beauties and analyzed his poetical genius with the hand of a master. His Essay is equally philosophical and eloquent. Yet we venture to think that a more mature observation and a more careful practice in the art of criticism will issue in a nearer approach to perfection than is exhibited in the admirable Essay before us; we would exhort him to subdue his enthusiasm and to cultivate that sober judgment which he evidently possesses, and then we shall hail him in words that are, doubtless, familiar to him—

"Macte tuâ virtute, puer, sic itur ad astra."

The last Essay in this volume is devoted to an examination of the "Influence of Classical Studies upon General Education." Upon this subject great errors are prevalent even amongst the most sensible parents of the present day. If the more abstract studies of mathematics are held to be useful as a mental discipline, how much more highly should we value those pursuits which, dealing with objects, with opinions, and with thoughts, come home to the business and the bosom of every individual. It is the study of language which constitutes the introduction to logic, to philosophy, and to literature, while the nice and minute distinctions involved in that study, afford, in our opinion, as perfect a gymnasium to the mind of the student as all the interminable changes into which $a+x$ can be tortured by the alchemy of algebra. "Language," says Mr. Mill (*Logic*, c. i. 1)—an authority who will not be suspected of prejudice or partiality—"language is evidently, and by the admission of all philosophers, one of the principal instruments or helps of thought; and any imperfection in the instrument or in the mode of employing it is confessedly liable, still more than in almost any other art, to confuse and impede the process, and destroy all ground of confidence in the result. For a mind not previously versed in the meaning and right use of the various kinds of words to attempt the study of methods of philosophizing would be as if some one

should attempt to make himself an astronomical observer having never learnt to adjust the focal distance of his optical instruments so as to see distinctly."

We cannot follow the writer through his elaborate dissertations on the various studies of the University of Cambridge; but we agree with him entirely in thinking that the study of the classics is the great lever of the youthful mind. Since while it accustoms the student to the perception of the nicest distinctions, it brings him acquainted with a field of knowledge which he may till for exercise, and from which he may reap, though unsown, the richest harvests of literature. We are far from disparaging the study of the most abstract mathematics; but we venture to say that the man who has mastered such works as those of Bacon and Butler will be *cæteris paribus* more than a match for the senior wrangler who has gleaned his honours from the differential calculus. There are some studies so purely disciplinary as to remind us of the prison labour of turning a crank that only grinds the air; while that commended by the writer before us is one of those whose reward is with it, and resembles rather the application of geological science to mining operations where the toil is directly connected with the treasure. "Men talk contemptuously," says Mr. Clark, in a concluding paragraph—which is a favourable specimen of the style of his Essay—

"Men talk contemptuously of the dead languages, when to this day all the intellect of civilized Europe breathes their spirit and takes their form. Are they dead to us? From the teaching of schoolmen, legists, and churchmen—from the study and imitation of classical authors—from our personal intercourse with France—from the influence of modern 'romance' literature—the English language has become crowded with classical words, Latin and Latinized Greek, and often recast in a classical mould. No writer who is bound by the laws of the English language can emancipate himself from the fetters of Rome. We must accept the past, which we cannot alter. Wherever men have surpassed their forefathers, they have done so not by ignoring the efforts and advances previously made, but by studying and mastering them, and by making the ultimate attainment of former men a starting point for their own investigations. But we cannot, if we would, rid ourselves of the inheritance which consists not only of lands and houses, nor yet of institutions, language, and manners, but also of sentiments, opinions, and habits of thought. Man has a collective as well as an individual life. The great human soul never dies; and the noblest study to which any one man can devote himself next after the study of 'Him 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being,' is the birth, and nurture, and growth of human intellect; and it is a fact beyond all doubt, that the first fruitful gems of philosophy were planted, and the first flowers of immortal poetry blossomed, by the banks of the Grecian sea, except

only that deeper philosophy and that sublimer poetry which sprang beside the brook of Siloam beneath the breath of God."—Pp. 307-8.

On the whole, we hail this work as the first instalment from the resident members of the University of Cambridge to the elegant literature of the age. The design is worthy of the University, and the execution is worthy of the design.

ART. VII.—*The History of England from the Accession of James II.* Vols. iii. and iv. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

AFTER six or seven years of anxious expectation, the public have at length clutched a third and fourth volume of "Macaulay's History of England from the Accession of James II." This event affords an unusual exception to the inspired maxim, that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The heart of Great Britain has never sickened, though the intellectual curiosity of the whole literary world has been held so long in the uneasy attitude of expectation. The two preceding volumes had only stimulated the appetite of all the lovers of literature, and all the thinkers on the constitutional history of this country, "rich with the spoils of time." The marvellous eloquence of Mr. Macaulay, miscalled by the powerful critic of the *Times* newspaper "his hopeless volubility," has already excited so deep an interest in the literary public of Europe, that the expected volumes were awaited with an amount of impatience sufficient to gratify the largest ambition of the greatest historian. Mr. Macaulay is in many respects the most distinguished man of his age. His vast learning is under the control of a still vaster intellect, and so far from being lavished *in extenso* on the reader, no one can peruse his writings without seeing that he is acquainted himself only with the hidings of the author's power. He is the most allusive writer of his age, and it requires a reader almost as accomplished as himself fully to appreciate either his parliamentary eloquence or his more studied contributions to the literature of his country. For one of the earliest, and we are tempted to say, the best of his literary productions—we refer to his Essay on Milton, in the "Edinburgh Review,"—he has deemed it necessary to apologize; and, in conversation with the writer of these pages, he has expressed his dissatisfaction with it, and designated it as puerile, quoting a conversational criticism with the late Robert Hall in

defence of his self-denying judgment. We humbly venture to differ with him and with Mr. Hall, "*toto celo*." We think that with all the more matured experience which increasing age can confer, we shall ever regard it as a masterpiece of English composition. It reminds us of the "*Comus*" of Milton, produced at something like the same age; the poetic genius of which outweighs the whole bulk of the "*Paradise Regained*," on which he capriciously prided himself; and not a few books of the immortal epic, which will be read as long as the English language shall endure, in every quarter of the globe. Mr. Macaulay seems to distrust the inspirations of his fresh and early genius, and to attach more value to the intellectual bullion in his coffers than to those diamonds of his youth, which no gold can buy.

We fancy that the criticisms on the beauty of style which adorned his first two volumes has told upon his literary taste. By a condition of his nature, he cannot write otherwise than eloquently; but we think that the criticisms to which we have referred, have induced him to tone down the colouring of his composition in the volumes before us to something more like the neutral tint which a rigid prescription has assigned to the historic style. The work having been published at so late a period of the month of December, and consisting as it does of sixteen hundred pages, we are necessarily precluded from a complete analysis of its contents. We propose, therefore, in this brief preliminary review to glance at some of its cardinal features and to reserve for our next number a critical notice of the substance and style of the work.

The first main fact apparent on these long expected volumes is that they cover a space of eight or nine years only; commencing at the Proclamation of William and Mary in 1688, and closing with the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. Had the volumes embraced the record of the French, or even of the American, war—had they painted the rise and fall of Napoleon—or that better rising of General Washington, which never knew a decline—the world would have had a heartier confidence in the interest which they seem destined to exert. He has not, however, come within sight of either of these great topics. Interesting as the era must ever be to a political student, it does not embrace the grandest historical events, nor does it witness those public characters which the turmoils and earthquakes of nations cause to emerge high above the surface of ordinary history. Nor again does it furnish those pre-eminently dramatic "*situations*," in which nations attain their zenith and empires crumble, and in which the grand crises of public events constitute the landmarks of history.

Yet such a time was, perhaps, especially adapted to the genius of such a historian as Mr. Macaulay. It was the great transitional era of the British nation. The advances of liberty, both civil and religious, among the British people are ever coincident with the highest development alike of their genius and their prosperity. The material grandeur of a nation under a "*grand monarche*" is but a temporary flush; it ever ends in a reaction, such as Tacitus describes as the characteristic of his own times, in which genius languishes and literature dies; while the foundations of constitutional freedom, laid by a king who, to use the language of Mr. Burke, is a "testator to a posterity which he embraces as his own," leaves as his trophies "*occulta spolia et plures de pace triumphos*," bequeathing a name which, though not encircled with the laurels of victory, lives through generations in the homage of mankind. Posterity forget the elegant idlers who set the jewels in the crown, but they hold in everlasting remembrance the men who broke the rocks in pieces and made a pathway for the people.

The royal statesman who forms the conspicuous figure in the foreground of Mr. Macaulay's historical tableau, must be placed in the latter of these categories. He was the sower of the constitutional liberties of this country, and not the more favoured reaper of their fruits; and he sowed in tears. Great difficulties beset his enterprise, and small thanks rewarded his toils; yet from the materials of such a life and such a reign, Mr. Macaulay has presented to us a narrative of surpassing interest. We will use the words in which the earliest critic of this work, the favoured reviewer of the *Times* describes the elaborate banquet provided by Mr. Macaulay. The establishment of our public liberties on their present basis—the consolidation of the revolution is part of the fare; the rest is the story of the vindication by a just war of our Protestant spirit and of our independence as a nation. The domestic and the foreign issues are combined together in origin, course, and consequences, and constitute an historic unity. Against the English interest in both of them were arrayed the "*grand monarche*," the aboriginal Irish, the avowed hostility of the Non-jurors, and the more dangerous hostility of the great Whig grandees "who were ready to take any oath, and whom no oath could bind." The marshals of France for the most part prevailed over William in the field; his secret enemies commanded his fleets and armies, had charge of his arsenals, and held seats at his council board. He was thwarted by a jealous parliament and by a reluctant nation, and he was in extreme peril from the bullets of traitors; above all, he had to weather a terrible financial and commercial crisis. All these obstacles Mr. Macaulay has to recount in his Bataviadt,

and he can boast how William eventually surmounted them, how peace followed abroad and at home; how England resumed her place in the first rank of European powers, how internal prosperity succeeded peace, and successful enterprise attended freedom, and how England hailed the dawning of a happier age.

But the reader will be desirous before arriving at the close of this brief preliminary notice, of getting a foretaste of the work itself, by one or two specimens of the author's mode of treating his subject. Without, therefore, encroaching on the analysis which we reserve as the subject of a more extended notice in our next number, we will present one or two passages of a general and comprehensive character. The following is the historian's description of the political difficulties which beset the new monarch, and it supplies the key to the political complication of the time:—

"Some of the most serious difficulties of his situation were caused by the conduct of the ministers on whom, new as he was to the details of English affairs, he was forced to rely for information about men and things. There was, indeed, no want of ability among his chief counsellors, but one half of their ability was employed in counteracting the other half. Between the Lord President and the Lord Privy Seal, there was an inveterate enmity. It had begun twelve years before, when Danby was Lord High Treasurer, a persecutor of Nonconformists, an uncompromising defender of prerogative, and when Halifax was rising to distinction, as one of the most eloquent leaders of the country party.

"Official experience was to be found almost exclusively among the Tories; hearty attachment to the new settlement almost exclusively among the Whigs. It was not the fault of the king that the knowledge and the zeal which, combined, make a valuable servant of the state, must at that time be had separately or not at all. If he employed men of one party there was great risk of mistakes. If he employed men of the other party there was great risk of treachery. If he employed men of both parties there was still some risk of mistakes, there was still some risk of treachery, and to these risks was added the certainty of dissension. He might join Whigs and Tories, but it was beyond his power to mix them."—Vol. iii., pp. 63—67.

"The two Secretaries of State were constantly labouring to draw their master in diametrically opposite directions. Every scheme, every person recommended by one of them was reprobated by the other. Nottingham was never weary of repenting that the old Roundhead party, the party which had taken the life of Charles I., and had plotted against the life of Charles II., was in principle Republican, and that the Tories were the only true friends of Monarchy. Shrewsbury replied, that the Tories might be friends of Monarchy, but that they regarded James as their Monarch. Nottingham was always bringing to the closet intelligence of the wild day-dreams in which a few old eaters of calf's head, the remains of the once for-

midable party party of Bradshaw and Ireton, still indulged at taverns in the city. Shrewsbury produced ferocious lampoons which the Jacobites dropped every day in the coffee-houses. 'Every Whig,' said the Tory Secretary, 'is an enemy of your Majesty's prerogative.' 'Every Tory,' said the Whig Secretary, 'is an enemy of your Majesty's title.'

"At the Treasury there was a complication of jealousies and quarrels. Both the First Commissioner, Mordaunt, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Delamere, were zealous Whigs; but, though they held the same political creed, their tempers differed widely. Mordaunt was volatile, dissipated, and generous. The wits of that time laughed at the way in which he flew about from Hampton Court to the Royal Exchange, and from the Royal Exchange back to Hampton Court. How he found time for dress, politics, love-making, and ballad-making, was a wonder. Delamere was gloomy and acrimonious, austere in his private morals, and punctual in his devotions, but greedy of ignoble gain. The two principal Ministers of Finance, therefore, became enemies, and agreed only in hating their colleague Godolphin. What business had he at Whitehall in these days of Protestant ascendancy, he who had sate at the same board with Papists, he who had never scrupled to attend Mary of Modena to the idolatrous worship of the mass? The most provoking circumstance was that Godolphin, though his name stood only third in the commission, was really First Lord; for in financial knowledge and in habits of business Mordaunt and Delamere were mere children when compared with him, and this William soon discovered."

We will only introduce one other quotation, and it shall be the graphic passage in which he delineates the causes of the king's personal unpopularity:—

"To the English he appeared in a most unfortunate point of view. He was at once too near to them and too far from them. He lived among them, so that the smallest peculiarity of temper or manner could not escape their notice. Yet he lived apart from them, and was to the last a foreigner in speech, taste, and habits.

"One of the chief functions of our Sovereigns had long been to preside over the society of the capital. That function Charles II. had performed with immense success. His easy bow, his good stories, his style of dancing and playing tennis, the sound of his cordial laugh, were familiar to all London. One day he was seen among the elms of St. James's Park, chatting with Dryden about poetry. Another day his arm was on Tom Durfey's shoulder; and his Majesty was taking a second, while his companion sang 'Phillida, Phillida,' or 'To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse.' James, with much less vivacity and good nature, was accessible, and, to people who did not cross him, civil. But of this sociableness William was entirely destitute. He seldom came forth from his closet; and when he appeared in the public rooms he stood among the crowd of courtiers and ladies, stern and abstracted, making no

jest and smiling at none. His freezing look, his silence, the dry and concise answers which he uttered when he could keep silence no longer, disgusted noblemen and gentlemen who had been accustomed to be slapped on the back by their royal masters, called Jack or Harry, congratulated about race cups, or rallied about actresses. The women missed the homage due to their sex. They observed that the King spoke in a somewhat imperious tone even to the wife to whom he owed so much, and whom he sincerely loved and esteemed. They were amused and shocked to see him when the Princess Anne dined with him, and when the first green peas of the year were put on the table, devour the whole dish without offering a spoonful to her Royal Highness; and they pronounced that this great soldier and politician was no better than a Low Dutch bear.

“One misfortune, which was imputed to him as a crime, was his bad English. He spoke our language, but not well. His accent was foreign; his diction was inelegant; and his vocabulary seems to have been no larger than was necessary for the transaction of business. To the difficulty which he felt in expressing himself, and to his consciousness that his pronunciation was bad, must be partly ascribed the taciturnity and the short answers which gave so much offence. Our literature he was incapable of enjoying or of understanding. He never once, during his whole reign, showed himself at the theatre. The poets who wrote Pindaric verses in his praise complained that their flights of sublimity were beyond his comprehension. Those who are acquainted with the panegyrical odes of that age will, perhaps, be of opinion that he did not lose much by his ignorance.”—Vol. iii., pp. 50—52.

In closing these volumes for the present, we cannot but express our regret at the faint prospect they afford of the completion of this noble work. We heartily wish Mr. Macaulay the longevity of his late accomplished friend, Samuel Rogers, who, since we commenced this notice, expired at the advanced age of ninety-five; but even should this wish be realized, and should the prosecution of this work be co-extensive with his life, he will not have fulfilled his design, if, as in the portion before us, he should take as much time in the composition of his volumes as was occupied by the events they narrate.

Art. VIII. *The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, revised from Critical Sources; being an attempt to present a purer and more correct Text than the received one of Van der Hooght; by the aid of the best existing Materials; with the principal various Readings found in MSS., ancient versions, Jewish books and Writers, Parallels, Quotations, &c., &c.* By Samuel Davidson, D.D. London: Bagster, 1855. pp. xvi. and 222, (10s. 6d.)

WE trust that this carefully-executed volume may materially advance the critical knowledge of the text of the Hebrew scriptures, especially in this country.

Many must be aware of the great vagueness of thought which prevails on the subject, even on the part of those who might be expected to be well informed. Some acquiesce in treating the common Hebrew text as though it were perfect, while others fly off into the most boundless licence of conjecture; and others again adopt anything which seems to them to be *evidence* against the common Hebrew text, without weighing at all what may be said on the other side, or whether the supposed evidence be really such as will bear examination. That this is now the state of the case, must be evident to all who are at all conversant with the subject.

The common Hebrew text is followed implicitly by some, from the difficulty which they feel in turning to anything better, and from the want of *Hebrew* authorities for anything like a thorough revision, which would carry us farther back than the Masoretic age, or about the seventh century of our era.

Licence of conjecture prevails, especially amongst those who have either studied Hebrew *without points*, or whose knowledge of the language is very superficial: they find difficulties and discrepancies where none really exist, and they exhibit not unfrequently a temerity which is as surprising as would be that of a schoolboy, unable easily to construe Xenophon, who undertook to restore the text of the Greek tragedians.

A resting on supposed or partial evidence is commonly the procedure of those, who have in some manner imbibed a strong feeling of opposition to the Hebrew text as transmitted by the Jews, and thus they have recourse to the LXX., to the Samaritan copy of the Pentateuch, or anything else which they can use for their purposes. Such persons often acquire an influence which is far from beneficial; since *partial truths*, which they state, are remembered and used by those who are unable to weigh them. Thus it is that we hear so often that the Samaritan Pentateuch is confirmed by the LXX. in two thousand places, in opposition to the common Hebrew text; such a state-

ment makes a deep impression, as long as the converse of the picture is kept out of sight. And thus the authority of the LXX., or of the Samaritan copy (according as the one or the other may be under discussion) is considered to be greatly confirmed. But let the *whole truth* be stated, that in *far more* than two thousand places the LXX. agrees in the Pentateuch with the common Hebrew text, in direct opposition to the Samaritan copy, and then let it be added that this is the case with regard to the large additions, and the great characteristic readings of the Samaritan, and then a very different impression is produced,—an impression, which is, in fact, the true one. Were it not for the effect of partial information, we should not see modern writers occasionally upholding the Samaritan readings when they appear to agree with the LXX.; and also, by a great inconsistency, when they differ most widely: thus, strange as it may seem, some may gravely contend that the Samaritan addition at the end of the ten commandments, in Exodus xx., has strong claims to be received as genuine; though opposed as it is by the Hebrew copies, by the LXX., and other versions from the Hebrew, by the tenor of the context, and by the contents; for in this Samaritan interpolation, God, *at Mount Sinai*, is made to give instruction about erecting an altar on Mount Gerizim, which he is made to describe as situated *beyond Jordan*, towards the *west*. Such is the unsatisfactory state of Old Testament criticism, even amongst those who ought to be better informed.

This work of Dr. Davidson's is a vigorous attempt to rescue Biblical students from this kind of uncertainty; and this he does by presenting the evidence which bears on every important variation which is at all supported by what can be regarded as testimony.

Comparatively little *use* has been made of the extensive collations of Kennicott and De Rossi. Indeed the feeling which the labours of those industrious men excited, was more one of disappointment probably, than of satisfaction; for it was evident to all who were capable of forming a judgment, that the variations of the Hebrew copies from one another, was far less than might have been reasonably expected, and that the materials for criticism thus afforded were proportionately meagre. But if this was a disappointment, at least one important fact was brought clearly into light, the substantial integrity with which the Hebrew Scriptures had been transmitted from the seventh century, and onward; so that whatever injuries of importance the text had received, they must be anterior to that date; and that the whole had been transmitted, as it had then been received, with the injuries wrought by time and chance, neither

concealed by false masonry, nor yet repaired with material of a different quality and nature

Dr. Davidson, in the introduction to this volume, describes its plan and object, together with a brief account of what had previously been done as to the revision of the Hebrew text, on grounds of critical evidence.

His plan exhibits two special features, (1.) to bring into prominence such readings as ought, in his opinion, to be adopted, in preference to those which stand in the common Hebrew editions; and (2.) also to give a full statement of the readings which differ from the common text, and which can be considered as at all important.

In the digest of various readings, the word or words of Van der Hooght's text stand first (*except when Dr. Davidson proposes another reading as preferable*); then come the variations with a compendious statement of authorities. When a reading which Dr. Davidson proposes for adoption takes the lead, the authorities in its favour are immediately stated.

It was originally Dr. Davidson's plan to admit the whole of the Hebrew text, so as to have produced an edition of the Hebrew Bible critically revised; "but," he says, "unforeseen obstacles occurred to thwart his design. When, therefore, it was determined to print the various readings alone, the author could only mark in them those which he judged to be the true ones." P. x.

Those who are acquainted with Hamilton's "Codex Criticus" of the Hebrew Bible—the first attempt, in fact, at revision,—will see that Dr. Davidson advances far beyond the point reached (or even aimed at) in that work; and many who would find it impossible to consult habitually the volumes of Xennicott and De Rossi (even if they were able to refer to them occasionally) will be able to use the results condensed by Dr. Davidson, *with ease as well as with profit*.

We must not to omit mention, that here and there, by an occasional short note, Dr. Davidson conveys a great deal of information in a few words: this is especially the case in certain passages which have been supposed to be corrupt, but to which, if rightly understood, no exception can be taken on critical or other grounds. One of these notes we will quote, as showing clearly what we mean, and as being one of the things, which in a work exclusively critical, admits of continuous quotation.

"Deut. x. 6. This verse has been generally deemed corrupt. On comparing Numb. xxxiii. 31, it would seem that the Israelites marched in an opposite way from that here given, viz., from Moserah to Bene-jaakan; and in Numb. xx. 22; xxx. 30, it is said, that Aaron died at Mount Hor, not as here at Moserah. The Samaritan agrees hero

with Numb. xx. 22; xxx. 30; xxxiii. 31, but appears to have been corrected from these places. Some critics, as Kennicott and Geddes, suppose that the text should be amended from the Samaritan, while Capellus and Horybigant think that there is an interpolation. The former suspects verses 6, 7; the latter 6, 7, 9, 9. With Horybigant Jahn appears to agree. But there is no good ground for supposing corruption or interpolation. In Numb. xxxiii. is related the journey from Sinai to Kadesh, at which latter place they turned back and wandered thirty-eight years, verses 30, 31, of Numb. xxxiii., containing places in the order in which they were visited by the Israelites on the *return* to Kadesh. On the other hand, when they went from Beeroth Bene-jaakan to Mount Hor, as stated in the present place, they had left Kadesh for the last time, and were journeying to the Jordan. There is no difficulty in supposing that Mount Hor was also named Meserah. Hence, neither the sixth verse, nor any of the following ones, should be disturbed."

Brief Notices.

The Rivulet; a Contribution to Sacred Song. By Thomas T. Lynch.
London: Robert Theobald. 1855. Price 4s. 6d.

WE have seldom seen a book with a more appropriate title. As the rivulet refreshes the thirsty, brings music to his ear, and cheers him by the gladness of its onward flow, so will this charming volume refresh and delight the heart of the Christian. The book is described in the preface, as "one of short Christian poems, to peruse for stimulus and solace, or to sing in family and social communion." While it cannot fail to accomplish the former of these objects, we believe it will be found admirably to subserve the latter also, and we shall be surprised if it does not become a favourite in hundreds of musical families, its hymns gradually taking their places among those which have been long consecrated by dear and hallowed associations. To facilitate this use of the volume, the author has given references to tunes in the *Psalms*. In reading these poems we are sometimes strongly reminded of George Herbert, sometimes of Tennyson, occasionally of Longfellow, and not seldom, in passages where strong thought takes its rise in deep feeling, and when the extremity of human want shows itself as inciting to a vigorous effort for divine aid, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Yet is Mr. Lynch no imitator: we regard originality as being one of his chief characteristics, and the resemblance to the various poets we have named as arising from his large compass of heart and mind. That quick sensibility to the influences of nature, which so peculiarly belongs to the poet, is very evi-

dent in these pages, and gives to them the freshness and impulsiveness to which they owe no small part of their power. For instances of this, as we have not space for quotations, we will refer the reader who may become possessed of the book, to the poems 12, 18, 57, and 61; and for poems whose tendency is to nerve the spirit for a noble part in the conflict between good and evil, to Nos. 38, 54, 86, amongst many others. Every reader, however, will soon find for himself the turns and bends in the Rivulet where to his own eye the water sparkles most brightly, according to the spot where he himself may be standing, and to the point in the heavens whence the sun may shine. There are few moods of the Christian's mind which will not find in this volume something congenial. But the highest praise which the book before us claims, is that of giving utterance, and not unworthily, to those aspirations of the Christian's heart, which have the Saviour for their object. That Christ is "the Bread of Life," is to Mr. Lynch no empty metaphor, but a living fact, and one on which the continual progress of the Christian intimately depends. We rejoice that in not a few books of the present day, issuing from various quarters of the Christian church, this is a leading idea, and we regard it as the most hopeful indication the church presents—the bright streak in the evening sky, on which the traveller gazes the more lovingly for the dark clouds around. Any writer who keeps before our view the truth, that the only real and vigorous life we can live is that which is "by the faith of the Son of God," deserves our warmest thanks; and, we believe, that Mr. Lynch will receive the gratitude of many a heart, reminded in the hour of need by these poems where he may find,

"The strength to suffer and the will to serve."

Journal kept during the Russian War, from the Departure of the Army from England in April, 1854, to the Fall of Sebastopol. By Mrs. Henry Duberly. London: Longmans. 1855. 1 vol. 8vo. Pp. 311.

PERHAPS it may seem at first sight a great miscalculation in a lady to suppose that her Diary of the daily occurrences which befel herself, came under her notice, or were creditably related to her, should be favoured with any portion of public attention, when the mind of the British people is so intent on the events of a struggle, the ultimate results of which loom before the eye in the horizon with the vastness of a vague and illimitable importance. And yet, perhaps, the writer of the volume before us will not be found to have committed a mistake. It has been remarked, that in the finest Alpine landscape, the eye of the spectator would be withdrawn from crags and lakes, and fascinated to the distant spot where an individual of his own species was descried; and on the same instinctive principle, the adventures of an individual, and especially of a lady, withdraw for a time the attention even of earnest observers from the grand spectacle and exciting fluctuations of such a war as we are now engaged in. It

would be foolish to compliment Mrs. Duberly on any superior literary qualifications; it is enough to say that her volume is written throughout with that delicacy of perception, vivacity of description, and rightness of feeling which are the characteristics of a well-bred English lady. We cannot help remarking, however, as a confirmation of the author's statement that the *Diary* was not intended for publication, the frequent notices of things of course, which can only interest the attention of a friend; such as wet clothes, birth-days, head-aches, and the ordinary courtesies of officials, all which the reader would be prepared to take for granted. One passage—decisive of the sex of the writer—would probably excite a grim smile on the faces of some of our veteran officers. "There never was such a pretty little army sent into the field as that of the Sardinians. Had they not established their reputation by repulsing the Russians on the 16th of August, they would be still considered in the light of the prettiest 'toy army' that ever was sent to fight. Each department is so pretty and so perfect; their artillery, their cavalry, their guards, and, above all, their band."—P. 309.

The Past Campaign: a Sketch of the War in the East, from the Departure of Lord Raglan, to the Capture of Sebastopol. By N. A. Woods, late Special Correspondent of the *Morning Herald* from the Seat of War. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longmans. 1855.

THIS is another of those works which the British public require to reduce the daily records of the London Press to the solidity and value of a permanent history. We have not been in the habit of eulogizing either the politics or the administration of the *Morning Herald*; but we willingly admit their wisdom in the choice of their war correspondent. His descriptions are remarkably graphic; and although they look pale beside the gorgeous colouring of Mr. Russell, of the *Times*, yet we do not know if, by their minute notice of individual behaviour, they do not place the reader quite as near to the most exciting scenes they depict. The following description of a dialogue between Lords Lucan and Cardigan would seem to throw some light on a matter which has been much discussed—the rash charge of the Light Brigade. "On the slopes of the first hills, just at the other side of the plain, were three or four squadrons of Russian cavalry, about 500 strong. They were moving slowly down as if to meet us. Lord Cardigan, with the Light Brigade, was at the base of the hill leading down to the plain from our side. His lordship seemed to wish anxiously to engage the enemy, and he accordingly moved forward his small party of horse, and threw out skirmishers. The enemy did the same; and the instant our men began to advance, several additional squadrons of their cavalry, with a small force of infantry, showed themselves. A number of officers of all ranks were then collected at the foot of the hill close to our cavalry, and Lord Lucan said to Lord Cardigan: 'The cavalry must not advance. I have instructions from Lord Raglan to avoid anything likely to lead to a

general action here.' Lord Cardigan seemed very angry at this, and said two or three times, loudly and haughtily, 'Am I in command of the Light Brigade, my lord?' To which question, when first asked, Lord Lucan replied, by repeating what he had previously said. Afterwards, he made no reply at all." It will be recollected that the order of Lord Raglan, for the unfortunate charge of the Light Brigade, was delivered to Lord Lucan by Captain Nolan, the aide-de-camp of General Airey. The writer says, of the ill-fated Nolan: "His judgment on professional subjects was frequently consulted, and often deferred to; and he was said to entertain but a very mean opinion of the fitness of either Lord Lucan or Lord Cardigan to command the cavalry brigade." This opinion is supposed to account for the censurable, because disrespectful, tone in which Captain Nolan delivered the message which proved his own death-warrant. On the whole, Mr. Wood has presented the public with a work of great interest, and one which will materially aid the historian who shall perpetuate the memory of the struggle in which the great powers of Europe are now engaged.

The First Four Books of Milton's Paradise Lost; with copious Notes, Grammatical, Classical, and Critical. By C. W. Connon, M.A.
London: Longmans.

BUT few persons can have carefully studied the "Paradise Lost," without feeling how much more learning is necessary to its enjoyment, and, indeed, to its being understood, than is possessed by many, perhaps by most of its readers. "Milton is easy of comprehension only to those who are content to comprehend a very little," and any work which will assist the young student in an intelligent and complete apprehension of the poet's meaning deserves success. This may be said of the book before us. It is intended principally for the higher classes of our schools, and for teachers, to whom the expensive annotated editions of Milton are inaccessible; but it may be consulted with advantage by persons of any age. It will enable many to understand much which they have hitherto failed to comprehend, and to appreciate some niceties and beauties of expression which, without such aid, they would never have enjoyed. The notes have been written and selected with great care; the allusions—historical, classical, and mythological, which abound on almost every page, are explained, and parallel passages from the classics and more modern writers are adduced. We shall be surprised if the public do not set a higher value upon this little work than the author, in his modest preface, has assigned to it.

Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M.A. Second Series. Post 8vo. Pp. 339.
9s. cloth. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE noticed the First Series of the Sermons of this lamented clergy-

man in terms of unusual commendation; and similar terms are demanded by the present one. The discourses are twenty-two in number, on subjects having nothing in common. Some are little more than brief notes, while several have almost the completeness of sermons prepared for the press. Every fresh perusal only deepens our regret that the amiable and gifted author was not permitted himself to present the ripe fruits of his thought in a permanent form to the world; but we are very grateful that so much has been recovered for our use. The same qualities that appeared in the former volume, appear in this; the same fearlessness of inquiry and of speech, the same freedom from formalities and technicalities, the same singular power in detecting the inner sense and relations of things, the same beauty and delicacy and vigour, and the same tender and catholic humanity. We by no means endorse all the opinions maintained; some of them, and on matters of importance, we decidedly reject; nor do we deem the mode in which others are presented free from objection; but, on the whole, it is not too much to say, that Mr. Robertson combines the chief excellencies of the leading theologians of the school (though he, perhaps, would not have admitted that he was of any school) with which most thoughtful readers will at once associate him.

Independency in Warwickshire: a Brief History of the Independent or Congregational Churches in that County; containing Biographical Notices of their Pastors; with an Illustrative Map and Vignette Engravings. By John Sibree and M. Caston. 5s. Pp. 424. London: Ward and Co.

WE have carefully read through this volume, and have seldom risen from the perusal of a work with more pleasure and greater advantage. Whether we contemplate the varied information which it imparts, the catholic spirit it breathes, or the unaffected simplicity of its style, the eulogy of the critic must be awarded to it as a production of much practical utility, calculated to impart that species of knowledge which affords gratification as well as instruction. Although the production bears a *local* name, its interest will not be confined to Warwickshire. We greatly miscalculate its popularity, if it has not an extensive circulation, and especially as it is accompanied by the disinterested assurance that "should any profits arise from its sale, they will be given to the Warwickshire Association of Independent Churches for the spread of the Gospel in the destitute parts of the county." We can cordially recommend the work, and hope its circulation will be commensurate with its deserts. It is a suitable volume for Congregational and Sunday School Libraries and Book Societies.

Sermons for the Times. By Charles Kingsley. Fcap. 8vo. Pp. 360. London: John W. Parker and Son.

EVERYTHING that Mr. Kingsley writes is worthy of notice, and many

things are eminently praiseworthy. We confess, however, that we like him better in any other character than as a sermonizer. We have recorded no stinted praise of some of his productions, yet are free to acknowledge, that as a religious teacher, he does not realize our notion of what is required. The present volume, for instance, which contains twenty-two sermons, whilst furnishing many passages of great power and beauty, fails egregiously in expounding to the ignorant and irreligious the way of God's mercy. We go with Mr. Kingsley a long way in renouncing some of the stereotyped forms of pulpit expression; but there is, to our minds, a want of explicitness and scriptural simplicity in the views which are broached on the cardinal doctrine of man's redemption. The errors discarded are not those which are extensively prevalent in any religious society with which we are conversant, whilst some of the views propounded are fraught, we believe, with most serious perils. In the sermon, for instance, on "Justification by Faith," we are told, "that the Church Catechism, where it is really and honestly taught, gives the children an honest, frank, sober, English temper of mind, which no other training which I have seen, gives;" and the author subsequently adds, addressing his hearers, "I warn you frankly, from experience, that if you expect to make the average of English children good children on any other ground than the Church Catechism takes, you will fail." This is language which we could not use, and which, we verily believe, is the opposite to truth. The same objection attaches to other portions of these discourses, nor can we conceive of any man being guided by them to that only source of peace and hope which God has mercifully unfolded. We say thus much with regret, at the same time that we are prepared to do full justice to the freshness, varied illustrations, and honest earnestness which are conspicuous.

The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature : also Fifteen Sermons (on subjects Ethical), Preached in the Chapel of the Rolls Court. By Joseph Butler, D.C.L. *With a Life of the Author ; a Copious Analysis ; Notes and Indexes.* By Joseph Angus, D.D. The whole designed for the Use of Students and others. 12mo. Pp. 551. 3s. 6d. London: The Religious Tract Society.

It were folly to pen a word in commendation of Bishop Butler's "Analogy." A work which Sir J. Mackintosh has correctly designated as "the most original and profound work extant in any language on the philosophy of religion" may well dispense with eulogy. It has taken its place amongst the most cherished productions of the human mind. The world will not let it die; and a better service cannot be rendered to the rising generation of theologians than to familiarize them with its severe logic and profound disquisitions. The "Analogy" was first published in 1736, and we are glad to find that the Religious Tract Society has incorporated it in their "Educational Series" now in course of publication. In the republication

before us considerable pains have been taken with the text. In the "Analogy" the edition of Professor Fitzgerald has been followed; whilst the "Sermons" are reprinted from the fourth edition, which was issued under Butler's own supervision. An analysis of each chapter is given, which is not intended "to supersede the text, but simply to help in studying it." Frequent notes are also appended, which the editor remarks have a threefold aim: "Sometimes they give the history of the opinions Butler is refuting, or trace the influence of Butler's own views on later writers; sometimes they correct or modify arguments which more modern inquiry has shown to be of questionable force; and sometimes they point out what most Christian men will admit to be deficiencies in the evangelical tone or sentiments of the author." The editor's contributions extend to somewhere about one hundred pages, and whether consisting of preface, memoir, analysis, or notes, they are distinguished by sobriety, judiciousness, extensive research, and clear thinking. Dr. Angus has laid the students of Butler under considerable obligations by the aid he has rendered; and we cordially recommend his edition to the preference of our readers.

Records of the Bubbleton Parish; or, Papers from the Experience of an American Minister. 12mo. Pp. 300. London: H. K. Lewis.

WE are no believers in the immaculate purity of dissenting churches. Probably we are more free-spoken on this subject than some of our readers approve. We admit that many serious evils do exist amongst dissenters, and instead of wishing such facts to be concealed lest the enemy should triumph, we would have them freely and openly admitted. Such a course is, in our judgment, the only one likely to secure their amendment, and on this conviction we have been accustomed to act. But notwithstanding this disposition, we are free to acknowledge that the present volume sketches a state of things of which we have no knowledge, and which we do not believe exists either in America or in England. It purports, as the title-page indicates, to detail "the Experience of an American Minister," but though we have read much of American religious society, and have conversed with ministers from the States of all varieties of creeds and denominational connexions, we never met with anything that answers to these professed "Records of the Bubbleton Parish." We believe the volume to be a gross caricature in which existing evils are greatly magnified, and counterbalancing benefits are so dwarfed as to be scarcely visible. We know not who may be the author of the volume, but if it be expected to produce in this country an impression unfavourable to the voluntary system, it should have borne a nearer resemblance to facts with which we are conversant. As it is, we throw the volume aside as clever, but untruthful, skilful in some of its delineations of character, but utterly wanting in those moral qualities which give weight to a religious reformer.

A School Atlas of Astronomy, comprising in Eighteen Plates a complete Series of Illustrations of the Heavenly Bodies, drawn with the greatest care from Original and Authentic Documents. By Alexander Keith Johnston, F.R.S.E., &c. Edited by J. R. Hind, F.R.A.S. Imp. 8vo. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons.

It is impossible to speak too highly of Mr. Keith Johnston's "School Atlases," or of the "Physical Atlas," by which they were preceded. They constitute a new era in geographical science, and are correctly described by Professor Pillans as "the greatest boon that has been conferred in recent times on this branch of knowledge." We have seen their influence on the learner, and had opportunities of testing both their accuracy and their fulness. "The Atlas of Astronomy" is every way worthy of the series to which it belongs. "It has long been my opinion," says Mr. Johnston, "that an atlas of the heavenly bodies, uniform in size and style, would form a useful and appropriate addition to my series of elementary works on Physical, Classical, and General Geography." This opinion was confirmed by the judgment of many engaged in practical education, and finding, on inquiry, that no work existed, "combining elementary facts with scientific precision," Mr. Johnston happily determined on the publication of a new work, in which he was so fortunate as to secure the co-operation and assistance of Mr. Hind, "under whose superintendence the whole work has been arranged." The maps are distinctly drawn, with every aid which the advanced state of astronomical science furnishes; and taken in connexion with the letter-press constitute the most pleasing and effective introduction to the study of astronomy that can be imagined. The eye is thus rendered subservient to the intellect. In this respect, at least, Mr. Johnston has left nothing to be desired, and our only regret in recommending the volume is, that no such aid was supplied to our youthful studies.

Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, from November, 1854, to February, 1855. Post 8vo. Pp. 500. London: Nisbet and Co.

It is sufficient to mention the subjects of these Lectures with the names of their authors, to satisfy our readers of the value and attraction of the volume. "The Origin of Civilization;" "Labour, Rest, and Recreation;" "Popular Fallacies;" "Glory of the Old Testament;" "Philosophy of the Atonement;" "Man and his Masters;" "The Intelligent Study of Holy Scripture;" "Constantinople and Greek Christianity;" "Agents in the Revival of the Last Century;" "God's Heroes, and the World's Heroes;" "The Dignity of Labour;" "Ragged Schools;" and "Opposition to Great Inventions and Discoveries," are the topics discussed, whilst the Archbishop of Dublin, Drs. Cumming, Archer, Burgess, and Guthrie, the Rev. Messrs. Landels, Hugh Stowell, Henry Alford, Luke H. Wiseman, Gurney, Newman Hall, and Samuel Martin, and John B. Gough, Esq., are the lecturers. Where all are excellent it were invidious to institute

unimpaired. We have our favorites, and could easily specify them. But we prefer recommending our readers—young men especially—to give the whole volume an attentive and repeated perusal. The series does not yield to any of its predecessors, and this is saying much on its behalf.

The Life and Travels of Herodotus, in the Fifth Century before Christ: an Imaginary Biography, founded on Fact. Illustrative of the History, Manners, Religion, Literature, Arts, and Social Condition of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Scythians, and other ancient nations, in the days of Pericles and Nehemiah. By J. Talbot Wheeler, F.R.G.S. In Two Volumes. Post 8vo. London: Longmans.

In our notice of Mr. Wheeler's "Geography of Herodotus," we adverted to the projected appearance of the present work, which we have now much pleasure in introducing to our readers. It is "an attempt to give, in a popular form, a complete survey of the principal nations of the ancient world, as they were in the days of Pericles and Nehemiah. With this view the author has written an Imaginary Biography of Herodotus, the Greek historian and geographer, who flourished in the fifth century before Christ; and by describing his supposed travels to the most renowned cities and countries of antiquity, he has been enabled to review their several histories, narrate their national traditions, describe the appearance of each people, point out their peculiarities and manners, and develop the various religious views and ideas which belong to their several mythologies." The plan of the work was probably suggested by the "Travels of Anacharsis," and the manner in which it is executed, whilst open to much criticism, is conducive both to the instruction and entertainment of intelligent readers. The mere scholar will turn from the work dissatisfied, but the general reader will gather from its pages a large amount of information, for which he would have been disinclined to seek, but for the attractive form in which it is here exhibited. The authority of Herodotus has been disputed, and there is no doubt that idle tales and unfounded traditions were retailed by him. Notwithstanding, however, all the deductions which it may be proper to make on this account, the old Greek is our safest and best guide, and we are glad that Mr. Wheeler has selected him as the hero of his imaginary biography. He has corrected what is doubtful by the severer criticism of modern times, and displays throughout his volumes a range of reading, and a discrimination and soundness of judgment which greatly strengthen confidence in his conclusions. "The Life and Travels of Herodotus" are thus made a most instructive and entertaining introduction to ancient history, and as such we strongly recommend the work. We know no volumes better fitted to attract the youthful student, or to supply the English reader with a more vivid and life-like portraiture of ancient times.

A Vacation Tour in the United States and Canada. By Charles Richard Weld. Post 8vo. Pp. 394. London: Longmans.

WE have read this volume with considerable pleasure. It is the production of an intelligent, candid, and well-informed man, who, without much profession, speaks in a manner entitled to respect, and is generally right in the opinions he avows. Mr. Weld is a barrister, and, as we think, very wisely preferred spending his vacation on the other side of the Atlantic to frittering it away amidst the idle crowd of European tourists. With this view he sailed from Liverpool in the "America" steamer, and speedily arrived at Boston,—“thankful,” he says, “that, after many a long day-dream, I was at length in the United States.” From Boston he proceeded through Canada, visiting Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Buffalo, and Chicago, not omitting of course the celebrated Falls of Niagara, and the magnificent lakes with which the British territories abound. From Canada he passed through several of the States, visiting Cincinnati, Columbus, Cambridge, Washington, Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. His views of American society are those of a sound-minded and generous man. He does ready justice to the good qualities by which it is distinguished, at the same time that he freely records his judgment against some of its attributes. On the slave question he writes like an Englishman; but his statements want the force of intense conviction. The scenes witnessed at the Richmond Slave Auction Mart, are referred to in terms sufficiently explicit to make their import known. Slavery is as offensively disgusting as it is unchristian and impious. On one point Mr. Weld has unintentionally fallen into error. Describing the scene, which he witnessed, of an adult negro baptism at Richmond, he speaks of the baptized as “candidates for baptismal regeneration,” and afterwards tells us that “all present were firmly persuaded salvation attended the ceremony.” Now, it is the cardinal doctrine of the Antipædobaptists, that those only are proper subjects for the rite who give credible evidence of being renewed in the “temper of their minds.” Regeneration, therefore, according to their views, must precede, not follow the ceremony.

Religion in Common Life. A Sermon preached at Crathie Church, before her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert. By the Rev. John Caird, M.A. Blackwood and Sons, 1855.

FROM the fact that this Sermon was published by her Majesty's command, it is fair to presume that it attracted a somewhat larger share of royal attention than those to which she is in the habit of listening. If so, it is much to the credit of that practical good sense which is generally supposed to be a main feature in the character of the Queen. The text chosen by the Preacher is the language of the Apostle Paul, “Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;” and his first object is to show that religion and business are compatible, and ought to be attended

to simultaneously—that is, that a devout state of mind is not to be cultivated on Sunday only, as if it were inconsistent with attention to daily duty, or (as Mr. Caird happily expresses it, considering the circumstances in which he was placed,) “as if religion were a robe too fine for common wear, but taken out solemnly on state occasions, and solemnly put aside when the state occasion is over.” He shows that it is not only possible, but the duty and the happiness of man, to live a life of piety amidst the most engrossing cares and pursuits of the world; and that it is not necessary to become a hermit in order to be a saint.

“We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell :
The trivial round, the common task,
May furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.”

Mr. Caird, in a word, makes clear the important principle, that religion consists, not so much in doing spiritual or sacred acts, as in doing secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive. In elucidating this, he aims at no rhetorical effect, and introduces imaginative ornament but very sparingly, and never for ornament's sake; yet, when he uses illustration, he does so with great beauty; as, for example, in a passing comparison which he institutes between the twofold motion of the heavenly bodies, in their orbit and on their axis, and the twofold activities of man “round the heavenly and the earthly centre.” But as the preacher approaches the close of his discourse, he strikes into a deeper and a purer vein of evangelical truth—that vein from which alone princes and peasants can be lastingly enriched. We should be glad to be persuaded that her Majesty listens habitually to such sentiments as these: “No religion can be genuine, no goodness can be constant or lasting, that springs not, as its primary source, from faith in Jesus Christ. To know Christ as my Saviour—to come with all my guilt and weakness to Him in whom trembling penitence never fails to find a friend—to cast myself at His feet in whom all that is sublime in divine holiness is softened, though not obscured, by all that is beautiful in human tenderness—and, believing in that love stronger than death which, for me, and such as me, drained the cup of untold sorrows, and bore without a murmur the bitter curse of sin, to trust my soul for time and eternity into his hands—this is the beginning of true religion. And it is the reverential love with which the believer must ever look to Him to whom he owes so much, that constitutes the main-spring of the religion of daily life. Selfishness may prompt to a formal religion, natural susceptibility may give rise to a fitful one—but for a life of constant fervent piety, amidst the world's cares and toils, no motive is sufficient save one—self-devoted love to Christ.”

Review of the Month.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA during the last two months has been tedious and unsatisfactory. Since the capture of Kinburn by the allied forces, few events have been reported from this scene of operations of a nature to gratify or even to excite public curiosity. The allied fleets have been occupied in making the best of this success, and by establishing themselves in their new position, and thoroughly acquainting themselves with these waters, have sought to make this the centre of some more important operations in the spring. In Asia, however, the war presents an appearance of far greater activity. While Omar Pasha was hastening by forced marches to effect a diversion in favour of General Williams and his colleagues, who were successfully maintaining their position at Kars, he encountered a Russian force, greatly superior in numbers to his own, on the river Ingour, and after a battle of five hours' duration, completely defeated them, forced the passage of the river at four points, and pushed on towards Kutais. But no bravery and no powers of endurance have prevailed to save Kars from falling into the hands of the Russians; and famine has effected that which force had failed to accomplish. Cut off from all supplies the defenders were compelled to eat their horses, and on the failure of this resource to resort to expedients which recal the recollection of some of the most tragic sieges of antiquity. General Williams and his brave troops remain as prisoners of war in the hands of the Russians. Meanwhile negotiations for peace are being renewed under auspices which afford a prospect of success. A mission of General Canrobert to the King of Sweden opened the way for a treaty, which has now been concluded between Sweden and the western powers. There is every reason to hope that in case of the Czar persisting in his course of insane ambition, both Sweden and Denmark will, in the spring, unite their arms with those of England and France in the Baltic. This prospect has evidently occasioned serious alarm to Prussia and Austria; and in spite of the meanness and trickery which have marked the policy of those powers hitherto, it seems probable that the instinct of self-preservation will lead them to the adoption of such a tone towards Russia as will demonstrate to her that her case is hopeless, and that there remains no alternative but

submission. It is gratifying to learn that the condition of the allied troops in the Crimea is almost all that could be desired. Intemperance is fast declining; huts, tents, provisions, and cooking utensils are abundant; and it is generally admitted that the British army is now, on the whole, as well cared for, as healthy, and in as good order as can be expected of any body of troops. "Here, then," we quote from the *Times*, "at the close of the second year of war are the allies established on four important points of the Russian territory. Not only by their ships, but by land garrisons, they hold the mouths of the Dneiper and the Don, while their grand army, numerous, well fed, well equipped, and sanguine of success, waits only for the fitting season to march to new victories."

THE CONCORDAT BETWEEN THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, which was formally promulgated on the 5th of November is a matter of no small moment, and has led to some earnest controversy. It is difficult to say whether it illustrates more strikingly the unabated lust of spiritual despotism which has ever distinguished the papacy, or the pitiable subservience of the Emperor and his passive subjects. It consists of thirty-six distinct articles, every one of them, as has been truly said, a deadly stab to freedom of conscience and the independence of the crown, the church, and the laity of Austria. The first article declares the maintenance of the Roman Catholic religion, with all the privileges which, by the laws of the church, it ought to have, unlimited persecution of heretics being of the number. Thus fall, at a single blow, that liberty of conscience and freedom of opinion in religious matters which have hitherto so honourably distinguished the Austrian Government. The second article gives to the bishops, clergy, and laity, free communication with the Pope without the intervention of the temporal ruler, thus depriving the Emperor of any power or control over the national church, and placing it in the power of the Pope to contrive and execute the most dangerous conspiracies against the Government. It is impossible to carry the doctrine of *imperium in imperio* further, and tolerant Austria has thus submitted to a yoke which would have been scorned by bigoted Spain in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. The third article gives the bishops complete authority, pastoral and legislative, over their clergy; and the fourth places this authority under the control of the Papal Chair. The fifth article places all public and private schools under the control of the bishops; and the sixth gives the bishops the power of appointing and removing the only persons allowed to teach sacred theology.

The seventh article provides that none but Catholic professors shall be allowed to teach anything in the middle-class schools, and the books of instruction are to be chosen by the bishops. By the eighth article the Emperor is permitted to choose the inspector of the schools of the diocese, but under the degrading condition that the candidates from whom he is to select shall be chosen by the bishops. The ninth article promises the help of the Government to suppress such books as are dangerous to religion in the judgment of the bishops. The tenth article establishes ecclesiastical courts for the punishment of the clergy and the trial of cases relating to marriage and betrothal. The eleventh article arms the bishop with the power of inflicting ecclesiastical punishment on clergy and laity; and the twelfth article surrenders to the spiritual courts the power of deciding on the right of patronage, except in the case of a disputed succession. It further contains such language as the following: "Bishops can punish the clergy who do not wear clothing in keeping with their dignity and calling; and shall not be impeded *in the infliction of ecclesiastical punishments on all believers who offend against the ordinances and laws of the Church.*" The Emperor must not suffer "the Catholic Church and its faith, its liturgy, and its institutions, to be contemned by word, deed, or writing." The comments on this new aggression have led Cardinal Wiseman to deliver four lectures in defence of it. In the very first he cuts the knot at once, and precludes all criticism by laying down that the language of the Concordat is employed in a non-natural sense; that is, that the Latinity used in Popish documents of this description does not bear the same meaning which is attached to it in all other compositions. The loose morality which this statement indicates is only paralleled by the absurdity of the argument: For although no power of instituting the comparison can be expected from the squalid and besotted Irish, whose character and condition are the creation of the Romish priesthood, yet Dr. Wiseman should recollect that English scholars have the means of comparing Papal documents with each other, and are as competent to interpret them as himself. Meanwhile the most recent indications intimate that the people are not disposed to submit without a murmur to this new violation of their liberties; and it seems not improbable that the ulterior results of this retrogressive step may not be exactly what are expected by the "high contracting parties." It was when the Romish Church was indulging in its boldest excesses that the handwriting of Luther was seen on the wall.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND attracts to itself from time to time an unusual degree of public attention by exhibitions of inconsistency or corruption which demonstrate the radical unsoundness of its constitution. The case of Archdeacon Denison, whose practice of teaching from the pulpit the Popish dogma of the "real presence" subjected him to an ecclesiastical inquiry, will be in the recollection of the reader. The commissioners decided against the orthodoxy of Mr. Denison, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was moved to exert his judicial authority in the matter. This the mild and easy Primate was unwilling to do; and proceedings were consequently taken in the Court of Queen's Bench to compel his Grace to act. We presume that these will be effectual, as we observe that Mr. Denison is requesting pecuniary assistance to enable him to fight the battle of Anglo-Catholicism against his archbishop. Indeed, it is becoming common of late, on the principle that extremes meet, for the Puseyites to appeal to the voluntary exertions of their party to furnish funds for carrying on the war. The energy of Mr. Westerton, the churchwarden of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, has at length brought the Popish practices of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Liddell, in the church of that parish to the decision of an ecclesiastical court; and, in a long and elaborate judgment, Dr. Lushington has pronounced against the vicar, and ordered the discontinuance of the mummeries complained of. A fund is now being raised to defray the cost of proceedings for the purpose of obtaining the reversal of Dr. Lushington's judgment; and one organ of the daily press has advocated a counter-movement—the raising of a Westerton fund, for the purpose of sustaining that gentleman in his endeavours to have that judgment confirmed. The effects of Dr. Lushington's decision begin already to appear. Mr. Wheeler, a clergyman at Shoreham, who has been sedulously doing the work of the Pope in that parish for a considerable time, has at length thrown off the mask and joined the Roman Catholic church. It is evident that a struggle is fast approaching between Popery and Protestantism, such as has not been waged since the Reformation; and, strangely enough, the battle will be fought not in the open field, still less in the political arena, but within the precincts of the Church of England itself. From these cases attention has been recently diverted to some proceedings which have recently transpired at Oxford. A formal complaint has been lodged with the Vice-Chancellor of that university against the Rev. B. Jowett, the Regius Professor of Greek, on the ground of his having published heretical doctrines, especially

in denial of the doctrine of atonement. Immediately on receiving the application the Vice-Chancellor summoned the Professor, and required that he should renew his subscription to the thirty-nine articles; with this he at once complied; and the point now to be raised and decided is, whether the views which Professor Jowett has published are or are not at variance with the articles. Those views are the same which are held by the strongest Unitarian, and the issue of the inquiry is awaited by the university and the clergy at large with intense interest. Meanwhile the clergy themselves seem bent upon effacing from the public mind every vestige of attachment to the church as an institution of the country. Not a week passes in which every reader of a newspaper is not scandalized and disgusted by some outbreak of clerical bigotry or corruption. The *Western Times* records a notable instance. A highly respectable farmer residing at Portlemouth, of which parish he had for many years been the churchwarden, applied to the rector to bury his grandchild, which had, it appears, been baptized at the Wesleyan Chapel. The rector, at the time appointed for the funeral, kept the mourners waiting in the churchyard for an hour, and, on making his appearance, demanded the register of baptism; on the production of which, signed by the Methodist minister, he refused to bury the child, and declared that if it was interred in the church-yard he would have it removed. The churchwarden, however, buried it himself; but the rector peremptorily ordered the sexton to desist from filling the grave; and this process was only completed under the still more urgent orders of the churchwarden. The latter has put the case into the hands of his legal adviser, and an action is immediately to be brought against the rector for this outrage on public decency. A second case, though not yet, we believe, made public, will shortly attract notice. A woman, who had been married a number of years, the ceremony having been performed by a Dissenting minister, was persuaded by the semi-popish clergyman of the parish, that she had been living in sin, having never been married to her husband as in the sight of God. By these representations he induced her to be remarried at Church, and himself performed the ceremony *gratis*. Unfortunately for the reverend gentleman, the marriage was by banns, which he published *in the maiden name of the woman*. This act constitutes a felony; and on that serious charge he is about to be brought to trial by the government. A third beneficed clergyman, the Reverend Dr. Vaughan, of Brixton, has also been committed for trial on the charge of embezzlement, or theft, in connection with

clerical fees. In this case, an almost incredible amount of cupidity is evinced, as the sums falsely obtained are small, while the accused clergyman is a man of very large fortune.

THE VISIT OF THE KING OF SARDINIA TO HER MAJESTY will be regarded hereafter as an interesting historical event. The circumstance which distinguishes it from the visits ordinarily paid by foreign princes to this country, is the class of society who paid their respects to Victor Emanuel, and the sentiments expressed by His Majesty in reply to their addresses. The bold steps taken by the King in furtherance of the cause of civil and religious freedom among his own people, attracted to him the interest of the foremost sections of the religious world in the metropolis. Accordingly, deputations waited upon him to present addresses from the Young Men's Christian Association, the three Denominations, and the officers of the great religious societies of England. His Majesty's replies were exceedingly manly and enlightened. To the deputation from the Young Men's Christian Association, while expressing his desire for the advancement of science and literature in his own country, he expressed his conviction that their development can only be promoted where there exists the spirit both of political and of religious liberty.

The only exception to the gratifying character of these addresses and replies arose out of the surprisingly bad taste of the inhabitants of the city of Edinburgh. Appearing to forget that the King of Sardinia is not a Presbyterian, they indulged him with a little wholesome abuse of the Papal power, spoke of the "mimic thunders of the Vatican;" and, in reference to the social advances achieved by this country, they say, "All this has been done in opposition to the strenuous resistance of the same papal power. Our monarchs, too, have been excommunicated, and those excommunications have never been withdrawn. But ample experience has proved, not only that they are utterly powerless for evil, but that the blessing of God has descended upon Britain, just in proportion as, by her fidelity to truth and liberty, she has been found worthy of the curses of the Pope."

These expressions were met by the King through his minister, the Marquis d'Azeglio, with the following severe but dignified rebuke: "It is with extreme regret that His Majesty has learned the expressions of contempt with which your address stigmatizes the Court of Rome. The King, like his ancestors, has considered it a duty to maintain in his hands intact the civil power. He has deeply deplored the line of conduct which the Holy See has believed it its duty to adopt these last years towards him. But the descendant of

a long line of Catholic princes, the sovereign of subjects almost entirely Roman Catholics, he cannot admit words of reprobation so severe, and especially so hurtful to the chief of that Church upon earth. He cannot share in those sentiments of contempt, which not only could never find an entrance into his heart, but, above all, could never find their place in a reply such as that which I have the honour to address to you."

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THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

Art. I.—*Internal History of German Protestantism, since the Middle of the Last Century.* By Ch. Fred. Aug. Kahnis, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Leipsic. Translated from the German by the Rev. Theodore Meyer, Hebrew Tutor in the New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS work is a valuable addition to our theological literature, as a historical sketch of the relations of philosophy and theology during a very important period of modern history; a period distinguished above all others by the number and rapidity of its moral transformations. Since the publication of Dr. Pusey's "*Historical Inquiry into the probable causes of the rationalist character lately predominant in the theology of Germany*," the second part of which came out six-and-twenty years ago, no work has, to our knowledge, appeared whence the English reader could derive anything like the amount of information and instruction on that subject which the present volume will afford him. We cannot, it is true, speak of it as one whose principle commands our entire approbation. In that respect we shall have some reserves to make. But we can commend its spirit and the general truthfulness of its representations as very exemplary, while the ability with which the matter is grasped and communicated is also considerable. Though not equal to Dr. Pusey's "*Inquiry*" in the point which so favourably distinguished that work from the sermons just before published by the late Mr. Hugh James Rose, it excels even that in the extent of its range; and though it treats but cursorily (as implied in the title page) the earlier stages of the declension from rigid orthodoxy, the times of Andrea, Spener, Francke, &c., to which Dr. Pusey has devoted nearly 200 pages of his second volume, it is not only richer in details as to the period it embraces, but

connects that period with the preceding as its philosophical development, more thoroughly than Dr. Pusey had done; and altogether, but especially for the recent period, gives a more comprehensive and clearer view of theological phenomena and their relations. Dr. Pusey had indeed been drawn off necessarily by Mr. Rose's attack upon his first publication on the subject, to a more apologetical treatment of it in his second and supplementary part. Had he been able to devote the space there occupied in confirming some views for which Mr. Rose had denounced him to an uncontroversial filling up of his original outline, his work would have been more adequate to his subject. As it is, it will always remain a precious monument of Dr. Pusey's catholicity of spirit, earnestness, diligence, and Christian temper at that period of his life; and although the course into which he was drawn in his supplementary part certainly left the field open, for another quarter of a century, for the appearance of the present, or some similar history, as a theological desideratum, his successful defence of the principles assailed by Mr. Rose supplies an admirable corrective of the chief error with which Dr. Kahnis's work is chargeable. In the only other point of comparison between them which immediately suggests itself, however, Dr. Pusey's must give way. For the work now before us leaves, not it alone, but every other of the kind that has come under our notice, far behind in the felicity of its narrative. There is a clearness, a life, a harmony, and a strength of representation, such as only an accomplished artist could have produced. In the portrait of Schleiermacher, for example, we have the most massive moral presentment, without the loss of a single characteristic line, light, or shadow. Very different, but quite as characteristic, is the beautiful delineation of Lavater, pp. 82—85. The accounts of Lessing, pp. 155—161; of Hase and his theological writings, pp. 236—238, and of the versatile Daub, may also be noticed as admirable.

The character and object of this history are sufficiently indicated in the title page: what more is necessary, in order to a general judgment of it, is supplied by the translator, the Rev. Theodore Meyer, in his preface. He there notices that "Dr. Kahnis is a Lutheran divine, belonging to the high church section of that denomination, who, in their views of the church and the sacraments, come pretty near the opinions entertained by the ultra high church party in the Anglican Church." . . . "While, in the book before us, he is strictly impartial in representing the facts, he sometimes allows his peculiar Lutheran views to come out in judging of the events of the last years." Mr. Meyer observes, that "in this, his Lutheranizing tendency, our author does not, by any means, stand isolated. This ultra-

Lutheranism, on the contrary, is now in the ascendant in Germany, sweeping, like a powerful tide, everything before it. How little soever we in this country may approve of these sentiments, they express the opinions of a large number of leading divines in Germany, and thus throw light upon the present condition of that country." The point from which not merely particular details of his subject, but the whole field of German Protestantism is surveyed by Dr. Kahn is, as may be inferred from this account of him, strictly Lutheran. This would be obvious to an intelligent reader almost everywhere in the work. But we can, at the same time, confirm Mr. Meyer's assurance of his author's impartiality of statement; which fully justifies the commendation bestowed on it in that respect in the *Zeitschrift für Lutherische Theologie in Kirche* of his friends Rudelbach and Guericke. His Lutheranism does not affect the fairness of his statement, so much as it does the completeness of his narrative. In German Protestantism he sees little else than the Lutheran, and the so-called "Evangelical Church." Where part of the subject is ignored, from whatever cause, there will be omissions, and omissions accordingly there are. The Christian life in Wurtemberg, for instance, has not been depicted in proportion to its extent and influence. Still the omissions are neither numerous nor very important. The great features of the struggle maintained during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and the former half of the nineteenth, have been excellently drawn, and it is chiefly in his judgments that his symbolism appears to disadvantage.

We agree, however, with Mr. Meyer in his opinion that the strong theological convictions of the author, "impart additional interest to his book." As the work of an earnest man, it is a truly genial production. And the body to which the author belongs is, from its distinguished early history, so central in that of Protestantism, its great divines and scholars, its elaborate symbols and its recent hardships, entitled to particular regard. If, too, this Lutheranism is now, as is alleged, "in the ascendant in Germany, sweeping like a powerful tide everything before it," the more important is it that we should understand it; and this must be best accomplished, when, like the fossil cuttle fish figured in Dr. Buckland's *Bridgwater Treatise*, it is painted from its own ink-bag.

The history is divided into two parts: the period of Illuminism, pp. 18—191; and that of the renovation, pp. 193—328. Illuminism, [Aufklärung] which the author regards with as evil an eye as did the writer in the *Reichsanzeiger*, who defined it "the rejection of old, and the reception of new ideas," and which, though widely different in different minds, was, unquestionably,

as a system opposed to all objective truth, not comprehensible by, or agreeable to the common sense, he describes as a product of English and French Deism, and as establishing its headquarters in Berlin under Frederick II. The following extract shows the view he takes of its character, its activity, its first propagandists, and its generation of that *humanism* which was taught in Rousseau's "Emile," and cultivated in the Philanthropina of Basedow, Salzmann, &c. :—

"Berlin was at one time the centre of Illuminism; Berlin and Illuminism were convertible terms. One may well say that this city, with its reflecting, critical, rational, witty tendency; with its rash, and for that very reason, changeable opinions; with its pre-eminently formal character, was a favourable soil for Illuminism, at all events at that time, under Frederick II. The most prominent and open-mouthed there was Nicolai, the editor of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek* (General German Library). A bookseller who had excelled in no single branch of science, sat in judgment upon all the departments of literature, in one of its most flourishing periods; a man of average intellect, without productive power, with the education of a dilettante, had the courage boldly to pass sentence against all the creations of genius which could not be accounted for from the sand-and-fir soil which he cultivated; a man of mind wholly unphilosophical, but skilled in the use of bold and unscrupulous arguments, ridiculed the heroes of German philosophy. Against everything which had any depth whatever, he protested in the name of liberty of thought, and of Protestantism. 'His Protestantism,' says Fichte of him, 'was a protestation against all truth which pretended to remain truth; against all that is above our senses, and against every religion which by faith put an end to dispute. To him religion was only a means of education for the head, in order to furnish materials for never-ceasing talk; but by no means a matter of the heart and the life. His liberty of thinking was freedom from all that was and is thought,—the licentiousness of empty thinking, without substance and aim. Liberty of judgment was to him the right of every bungler and ignorant man to give his opinion about everything, whether he understood it or not, and whether or not there was either head or tail in what he said.' In his 'Sebaldus Nothauker,' Nicolai represents a travelling theologian, of the school of Illuminism, who breaks his head against all the firm forms which faith everywhere as yet possesses. In the back ground of this territory of brutal ecclesiastical councillors, of perverse adherents of Crusius, of whining Moravian brethren, there stands, like a protecting genius, a clear thinking bookseller,—and the reader, of course, here thinks of no one but the writer. Besides Nicolai, the clergymen, Spalding, Teller, Zöllner, librarian Biester, rector Busching, Gesdicke, the Educationist, the literati; Sulzer, Engel, Abbt, Mendelssohn, were active in Berlin in the interest of Illuminism. A number of Jewish heads of families in Berlin addressed, in a circular letter, the question to Teller, whether,

on the ground of Mendelssohn's Deism, they could not enter into the communion of Christians; and Teller could not but express himself favourably. He might as well, upon the ground of his Deism, have become a Jew. The secret of the communion in which Christians and Jews knew themselves to be, consisted simply in their being neither Christians nor Jews, but men.

"It was this at which Illuminism aimed; as Schiller says, in reference to Rousseau, it enlisted Christians, for the purpose of transforming them into men. In the room of the authorities in Church and State, Illuminism put common sense; in the room of the positive forms of life, a general disposition of mind, becoming man as such, which is termed Humanism."—Pp. 44—46.

We shall not follow our author through the details by which he draws out the development of this *humanism*, in its philanthropic and classical forms, its gratification in freemasonry, (another bad importation from England, respecting which he gives some curious details) or the establishment of the order of the *Illuminati*, after the suppression of the Jesuits, and with their forms. From these to Deism and Atheism was but a step. As Dr. Kahnis says, "one feature which characterizes the period of *Illuminism*, is the tracing back of all life to abstractions by the understanding. With this a *second* feature is connected, common sense, which was looked upon as the rule of truth, was a very elastic and subjective resort. While Voltaire and Rousseau by common sense, demanded God, Duty, and Immortality, the Encyclopædists taught Atheism and Materialism. Jacobi says very rightly of Mendelssohn and his consorts, who, in philosophy, professed to follow common sense, "they believe that their opinion is reason, and reason their opinion."

After a few pages, which trace the results of humanism in the destruction of all habitual and established forms in the French revolution, our author reverts to the "inner life" of Germany at the close of the eighteenth century. This section characterizes the leading literati with great skill and power. Hamann, Stilling, Claudius, come in for fuller notices. This section, and with it the first chapter of the first book, closes with a brief account of the philosophical systems of Kant and Fichte. What, in his brief references to literature, Dr. Kahnis says of the poetry of the period, is doubly interesting. It is true; and it is the judgment of a German: might we not add, on much English poetry of this age, as well as German poetry of the last? We subjoin a few brief extracts:—

"*Sentimentalism* is, without doubt, one of the fundamental features, if not the *fundamental* feature of the poetry of the second half of the last century. It is the dissolving of all objective spheres and modes of life into emotions,—a dissolving which rests on reflection. In nature it is not thoughts of God, not the indication of life, not the

groaning of the creation for the glorious liberty of the children of God, which it seeks, but that which affects the emotions: in the moonshine, melancholy; in the stars, elevating presentiments; in the violet and rose, greetings of love, &c. Wherever men have led a human life, love and friendship have been acknowledged to be very great blessings, but the last century considered these alone as the sole agents and objects of life. And if we look at the friendships of that time a little more closely, we shall not only find them to be soft and sickly, but even the result of proud, conceited, whimsical egotism. And this holds still more true of the love of that time. These Siegwarts and Werthers loved indeed their love only: their love was subjective, not objective.—Pp. 72, 73.

"Hand in hand with sentimentalism went that which they called virtue. What is virtue? A glance at history says: something very different in different people. Of virtue, Socrates, the Stoics, and the Romans spoke. That which is common to Socrates, the Stoics, and the Romans' idea of virtue may be reduced to the formula: giving up of the individual to the general. But this general was to Socrates the rational Ego; to the Stoics the abstraction from all finite motives; to the Romans the good of the commonwealth. . . *Illuminism* declared virtue to be the only thing firm, absolutely necessary, and the highest in life, but left it to the single individual to determine the nature of virtue: and the greater part rested satisfied with the undetermined word.—Pp. 75, 76.

"In the poetical worlds of Schiller and Goethe, religion has scarcely a side place. . . The magical garden of Herder is a labyrinth. All schools of theology find sympathy and support with Herder; that is generally known, but it is not known to all that Herder's idea of God is pantheistic. Jean Paul's religion was a chaotic fermenting of the mind, out of which now Deism, then Christianity, then a new religion seems to come forth. The prevailing religious view was a *Sentimental Deism*."—P. 78.

We pass in this place the notice of Kant's and Fichte's systems, since they have been described in many recent works (among others, in the "Historical Development of the Speculative Philosophy, by Chalybäus, also published by Messrs. Clark,) and because the next chapter, that on the theology of *Illuminism*, brings us more into the interior of Dr. Kahn's subject.

The course our author adopts in this chapter—his starting point being the theology of transition, about the middle of the eighteenth century, to which he devotes a section—is to represent the precursors of *Illuminism*: Dippel, Edelmann, &c., its coryphæi: Bahrdt, Reimarus—better known as the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist—and Lessing; the influence of Jacobi and Kant on theology; and the principles of rationalism and supernaturalism. All this ground had been gone over by Dr. Pusey in his "Historical Inquiry;" and, however different the treatment of some parts of it, the matter of this chapter is the subject of pages 89-186 of Dr.

Pusey's first volume, and various scattered passages of his second volume, but especially pages 362-422. We shall reserve our remarks upon Dr. Kahn's treatment of the subject to the close of this paper, and content ourselves at present with an extract or two which will illustrate the general character and style of his work, and justify our commendation of the ability with which it is written. We had wished to extract the account of Lessing's conversation with Jacobi, pages 157-161, which, with the author's remarks upon it, is extremely curious and interesting, but it is too long for our pages. The following is from his picture of Rationalism, in its relation to Systematic Theology: we regret that our limited space obliges us to omit some parts of it:—

"The systematic theology of Rationalism lies before us in extensive works (Eckermann, Bretschneider, Wegscheider), and yet the sum and substance of the positive which Rationalism advances is small; and even this little it has not systematically developed, as we have already remarked. But it had to settle with the doctrine of the church, against which it leans, in the same way, it may be, as the sons of the wilderness lean their tents against the ruins of destroyed temples. That which the Greek, the Roman, and the two Protestant Churches, hold fast as the legacy of the old Catholic Church, viz., faith in the Father who has manifested himself in the God-man, to redeem those who by the power of his spirit believe in Him,—that Rationalism has changed into the belief in the one God, which the wise and virtuous man, Jesus Christ, has taught, in order that, believing His doctrine, and following in His walk, we may attain our aim in His kingdom—the kingdom of the spirit of truth and virtue. It rejects a divine personality of the Son and Spirit as distinguished from the Father, and all which may seem to allude to it—as perhaps in Böhr's "Grund und Glaubenssätzen"—is simply explained from the desire of accommodating itself to the *usus loquendi* of the Church. . . . The death of Christ is to be explained purely historically, from the opposition with which Christ's efforts to make men happy were met by Jewish rulers. 'For the benefit of the weak ones,' says Wegscheider (Instit.), S. 142. p. 509, 7th ed., 'the death of Christ may be represented as a symbol that the sacrifices are abolished, and God reconciled to man; as a symbol of the establishment of the new covenant; as a symbol of the love of God, and of the love of Jesus to us,' &c. . . . While the old Rationalism viewed the supernatural events of Christ's life, especially the miracles which He performed and experienced, as natural events, the latter Rationalism, which had become aware of the irrationality of these natural explanations (even Herrmann has ridiculed the exegetical miracles of those who thus explained the miracles), wrote on the whole territory a *non liquet*. The Evangelists, so they said, were, it is rue, men who, in a high degree, loved the truth, but were too uneducated to form a truly scientific opinion on that which was really

before them. One may allow that to rest as it is; it is, after all, secondary. As regards the resurrection of Christ especially, the old Rationalism (Paulus) had recourse to the supposition of an apparent death—a subterfuge which the latter Rationalists did not advance without a certain timidity and caution. ‘The idea of an apparent death,’ says Bretschneider (*Handbuch der Dogmatik*, II., §. 231), ‘need not be thought to be something dangerous, inasmuch as even in that case the revival of Jesus would be an unmistakeable work of Providence; and the occurrence of such an unheard-of event, and that just in the case of Jesus, could not but be considered as a special arrangement of God, distinctly declaring that Jesus was the Christ.’ Wegscheider does not mean to deny that the apostle Paul has laid great emphasis on this fact, but, at the same time, it is also certain that Christ has not rested His doctrine on this foundation, and that the truth of Christianity is based upon its rational contents. ‘Let us only hold fast that Christ returned to life, and this was a distinguished proof of Divine Providence.’ (*Instit.* p. 474). With greater courage the myths of Hercules and Romulus are referred to, in treating of the Ascension. . . . Man can practise virtue because he is destined to do so. The doctrine of original sin is a gloomy delusion. Although all men are, more or less, sinners, that has its foundation solely in their will, and may be accounted for by the power of sensuality, by the epidemic force of example, &c. It is only pietists and mystics who can speak of an immediate operation of God upon the soul. . . . The Eschatology they reduced to a recompensing future life. The immortality of the soul, we have already seen above (p. 79), was a favourite doctrine of Illuminism. Great is the number of works which endeavoured to prove this belief from the simplicity of the soul, from the capacity of the mind for development, from the claim of the virtuous to reward, from our longing after reunion with our beloved ones. Kant, so we likewise saw, reduced these arguments to a mere axiom. The Leipsic Philosopher, Wözel, *confesses* that, as a man and a Christian, he gave himself up to this belief, but that, as a philosopher, he was not firm in it. Then, in a miraculous manner, he obtained certainty. For his wife, from whom he had once received the promise, that in case she should die before him, she should give him tangible proof of her continuing to live, had really appeared to him after her death, and that at midnight and noon, with the words, ‘We shall see one another again.’ This communication was of course, a welcome prey for the literary birds of prey of Illuminism. The fact, however, that the author was a philosopher, occasioned some difficulty, and whatever was advanced against his importance as such, he very well knew what he was doing, and was, moreover, ready to take an oath upon it before the *Senatus Academicus* in Leipsic. Here the theologians of Illuminism had a case to try the weapons with which they had struck down the miraculous contents of the gospels. The whole, so old Wieland assured in his ‘*Euthanasia*’ (1805), with a wit which was then already expiring, was the work of a jester. In general, he added, the arguments in favour

of the immortality of the soul are very weak. Without this body, the continuance of a personal existence is inconceivable; virtue is reward enough to itself; people will employ life better when death is regarded as the termination of it. The author of the 'First Remarkable Apparition of a Ghost in the Nineteenth Century (1805), exercises Semler's art; and the Brunswick Superintendent, Hellmuth, undertook the exegesis of Dr. Paulus. By means of his knowledge of natural science, he made it probable that the Ghost-like breathing had been caused by a nocturnal butterfly of the family of the fire-lickers (*pyralides*), the noise at the window by a night-crow (*caprimulgus Europaeus*); the apparition by night by a concave mirror, and by day by a dream. Wötzel answered perseveringly, but Illumination, which had got the better of Swedenborg, Schröpfer, Gassner, &c., did not yield."—Pp. 177—182.

We can trace but slightly the outlines of the author's second book, "the Period of the Renovation." His course is briefly this: the subjectivism of the eighteenth century having centered in Fichte, the philosopher, unable to maintain the height of his idealism, "steered more and more to realism, both in his philosophy and in his life." His time turned also from that point. Two streams took "their rise there; a speculative tendency, the heads of which are Schelling and Hegel, and a tendency of the immediate religious life, the most distinguished representative of which is Schleiermacher." The school of Schelling and Hegel is the so-called speculative school, which though for a time regarded as likely to aid the restoration of orthodoxy in the church, split up, on Hegel's death in 1830, into two parties, and, notwithstanding all Göschel's efforts to prove and sustain its supposed conservative spirit, has lost nearly all influence on theology. That of Schleiermacher, a graft on the romantic tendency—developed in the field of art and poetry by the Schlegels, Tieck, Woivalis, Werner, Görres,—became (though he himself never got clear of the web of Pantheism, and though a portion of his disciples, as Jonas and Sydow, fell into the negative side) through Neander, Twesten, Nitsch, Sack, Gasz, Lücke, and their pupils, a powerful bulwark to the cause of Supernaturalism. These supernaturalist disciples of Schleiermacher differ from him greatly, having renounced many of his opinions, and owing more to him in the way of impulse and the awakening of religious feeling than in any other respect; and they also differ greatly among themselves on various questions; but their school, noticed by Dr. Kahnis as that of the mediating theology, to which, for want of a more distinct classification, must be assigned the great names of Tholuck, Müller, Ullmann, Hendel, Hahn, Olshausen, Rothe, Beck, Dörner, has, along with Hengstenberg on the one hand, and the adherents of the old Lutheranism on the other, such as

Guericke, Rudelbach, and Harless, acted very effectively (and that notwithstanding the critical attacks of Baur and David Strauss, described in pp. 249-51,) in restoring the inspired authority of the scriptures, and of eliminating a pure theology from them. Dr. Kahnis has given proper prominence to the influence of the liberation war of 1813-14, in discrediting the cause of unbelief in the abstract by the substitution of a positively earnest and active spirit, and to the excitement which, though it seemed to be fruitless for a time, kindled like a latent spark at last, and warmed the German heart to its ancient theological traditions; but he has almost overlooked the revived influence of the Tübingen school, which had never lost its orthodoxy, though compromised to some extent by Baur and others, and that of the exegesis of which the commentaries of Tholuck, Harless, and more recently of Stier, are the best examples, and which the historical and the spiritual element so richly penetrate. We are unwilling to suppose that this omission arose from any reluctance on our author's part to ignore a movement which had certainly the effect of giving Calvin, Beza, and other great expositors of the Reformed Communion, an influence in Germany which they had never had before. It is possibly a consequence of his attention having been directed much more to systematical theology, than to exegesis. We could have wished also that he had noticed the attempt of Nitzsch, new at the time, to reconnect life and doctrine in his "System der Christlichen Lehre," and the great work of Dorner on the Person of Christ. But it is obvious that in so slight a sketch much must be passed over; and that sectarian motives did not weigh with him, may be inferred from his not having noticed the admirable, though compendious, church history, and the critical essays of his Lutheran friend, Guericke.*

As we cannot well abridge or mutilate our author's description of Schleiermacher, we shall select from this portion of the work his smaller, comparative sketch of De Wette:—

"With this view of theology, De Wette stood in a very near relation to Schleiermacher, with whom, in life too, he was very closely connected. Like Schleiermacher, De Wette placed religion, in the internal sense, in feeling; only that De Wette's 'religious feeling' was more definite, more closely connected with the powers

* We subsequently discovered that this last statement was not quite correct. We correct it, therefore, by quoting the passage (the only one) in which such notice occurs: "He who says that he can learn nothing from the historical researches of Rudelbach, Guericke, &c., gives himself a *testimonium paupertatis*."—P. 316. The only references to Dorner, however, are to his sentiments, not his very distinguished treatise.

of knowledge and will, and more free from Pantheism. Like Schleiermacher, De Wette connected his religious feeling with positive Christianity, by seeing in Christ the absolute Mediator of the new religious life. Like Schleiermacher, De Wette left all that is historical, doctrinal, objective, which does not stand in immediate connexion with the religious feeling, to a bold criticism of the *understanding*, which went much farther than even Rationalism had ever done. We need here only refer to the critical dissection to which De Wette subjected the historical books of the Old Testament, to his anxiety in pointing out *negative results* in the New Testament criticism, and to the great concessions which he made to Strauss' criticism of the life of Jesus. A later period will have much difficulty in reconciling the facts, that, by the same man, who saw in the gospel the word of life, accounts of miracles which he could not explain were called anecdotes, and words of Christ to which his understanding did not reach were rather imperiously criticised, or simply thrown overboard, as being spurious. A few weeks before his death (1848), he made this confession regarding himself: 'I fell into a time of confusion; the unity of faith was destroyed. I, too, mixed myself up in this struggle—in vain! I have not settled it.' The circumstance that a man of such sobriety could so well understand the enthusiasm of the German youth, after the Liberation wars (in consequence of the letter of condolence which he wrote to the mother of Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue, he was dismissed from his professorship),—that a man of such negative tendencies had, notwithstanding *so much love for the historical Christ, and such a warm heart for the past history of the Church*, is a significant sign of the change of the times."—Pp. 235—236.

The last chapter of the work, entitled "The Church renovating Herself," describes the introduction of the new Prussian liturgy by Frederick William III., and his incorporation of the Lutheran and reformed communions into one "united Evangelical Church." Of these two measures he most strongly disapproves, though his high church and state principles oblige him to put the best construction on the king's motives. The "theology of the new life" as developed by Tholuck, Neander, and Hengstenberg, and the practical efforts resulting from the so-called "inner mission" (what we term home mission) are also considered. These various efforts and schemes are all disapproved as non-ecclesiastical, though ascribed to benevolent and religious motives. As other results of the "new life" he notices the proposals which had emanated from different quarters for revising the constitution of the Protestant Church, the *Kirchenbund*, *Kirchen-ag*, &c.; the substitution of the old evangelical hymns for the emasculated editions of the illuministic period, and the restoration of the pulpit to its proper Christian uses. His volume closes with a brief notice of the revived life of Romanism as illustrated by the works of Görres,

Möhlér, Günther, Staudenmaier, and others; the separation of the *German Catholics* and *Free Congregations*; a defence of the confession as the subject matter of theology,—“the scientific self-consciousness of the church,” and a statement of the manner in which this “confessional theology” is to be realized and perfected, with all these improvements upon the earlier models, which better scientific methods, and the experience of the church since the confessions were penned, supply in the several departments of Exposition, Dogmatic, and Church History.

We do not pretend to have given a sufficient notion of the contents of Dr. Kahn's work, and particularly of its philosophical contents, which from their organic connexion and development, could not admit of fragmentary treatment. But we have done our best within our brief limits to exhibit its character and aims. One additional specimen, however, we would quote before concluding our remarks. It relates to the revival of the pulpit as noticed above among the results of the new Christian life:—

“The pulpit, once the place of the strength of Protestantism, in the age of Illuminism, the place of its debasement, is still the witness of the infinite subjectivism of modern Protestantism; however the essays of the Rationalists and Supernaturalists, and rhetorical declamations, are disappearing. The demand that the sermon should edify, and be based on the consciousness of the doctrine of the church, may be regarded as generally admitted; and we may well say, without exaggeration, that it is not unbelief, but faith, which again fills the churches. The ways, indeed, in which the sermon aims at edification, are infinitely different. Some, in the way of the Reformed, aim, above all, to impart knowledge and understanding of the Scriptures, and to revive an acquaintance with Scripture. It was Menken, especially, who, with great skill, has renewed the homily of the ancient church. It was hitherto, however, only by means of great talents, that this mode of preaching could be raised; and these talents have often exercised the art of imparting life to the word of Scripture, at the expense of that at which they in reality aimed, viz., the understanding of Scripture, by offering, instead of a sound exposition of Scripture, the gift of transferring into Scripture a world of thoughts. The Lutheran congregations, according to old tradition, expected of the sermon an application of the word of Scripture for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, in short, for edification. For instruction in the word of Scripture, Bible classes were instituted; and these, in towns, as well as in the country, found enthusiastic reception, wherever the ministers knew rightly to apply the old and new things from the treasure of the church. Besser's *Bibelstunden* are a richly blessed fruit of this effort. The edification, however, which, in the time of the transition, when the Christians had still more or less of the character of pietism, was offered by faithful ministers, had pre-eminently the character of an excitement of the religious feelings. Effusions of

the heart, truly or artfully popular; passionate sermons, after the manner of the Methodists; ingenious speeches, seasoned with materials which excited the nerves; productions of art æsthetically composed,—all were employed for this purpose. The highest in this mode of preaching, working upon the feelings, has been accomplished within a few years by a youth, prematurely removed—by Hofacker. In him evangelical love, holy earnestness, Christian, practical wisdom, simplicity and power of style wonderfully co-operated. This mode of preaching was of importance, as long as the object was to break the ground; but where faith had taken root, there could not fail to be awakened a desire for a sermon which would exercise a lasting influence, become flesh and bone, and edify, not the individual only, but the church. It is in this sense that the confessional party (Harms, Rudelbach, Harless, Löhe, Petri, Kliefoth,) have understood and treated the sermon.”—Pp. 304, 305.

In giving our judgment of this work, we bear cordial testimony to the learning, the general impartiality as respects intention, and the literary skill which pervade it. As the production of the rigid Lutheran, we find in it not a few things which displease us. Even Rationalism is sometimes misjudged when viewed from the loop-hole of “the Creed.” For such, not merely a confession, is the Confession of Dr. Kahnis. For the Confession no one has a truer reverence than we have. But by it we mean a statement representing (as did the Savoy Confession of 1658, and the Congregational Union’s Declaration of Faith, Church and Discipline order in 1833) the sentiments of the parties who framed them, and only theirs, except as their brethren might be presumed to agree with them. But the Creed, though etymologically meaning much the same thing, has, by use, come to denote an authoritative declaration—a standard by which the orthodoxy of the ministers of a communion is to be tested, which is a very different thing. It follows necessarily, that though Dr. Kahnis admits, that even Rationalism, among other things, was a means of sifting truth from falsehood in certain respects, yet, whenever Rationalism comes into opposition with the Augsburg Confession, or the Formula Concordiæ, Rationalism is in error. But it follows as necessarily, that in many of these differences, as for example, the design and nature of the Lord’s supper, we should regard the Zwinglian, which Dr. Kahnis considers a rationalistic view, as the true one, and the Lutheran dogma as an error. To Dr. Kahnis’s representation, therefore, that the church’s perfect renovation requires the recreation and re-assertion of the Lutheran symbols, as an authoritative rule of faith and teaching, we must oppose the sounder principles advanced in the work of Dr. Pusey. That work was indeed indebted very largely to the lectures of two or three “mediating” divines, Neander, Tholuck,

and Sack, and to information privately supplied by them to its author, for its leading ideas and illustrations. And when Mr. Rose came forward on a similar principle to that now taken by Dr. Kahnis to impugn (though not in so candid a spirit) its statements, contending that the abandonment of the symbols was the cause of Rationalism, Dr. Pusey crushed the attack with a most copious array of proofs. Mr. Meyer, who, both in the preface, and in two judicious notes, pp. 96 and 294, has noticed Dr. Kahnis's rigid and exclusive Lutheranism, does not appear to be acquainted with Dr. Pusey's works; but should a second edition of his translation be called for, which we sincerely hope will be the case, he would very greatly add to its value, if in his preface he could give a brief abstract of Dr. Pusey's first part, and here and there append to the text of his translation a few extracts corrective of his author's statements. In justice to our author, and that our readers may see exactly where our great difference with Dr. Kahnis lies, we extract his statement of the rightful influence of confessional theology upon dogmatic. We need hardly say that the principle of Beck's "*Christliche Lehrwissenschaft*," a book we have known and valued from the time when it was published, is the dogmatic principle on which we should take our stand.

"It is now quite obvious what a sound *Dogmatik* has to accomplish. It has both to prove and to evolve the creed which lives in the consciousness of the Evangelical Protestant Church. It is Scripture alone from which it can take its arguments. *But this ground*, which was undoubted and firm for a time, which was rooted and grounded in Scripture, *must itself be proved* to be necessary. Dogmatik has to show that Christianity, from its very nature and truth, does not admit of any other rule of truth than this: whatever is in accordance with Scripture is true. But the argumentation from Scripture must not only be exegetically regulated in the details, but also rest on an objective, comprehensive view of the course of revelation in the old and new dispensation. Hofmann's "*Schriftbeweis*" (proof from Scripture), however erroneous some of its results are, is yet an important contribution towards the solution of this problem. It stands differently with the attempts to derive from Scripture a system of doctrines, without the mediation of the development of the doctrine by the church; and among those attempts Beck's "*Christliche Lehrwissenschaft*," stands foremost. To go thus immediately back to Scripture, appears, at first sight, as the truly free proceeding, and yet, at the same time, truly bound; in one word, as the truly Protestant proceeding. But if every Protestant divine were to expound Scripture in his own way, were himself to form the doctrines, and to shape their building according to his own method, what would be the result? A chaos of stand-points atomistically crossing one another, with which no church, no sound science would be possible. Behind

this apparent objectivity, an unbounded subjectivity is concealed. Men so rich in intellect and spirit as Beck, must not influence the opinion as to what the stand-point is in itself. If the Protestant Church calls the Scriptures the rule of the doctrines of faith, it does not thereby say that Scripture is the source of them. Even before the books of the New Testament were written and collected, there existed in the congregations a consciousness of faith. It was founded upon the oral word of the apostles, and very early, according to the confession at baptism, assumed the form of rules of faith, which were regarded as the sum and existence of both the oral and written word. The first Dogmatik (Origen on the Fundamental Doctrines) proceeds from the rule of faith. This rule of faith is, for the Evangelical Lutheran Church, her Confession, of which she is convinced that it is at one with the Confession of the Catholic Church, as is declared in the Augsburg Confession, at the close, and in the Formula Concordiæ, at the commencement. Every Dogmatik has anew to compare the doctrine of the Confessions with the rule and measure of Scripture; it has merely, in a scientific manner, to evolve the Confession, but not to produce it from Scripture itself. It may be that the argumentation from Scripture comes into contradiction with the Confession of the Church, inasmuch as it is, after all, of human origin. But without prejudice to the rights of Protestantism and science, we may well demand from our divines, that they shall not consider their own opinion to be infallible, while they assert the fallibility of the Church. People have at all times endeavoured to remove, by means of Scripture exposition, those doctrines which would not agree with reason. The scientific exposition of the doctrines of faith must consider it as its task to invalidate the reasons which, from time immemorial, have been raised against them by reason. The dangers by which Apologetics have all along been beset, are Sophistry, Rationalism, Dilettanteism."—Pp. 322—324.

We had marked very many things as worthy to be laid before our readers, of which we find we can take no notice, but we believe that few of them will be in haste to lay this history down, after they have once got fairly into it. And both Mr. Meyer and the Messrs. Clark, the publishers, have our sincere thanks for this welcome addition to our theological literature.

ART. II.—*The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second.* Vols. III. and IV. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

IN our preliminary review of this work, we intimated an opinion to which we still adhere, that the enormous expectations it excited would be somewhat disappointed. But on a

fuller examination of Mr. Macaulay's third and fourth volumes, we are convinced that they contain within them the materials of a high and endless celebrity. The most elaborate critique upon them which has yet appeared, is that in which the *Times* newspaper has deprived its readers of columns and even pages of news. It is scarcely necessary to say that this masterly writer appreciates to the fullest extent the intellectual merits of Mr. Macaulay's performance. He declares that all the historical details are invested with the charm of a romance, and enchant with the delusion of a drama. He heaps upon it every attribution of merit which its author could desire, but declares, as his final and conclusive verdict, that this work is not a History of England. This, with an humble appeal to the silent oracle of posterity, we venture absolutely to deny. The man who is best versed in Thucydides, Herodotus, and Tacitus, Clarendon, Hume, and Gibbon, may still be utterly unable to appreciate the historic style which is adapted to this richer vein of taste and time,—to the meridian of London, and the year of grace, 1855. He might regard it as a mere anatomist would criticise a beautiful portrait; who would detect no dislocated bones, no contracted muscles, but on whom the flesh tints, the play of light and shade, the beauty of feature, and the evanescent fascination of expression fixed for ages, would be as much lost as if he had been born blind. Why must mere outline, form without colour,—be the stereotyped characteristic of history? If our theory is not a very false one, he is the best historian who transmutes the past into the present, who extends the date of our existence beyond the period of its origin, causing us to live amidst scenes that are passed for ever, and to be familiar with the great, the good, and even the bad, on whose dust we are unconsciously treading. This merit, and a great and glorious merit it is, we claim for Mr. Macaulay. His historic heroes become our acquaintances; under the magic delineations of his pencil rather than of his pen, we mingle in courts whose splendour has long faded; we gaze on generals whose swords are consumed with the rust of time, and who are only rescued by genius and research from the more fatal rust of forgetfulness. We tread anew forgotten streets, and thrill with the hopes and fears of nameless men, whom the new conditions of society first taught to speculate. All this is done, too, with a charm of style derived from the most solid learning, embellished with all the graces of taste and fancy, and certified to the admiring gaze of the reader by all the evidence of profound and accurate research. To tamper with such history as this, by picking out infinitesimal inaccuracies, as some critics have done, is to degrade the office of criticism. Such an evil eye would, to use

the figure of Sir Thomas Browne, have descried hedgehogs in the moles of Venus. These carping critics remind us of Bishop Watson's comparison of a geologist to a gnat sitting on the back of an elephant, and judging of the anatomy of the interior from the appearance of the hide; and we refer them to the sounder critic of antiquity:—

“Sed ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis quas aut incuria fudit
Aut parum cavit humana natura.”

Yet still there is much in these volumes which will be regarded by thoughtful men, whose political views are based upon principle, and not upon a so-called expediency, as constituting, not only sins of commission, but more especially sins of omission. One critic attributed to the work what he calls “intense Whiggism”—a misnomer of the same kind, as if one should talk of intense mediocrity, or an intense drab or grey colour. But, assuredly, the intellectual effervescence of the style is ever and anon tempered by the alkaline flatness of the Whiggism. The silence of Mr. Macaulay's disapprobation, or rather the whisper of his complacency, in what we cannot but regard as the most fatal obstacle to the political and social advancement of this country, affords a key to the politics of this history:—

“Of lawgivers in whom the speculative element has prevailed to the exclusion of the practical, the world has, during the last eighty years, been singularly fruitful. To their wisdom Europe and America have owed scores of abortive constitutions, scores of constitutions which have lived scarcely long enough to make a miserable noise, and have then gone off in convulsions. But in the English legislature the practical element has always predominated, and not seldom unduly predominated, over the speculative. To think nothing of symmetry, and much of convenience; never to remove an anomaly, merely because it is an anomaly; never to innovate, except when some grievance is felt; never to innovate, except so far as to get rid of the grievance; never to lay down any proposition of wider extent than the particular case for which it is necessary to provide; these are the rules which have, from the age of John to the age of Victoria, generally guided the deliberations of our two hundred and fifty Parliaments.”—Vol. III., p. 85.

That this has been the immemorial policy of British legislatures is most true; but that an historian should state it with approving silence, seems to us a little strange. To innovate only so far as a social grievance is felt, is, in medical phraseology, to treat symptoms. It is as if a surgeon should open and heal the successive ulcers of his patient, without bestowing any

attention on that morbid condition of the constitution from which they all had a common origin. This grand error has ever lain at the foundation of the political system of the Whigs.

Mr. Macaulay's laxity is specially conspicuous on ecclesiastical subjects :—

"The general tendency," he says, "of schism, is to widen. Had Leo the Tenth, when the exactions and impostures of the Pardoners first roused the indignation of Saxony, corrected those evil practices with a vigorous hand, it is not improbable that Luther would have died in the bosom of the church of Rome. But the opportunity was suffered to escape, and when, a few years later, the Vatican would gladly have purchased peace by yielding the original subject of quarrel, the original subject of quarrel was almost forgotten. . . . In this respect, as in many others, the history of Puritanism in England bears a close analogy to the history of Protestantism in Europe. The Parliament of 1689 could no more put an end to nonconformity, by tolerating a garb or a posture, than the doctors of Trent could have reconciled the Teutonic nations to the Papacy, by regulating the sale of indulgences. In the sixteenth century, Quakerism was unknown, and there was not in the whole realm a single congregation of Independents or Baptists. At the time of the Revolution, the Independents, Baptists, and Quakers were a majority of the dissenting body, and these sects could not be gained over on any terms which the lowest of Low Churchmen would have been willing to offer. The Independent held that a national church governed by any central authority whatever—pope, patriarch, king, bishop, or synod—was an unscriptural institution, and that every congregation of believers was, under Christ, a sovereign society. The Baptist was even more unreclaimable than the Independent, and the Quaker even more unreclaimable than the Baptist. Concessions, therefore, which would once have extinguished nonconformity, would not now satisfy even one-half of the Nonconformists."—Vol. III., pp. 95, 96.

It must be obvious that the question to be considered is a far wider and more fundamental one than Mr. Macaulay's language would seem to imply. The question is not one of postures or vestments; it is whether any secular government has or has not authority to regulate religious observance under pains and penalties. An incidental eulogy of the historian on the qualifications of his idol, William, as an ecclesiastical ruler, indicates, we think, that Mr. Macaulay is far from sound on this subject. When speaking on the vexed question of church government in Scotland, he says :—

"It was happy for our country that the momentous question, which excited so many strong passions, and which presented itself in so many different points of view, was to be decided by such a man as William. He listened to Episcopalians, to Latitudinarians, to Presbyterians, to the Dean of Glasgow, who pleaded for the apos-

tolical succession, to Burnet, who represented the danger of alienating the Anglican clergy, to Carstairs, who hated prelacy with the hatred of a man whose thumbs were deeply marked by the screws of prelatists. Surrounded by these eager advocates, William remained calm and impartial. He was, indeed, eminently qualified by his situation, as well as by his personal qualities, to be the umpire in that great contention. He was the king of a prelatical kingdom. He was the prime minister of a Presbyterian republic. His unwillingness to offend the Anglican church, of which he was the head, and his unwillingness to offend the Reformed churches of the Continent, which regarded him as a champion divinely sent to protect them against the French tyranny, balanced each other, and kept him from leaning unduly to either side. His conscience was perfectly neutral, for it was his deliberate opinion, that no form of ecclesiastical policy was of divine institution. He dissented equally from the school of Laud and from the school of Cameron, from the men who held that there could not be a Christian church without bishops, and from the men who held there could not be a Christian church without synods; which form of government should be adopted was in his judgment a question of mere expediency. He, probably, would have preferred a compromise between the two rival systems, a hierarchy in which the chief spiritual functionaries should have been something more than moderators, and something less than prelates. But he was far too wise a man to think of settling such a matter according to his own personal tastes."—Vol. III., pp. 259, 260.

We hope that we are not bound to infer from this passage that Mr. Macaulay regards these as mere questions of taste, and yet his language seems to bear such a conclusion. The question is, whether Jesus Christ is, or is not, the sole and Sovereign Ruler in his church? If he is, every intrusion of secular authority, even to the injunction of a silly rehearsal, or a paltry genuflexion, is a matter of such grave moment, that its impertinence is lost in its impiety. Mr. Macaulay must pity ancient martyrs on very different grounds from those on which their memory is venerated by other men. A word, a bow, a pinch of incense would indeed have saved a life, but it would have lost a religion, had it not been that only one which liveth and abideth for ever. Where, too, are these injunctions to stop? Is it forms only that the state shall prescribe? On what principle must secular interference be limited to forms, and not extend to doctrines? Does Mr. Macaulay see nothing suggestive in the first clause of the twentieth article of the Anglican church? "The church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, *and authority in controversies of faith!*" Indeed, the one implies the other, and in these few words are wrapped up the principle of infallibility, and the fundamental law of persecution. To future generations it

will seem strange that a writer, whose general views are so enlightened, who has depicted so fervidly the religious persecutions of this age,—who has recorded its conflicts and its famines, its massacres, its tortures and its murders,—should not have seen that the principle of a religious establishment was the source of these multifarious horrors. If the denial of privilege is persecution, how much more the regulation and the prohibition of religious worship, and the inculcation of doctrines and ceremonies. Why will men seek to improve upon the wisdom of God, who has provided for the destruction of error by the free proclamation of truth? The fanaticisms, the superstitions, and the follies of men would, under that divinely sustained influence, die out and be forgotten, were they not vexed into a perpetual vitality by chafing and irritative laws more abnormal than themselves.

That which offers to Mr. Macaulay the finest scope for his descriptive powers is, perhaps, the contest in Ireland between James and his Catholic adherents on the one part, and the new British monarch on the other. His description of the siege of Londonderry is frightfully graphic. The extremities to which this unhappy town was reduced immediately before its relief by the British fleet are thus described :—

“ By this time July was far advanced, and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in; one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them in the act of striking at the enemy fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was 5s. 6d. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish caught in the river was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosia, such as strange

and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private; while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined; his innocence was fully proved; he regained his popularity, and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was 'No surrender.' And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, 'First the horses and hides, and then the prisoners, and then each other.' It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets."—Vol. III., p. 233, 234.

The description of the relief of Londonderry is too characteristic of Macaulay to be omitted.

"It was the 30th of July. The sun has just set: the evening sermon in the cathedral was over, and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels in the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low, and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the Mountjoy took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such, that the Mountjoy rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks,—the Irish rushed to the boats, and were preparing to board, but the Dartmouth poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the Phoenix dashed at the breach which the Mountjoy had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime, the tide was rising fast: the Mountjoy began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars,

but her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him, and he died the most enviable of all deaths in sight of the city which was his birth-place, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began, but the flash of the gun was seen, and the noise heard by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the Mountjoy grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who has endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay; the whole population was there to welcome them: a screen, made of casks filled with earth, was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore, barrels containing 6,000 bushels of meal; then came great cheeses, casks of beef, fitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half-a-pound of tallow, and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine, with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night, and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the thirty-first of July, the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp, and when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane."—Vol. III., pp. 235—237.

The progress of affairs in Scotland affords the historian as much scope for his research as the transactions in Ireland did for his pictorial skill. The state of religious parties there is delineated with great laboriousness, though we fancy it will call forth some severe strictures from the north. Under the then existing law, no elector could vote for a member of parliament without swearing that he renounced the covenant, and that he acknowledged the royal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical. "Such an oath," Mr. Macaulay calmly remarks, "no rigid Presbyterian could take." Of course they could not; but why confine the inability to *rigid* Presbyterians? Could *any* Presbyterians have taken it? This is just one of those incidental evidences

of what we cannot so properly designate the principles, as the policy of Mr. Macaulay. It involves the characteristic reticence of Whiggism, which in its ecclesiastical aspect, we fear, may be designated, without much injustice, as a system of compromise which ignores conscience. Hence, we hear of the comparative strength of religious parties in Scotland, without a word of the paramount rights of the minority.

"It was asserted," he says, "by writers of that generation, that the Presbyterians were not before the Revolution the majority of the people of Scotland. But in this assertion there is an obvious fallacy. The effective strength of sects is not to be ascertained merely by counting heads. An established church,—a dominant church,—a church which has the exclusive possession of civil honours and emoluments, will always rank amongst its nominal members multitudes who have no religion at all,—multitudes, who, though not destitute of religion, attend little to theological disputes, and have no scruple about conforming to the mode of worship which happens to be established; and multitudes who have scruples about conforming, but whose scruples have yielded to worldly motives. On the other hand, every member of an oppressed church is a man who has a very decided preference for that church. A person who in the time of Diocletian, joined in celebrating the Christian mysteries, might reasonably be supposed to be a firm believer in Christ. But it would be a very great mistake to imagine that one single pontiff or augur in the Roman Senate was a firm believer in Jupiter. In Mary's reign, everybody who attended the secret meetings of the Protestants was a real Protestant, but hundreds of thousands went to mass who, as it appeared before she had been dead a month, were not real Roman Catholics. If, under the kings of the House of Stuart, when a Presbyterian was excluded from political power and from the learned professions, was daily annoyed by informers, by tyrannical magistrates, by licentious dragoons, and was in danger of being hanged if he heard a sermon in the open air, the population of Scotland was not very unequally divided between Episcopalians and Presbyterians, the rational inference is, that more than nineteen-twentieths of those Scotchmen, whose conscience was interested in the matter, were Presbyterians, and that not one Scotchman in twenty was decidedly and on conviction an Episcopalian."—Vol. III., pp. 261, 262.

Against the historical truth of these statements we have nothing to say; but it does seem strange to us that a constitutional and liberal historian should on so momentous a subject be content to count heads where the relations of number form no element in a rational account. While Mr. Macaulay was writing these volumes, a census was taken, which showed that the Dissenters from the established religion of this country constitute a majority of the people; yet Mr. Macaulay's political party ignore the fact. But even were it otherwise, he must know that

truth will ultimately prevail, and that he amongst his species is in a minority, which, numerically considered, is altogether contemptible; yet he must be convinced that the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, and with it the freedom which ever follows the footsteps of truth. There is no inspiration in a census. He who has confidence in those great principles which outlive the changes of time and fashion, should indicate the views taken from a summit which overlooks the world. The sovereignty and opulence of Mr. Macaulay's genius, and his consequent convictions of the truth and ultimate prevalence of those abiding principles which lie at the basis of his philosophical system, should inspire a bolder and a higher tone. He reminds us of Agrippa before Paul; and his temporizing timidity, coupled with his evident theological knowledge, suggests the appeal of the apostle, "Believest thou the Prophets? I know that thou believest."

To follow Mr. Macaulay through his voluminous narrative of the varied schemes and fortunes of William in Ireland and Scotland, would be inconsistent with our necessary limits. In a work consisting of sixteen hundred pages, we must content ourselves, as all other critics have done, with an exhibition of the author rather than of ourselves. Some of our readers may have perused the narrative of the massacre of Glencoe from the pen of Mr. Gilfillan. We will now give them the terser description of it by Mr. Macaulay.

"The night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were contending with the wind and snow, Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he meant to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old chief on the morrow. Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state; and some of them uttered strange cries. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering, 'I do not like this job;' one of them muttered, 'I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds; but to kill men in their beds—' 'We must do as we are bid,' answered another voice. 'If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for it.' John Macdonald was so uneasy that soon after midnight he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. 'Some of Glengarry's people have been harrying the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that, if you were in any danger, I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?' John's

suspensions were quieted. He returned to his house and lay down to rest. It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off; and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise; and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host, Inverrigen, and nine other Macdonalds, were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy, twelve years old, clung round the captain's legs and begged hard for life. He would do anything; he would go anywhere; he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting; but a ruffian, named Drummond, shot the child dead. At Auchnaion the tacksman, Auchintraiter, was up early that morning, and was sitting, with eight of his family, round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. His brother, who alone had escaped unhurt, called to Serjeant Barbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favour to be allowed to die in the open air. 'Well,' said the serjeant, 'I will do you that favour for the sake of your meat which I have eaten.' The mountaineer, bold, athletic, and favoured by the darkness, came forth, rushed on the soldiers who were about to level their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces, and was gone in a moment. Meanwhile, Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief, and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. MacIan, while putting on his clothes and ordering his servants to bring some refreshments for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up, and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers; but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day. The statesman to whom chiefly this great crime is to be ascribed had planned it with consummate ability; but the execution was complete in nothing but in guilt and infamy. A succession of blunders saved three-fourths of the Glencoe men from the fate of their chief. All the moral qualities which fit men to bear a part in a massacre, Hamilton and Glenlyon possessed in perfection; but neither seems to have had much professional skill. Hamilton had arranged his plan without making allowance for bad weather, and this in a country and at a season when the weather was very likely to be bad. The consequence was, that the fox-earths, as he called them, were not stopped in time. Glenlyon and his men committed the error of despatching their hosts with fire-arms, instead of using the cold steel. The peal and flash of gun after gun gave notice, from three different parts of the valley at once, that murder was doing. From fifty cottages the half-naked peasantry fled, under cover of the night, to the recesses of their pathless glen. Even the sons of MacIan, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants. John, who, by the death of his father, had become the patriarch of his tribe, quitted his dwelling just as twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets,

marched up to it. It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not even half performed. About thirty corpses lay wallowing in blood on the dunghills before the doors. One or two women were seen among the number, and—a yet more fearful and piteous sight—a little hand which had been lopped in the tumult of the butchery from some infant. One aged Macdonald was found alive. He was probably too infirm to fly, and, as he was above seventy, was not included in the orders under which Glenlyon had acted. Hamilton murdered the old man in cold blood. The deserted hamlets were then set on fire, and the troops departed, driving away with them many sheep and goats, 900 kine and 200 of the small shaggy ponies of the Highlands. It is said, and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible. How many old men, how many women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many, having crawled, spent with toil and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never be known. But it is probable that those who perished by cold, weariness, and want were not less numerous than those who were slain by the assassins. When the troops had retired, the Macdonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, ventured back to the spot where the huts had formerly stood, collected the scorched corpses from among the smoking ruins, and performed some rude rites of sepulture. The tradition runs that the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and poured forth a long lament over his murdered brethren and his desolate home. Eighty years later that sad dirge was still repeated by the population of the valley.”—Vol. IV., pp. 209—212.

In presenting a view of the course adopted by Mr. Macaulay in this striking series of historical scenes, the difficulty is to resist the temptation to exhibit to the reader one tableau after another, or to select the most eloquent and moving between so many of nearly equally vivid interest. The battle of Killiecrankie is described with astonishing effect; while in perusing the history of the great political movements of the age, the Bill of Rights and the Bill of Indemnity, we hardly know whether to prefer the close compression and the luminous political statement by which they are characterized, or the dramatic power of the author's delineations of more stirring scenes.

In connexion with the proposed Bill of Indemnity, it is impossible not to allude, in passing, to the historian's description of the last days of Jeffreys, a monster of cruelty and wickedness such as this country has rarely been cursed with. A more wretched and ignominious end than that of this infamous judge can hardly be imagined. At the age of forty-one he had heaped upon himself all the hatred and contempt which is commonly held as due to a longevity of crime; while the phy-

sical tortures of disease under which he suffered were such as generally make death more welcome at three score years and ten. It is rarely that the Nemesis of retribution closes a life of guilt with so horrible a visitation of agony, remorse, and despair.

Mr. Macaulay's description of the final charge at the Battle of the Boyne is too characteristic to be omitted.

"During near half an hour the battle continued to rage along the southern shore of the river. All was smoke, dust, and din. Old soldiers were heard to say that they had seldom seen sharper work in the Low Countries. But, just at this conjuncture, William came up with the left wing. He had found much difficulty in crossing. The tide was running fast. His charger had been forced to swim, and had been almost lost in the mud. As soon as the king was on firm ground he took his sword in his left hand,—for his right arm was stiff with his wound and his bandage,—and led his men to the place where the fight was the hottest. His arrival decided the fate of the day. Yet the Irish horse retired fighting obstinately. It was long remembered among the Protestants of Ulster that, in the midst of the tumult, William rode to the head of the Enniskilleners. 'What will you do for me?' he cried. He was not immediately recognized; and one trooper, taking him for an enemy, was about to fire. William gently put aside the carbine. 'What,' said he 'do you not know your friends?' 'It is his majesty,' said the colonel. The ranks of sturdy Protestant yeomen set up a shout of joy. 'Gentlemen,' said William, 'you shall be my guards to-day. I have heard much of you. Let me see something of you.' One of the most remarkable peculiarities of this man, ordinarily so saturnine and reserved, was that danger acted on him like wine, opened his heart, loosened his tongue, and took away all appearance of constraint from his manner. On this memorable day he was seen wherever the peril was greatest. One ball struck the cap of his pistol; another carried off the heel of his jackboot: but his lieutenants in vain implored him to retire to some station from which he could give his orders without exposing a life so valuable to Europe. His troops, animated by his example, gained ground fast. The Irish cavalry made their last stand at a house called Plottin Castle, about a mile and a half south of Oldbridge. There the Enniskilleners were repelled with the loss of fifty men, and were hotly pursued, till William rallied them and turned the chase back. In this encounter Richard Hamilton, who had done all that could be done by valour to retrieve a reputation forfeited by perfidy, was severely wounded, taken prisoner, and instantly brought, through the smoke and over the carnage, before the prince whom he had foully wronged. On no occasion did the character of William show itself in a more striking manner. 'Is this business over?' he said, 'or will your horse make more fight?' 'On my honour, sir,' answered Hamilton, 'I believe that they will.' 'Your honour!' muttered William, 'your honour!' That half-suppressed exclamation was the only revenge which he condescended to

take for an injury for which many sovereigns, far more affable and gracious in their ordinary deportment, would have exacted a terrible retribution. Then, restraining himself, he ordered his own surgeon to look to the hurts of the captive."—Vol. III., pp. 633—635.

That Mr. Macaulay is betrayed into an exaggeration of the military and political merits of William III., may perhaps be granted without any very serious derogation from the claims of these volumes. The right honourable gentleman writes as an advocate; he sees every object through the luminous medium of a purely intellectual enthusiasm, the whole temperamental part of his nature seems, in medical phrase, to have been *determined* to literature. Had a fair proportion of it gone into his politics, he would not indeed have been a leading Whig, but he would have been a leading man; not perhaps the member for Edinburgh, but the untitled leader of his country. That William III., who is the object of our historian's idolatry, was a sagacious and a wise man, does not admit of a doubt. It is equally certain that the great measures passed in his reign formed the basis of those acts which constitute and limit the amount of civil and religious freedom now enjoyed in this country, and deserve to be reverted to as the source of those confident hopes now generally indulged of that perfect freedom which consists in political and ecclesiastical equality. The time can never come when the great change of 1688 will cease to be called the "Glorious Revolution." That an empire should have thrown off the horrible tyranny of the Stuarts; that it should have gained a constitution, and ridded itself of the brutality and fraud, the ignominy and the torment of popish domination, is an event never to be forgotten, and never to be re-called without devout thankfulness. If William had been only the accidental instrument of so blessed a change, his name might well be held in everlasting remembrance, and the enthusiastic eulogies of his historian might well be excused. But he was more than this. He conferred substantial and enduring benefits on the age which he seemed raised up by Providence to bless; and we cannot better close this article than by enumerating these in the glowing language of Mr. Macaulay.

"England had passed through severe trials, and had come forth renewed in health and vigour. Ten years before, it had seemed that both her liberty and her independence were no more. Her liberty she had vindicated by a just and necessary revolution. Her independence she had reconquered by a not less just and necessary war. She had successfully defended the order of things established by the Bill of Rights against the mighty monarchy of France, against the aboriginal population of Ireland, against the avowed hostility of the

nonjurors, against the more dangerous hostility of traitors who were ready to take any oath, and whom no oath could bind. Her open enemies had been victorious on many fields of battle. Her secret enemies had commanded her fleets and armies, had been in charge of her arsenals, had ministered at her altars, had taught at her universities, had swarmed in her public offices, had sat in her Parliament, had bowed and fawned in the bed-chamber of her King. More than once it had seemed impossible that anything could avert a restoration which would inevitably have been followed, first, by proscriptions and confiscations, by the violation of fundamental laws, and the persecution of the established religion, and then by a third rising up of the nation against that House which two depositions and two banishments had only made more obstinate in evil. To the dangers of war and the dangers of treason had recently been added the dangers of a terrible financial and commercial crisis. But all those dangers were over. There was peace abroad and at home. The kingdom, after many years of ignominious vassalage, had resumed its ancient place in the first rank of European powers. Many signs justified the hope that the Revolution of 1688 would be our last revolution. The ancient constitution was adapting itself, by a natural, a gradual, a peaceful development, to the wants of a modern society. Already freedom of conscience and freedom of discussion existed to an extent unknown in any preceding age. The currency had been restored. Public credit had been re-established. Trade had revived. The exchequer was overflowing. There was a sense of relief everywhere, from the Royal Exchange to the most secluded hamlets among the mountains of Wales and the fens of Lincolnshire. The ploughmen, the shepherds, the miners of the Northumbrian coalpits, the artisans who toiled at the looms of Norwich and the anvils of Birmingham, felt the change, without understanding it; and the cheerful bustle in every seaport and every market town indicated, not obscurely, the commencement of a happier age."—Vol. IV., pp. 807—809.

We need hardly say that we look forward with hope, not unmingled with a pensive uncertainty, to the pleasure of perusing the remaining volumes of this history. Horace, on a consideration of the brevity of human life, rebukes the presumption of entertaining a distant hope; and in the anticipation in which we are now indulging, we feel as if, when past the meridian of life, we were planting an acorn in the hope of enjoying the sheltering shade of the oak.

Art. III.—*Patriarchy; or, The Family: Its Constitution and Probation.* By John Harris, D.D., Author of "The Pre-Adamite Earth," &c. London: Partridge and Co. Pp. 536. Price 10s.

MANY of our readers will remember as a sort of epoch the appearance of "Mammon." They remember how surprised they were at the union of literary charms with religious earnestness. They remember how rapidly they sped over the light and alluring pages, where every line was velvet to the foot and pleasure to the eye. In their progress through this enchanted garden, they remember how, in the living realities they encountered, they could scarcely recognize the truisms which, like mummies on a shelf, had lain so long entombed in scholastic folios, and how they sometimes started at a brilliant heresy, and, on a closer inspection, found it to be only a good old dogma which, like a dry bulb from a sarcophagus, had been planted out in a genial soil, and had grown up and blossomed into something very new and very beautiful. And they cannot have forgotten the extraordinary impression produced on their own and other minds by a logic none the less forcible for the rhetoric which clothed it, and still more by the lofty sentiment, the tender persuasion, and unworldly tone, which made the reader tread softly as on holy ground. They remember how many purses felt strange galvanic twitchings, and how many hearts confessed to a kindlier expansion; and they remember, too, how the flood-mark rose in certain treasuries, betokening an unusual thaw in those higher regions that feed the streams of charity.

And some may remember a certain regret which chastened their enjoyment. They were told that the author was pastor of a nonconformist congregation in a small provincial town. With susceptibilities as exquisite as his talents were unique, he was shut up to such appreciation and sympathy as, rare among millions, are hardly to be hoped for among hundreds and thousands. All this rich poetry, this subtle thought, this apt expression have for their habitual sphere an audience who would probably prefer "the good old thing" chanted to the good old tune; and a Christian scholar, who might enrich religious literature with contributions not too slow, though severed by septennial intervals, and not too polished, though hours should be expended in weighing an epithet or condensing a paragraph, is doomed to produce his weekly tale of village sermons. The bard must draw the market cart. Lawrence must paint signboards, and Canova carve the tombstones.

Yet we fancy that the author is now indebted to that rough

pulpit training. If we do not mistake, his natural turn is abstract, meditative,—a partly poetic, partly philosophic self-absorption. It was, therefore, well that, to some extent the thinker was compelled to become the talker. The map-maker is content with outlines; the landscape painter knows the value of light and shade. The chemist packs up the essence of an ox in a pound of pemmican; the disciple of Soyer knows how much that pemmican must be diluted in order to become a palatable soup or a digestible nutriment. The student is apt to fancy that his thought has only to be uttered in the fewest and severest words in order to be self-commending; the public speaker soon discovers that a certain amount of bulk is as essential as truth or beauty; and not only does he learn the principle of Hebrew parallelisms, but he becomes very tolerant of the “frequent repetitions, the wild reverberations” of Indian poetry. In the same way, like that most popular of living historians, who was a debater before he became a writer, the public speaker learns the power of the primitive colours, and finds that there is no such magic as metaphor. He finds that he cannot be true unless he be striking, and that he must paint on a colossal scale if he would arrest the gigantic inattention of the multitude.

Meditative as he was, Dr. Harris was not content to muse aloud. He was a pastor and a preacher. Good sense and a benevolent desirousness after the souls of his people compelled him to seek out “acceptable words.” And he was eminently successful. Without passion, and keeping constantly aloof from topics of ephemeral excitement,—without egotism and rather repressing the emotions which he could not utterly disguise,—and without what is commonly called elocution, but reading discourses which it would have been ridiculous to recite,—by dint of one great thought clearly exhibited and fully followed out, he has kept intelligent assemblies enchained for periods at which other preachers must marvel, and has sent them away with a fulness of conviction, and an abiding seriousness of purpose, which noisy declamation can never inspire. And next to the weight of the matter, and the obvious sincerity and devout elevation of the speaker, the charm must be sought in the skilful arrangement of topics, in illustrations sufficient but seldom redundant, in exquisite diction, and in that spoken music which is of all things the least monotonous.

The village pastor has for many years been the theological professor, conceiving and carrying out great literary designs. But now that he has leisure to meditate lofty themes and discuss them, we fancy that he and his large public are still debtors to that earlier discipline which to the thoughtful turn superadded the popular talent.

Very different, for example, was the case of the most distinguished divine of whom last year deprived the Church of England. Pious, reflective, and retaining his originality under all his load of erudition, Archdeacon Hare, notwithstanding a very hearty human sympathy, had a very feeble hold on the reading world's attention. Nor can we ascribe this apathy to the topics which he handled. "Luther," "The Mission of the Comforter," "The Victory of Faith," are themes of attractiveness certainly akin to "The Great Teacher," and "Man Primeval;" nor can we suppose that the president of a congregational college carried a greater general *prestige* than an Anglican archdeacon. But the author of "Guesses at Truth" was allowed to remain a recluse, whilst the author of "Mammon" felt constrained to *preach*. True, Mr. Hare had a parish, and we believe that he loved his parishioners; but he seldom prepared expressly for their use addresses like the "Plain Sermons" of his lamented brother. Buried in his library, he spent the week harmonizing fathers and reformers, and compounding from Augustine, Luther, and Andrews that *quantum quid* which he hoped might prove a Catholic theology; and then on the Sunday morning, he read to the hazy clerk and nodding ploughboys a few pages of the forthcoming octavo. Had he remembered that the true way to catch the public eye was first to catch the ear of his own parishioners, he would not have mounted the pulpit steps with the languid look of one who did not expect a listener, and, instead of falling on the public flat and formal as a Bampton Lecture, each successive volume would have found a warmer welcome from grateful and admiring readers.

We are not sure but a brief resumption of the pastorate might benefit even such a master in the art of composition as Dr. Harris. For, although a richer vein of thought, enhanced by a more frequent "find" of incidental jewels, it would be unreasonable to covet, yet in these sumptuous days, whilst pursuing their vocation, even gold-diggers insist on luxuries. And we fancy that, had the gifted author prepared his volumes with an intermediate view to a popular assembly, without lessening their solidity he might have increased their acceptance and impressiveness. In such a case we fancy that he would have felt constrained to pause occasionally and recapitulate; that he would have brought more boldly out the practical instruction, and enforced an occasional lesson more closely on the conscience; that he would have aided the reader's recollection and rewarded his perseverance by resting-places more marked and memorable; and with, perhaps, a little less of the nomenclature of the schools, we are sure that his language would have glowed and quickened with the excitement of his theme and the exegencies

of the ascending argument. As it is, many will feel that the new series is distressingly correct, and that its cadence is by far too even. And, although in the piazzas of our modern Lyceum, there is no such promenader as the sage of St. John's Wood, still a measured walk over a rolling prairie grows rather weariful; and before he reaches his seventh volume we hope to be indulged with an occasional lounge or a gallop: in one word, we should have liked in "Patriarchy" a little more of the variety and directness of the "Great Commission."

In a previous volume ("Man Primeval," 1849), Dr. Harris had showed how *in* man, "made after His own image," God had manifested himself, and how far He may be considered to have stood revealed *to* man whilst yet isolated and solitary. In the present treatise, the principles of "Man Primeval," and of its predecessor, "The Pre-Adamite Earth," are carried forward to the constitution and probation of the family, or man in his first social development. The work we shall not attempt to analyze; and we need hardly say that it is executed with consummate skill and ability. It is rarely, indeed, that information so extensive is united to a thoughtfulness so profound, and that a comprehension so masterly is capable of details so diversified, and an exposition so happy and so pleasing. But the chief recommendation of the book is its high ethical import. Whilst admirably fitted to assist the reader in that "proper study of mankind," the study of himself, it brings out the wisdom, goodness, mercy, and long-suffering of the Most High in the creation and government of the "Family" in a way that should go to many hearts, and rekindle there a warmer and more enlightened devotion.

To sail down a river which is usually ascended, or to visit in winter a country which one has formerly seen in the summer, has certain advantages. To say nothing of the surprise of novelty; in the one case by showing the obverse, in the other by disclosing the skeleton, it corrects erroneous assumptions and completes our idea. The synthetical method which Dr. Harris pursues answers these purposes. Not only is it an historical theology of the highest order, exhibiting in chronological sequence, and in gradually unfolding symmetry, the various features of the Divine self-manifestation; but by the effort to place the reader as nearly as possible in the position of an angelic spectator—by commencing at the point the remotest, and highest, and nearest to the eternal Throne, to which Revelation carries us—this method presents the story of our world in a new and arresting light; and as we descend the stream of time, the Divine glory brightens whilst the human interest deepens. It is surprising how many objects catch the eye and

convey a lesson in such a progress, and under guidance so observant and suggestive as is that of our author. For example, familiar as we all are with the first peopling of the earth, the death of Adam and the translation of Enoch, we question if to many readers of their Bible they occurred with such a full significance as in the extracts following :—

“External *nature* would for ages continue to present to antediluvian man a preternatural aspect. On emerging from the garden into the great Edenic region—comprehending, probably, large portions of Asia and Africa—he took possession, in effect, of a ‘new world;’ and, for him, it was boundless. Experience was then taking its first lessons. Every step into the wilderness brought to light a new creation. Every discovery was virtually the imposition of a new law. Even the succession of day and night, the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the annual renewals of the face of the earth, had yet to be classed among the uniformities of nature. The phenomena of nature, regular and familiar as they at length became, would all appear, as they arose first into the horizon of human observation, to be so many wonders. The progress of civilization would be constantly multiplying and magnifying wonders. And even to the last, probably, the phenomena of the heavens would continue to possess, for antediluvian man, the exciting and alarming interest of preternatural interpositions of the Deity.”—Pp. 57, 58.

“Viewed in the light of a penal infliction, from which man was at first conditionally exempt, death must have originally come to him almost with the startling effect of an appalling revelation. The death of Abel would not, perhaps, on account of its violence, weigh much with the early generations of men, as an illustration of the original sentence against sin. But when the first natural death occurred,—and, still more, when at length, after the event had been suspended century after century—when he had seen his descendants in the ninth generation—when he had reached his nine hundred and thirtieth year—the report went forth of Adam, ‘he is dead; the father of the race has expired,’—what a deep shadow, as from the throne of justice brought near, must have fallen on the face of nature! And as, age after age, it had to be recorded of each individual of all these generations, ‘and he died,’ what an affecting proof was furnished of the ‘exceeding sinfulness of sin,’ what a demonstration of the fidelity of God to His word, and of the amplitude of His schemes who could defer its fulfilment for a day or for a thousand years; and with what strained gaze, we may suppose, would the survivors labour to pierce the darkness which hung over the grave.

“Examples of eminent faith and piety formed a distinct method of revealing and enforcing the great principles by which they were originated and sustained; and thus contributed to the ends of moral government. They satisfactorily answered the question to which the fall had imparted a profound interest,—Is a life of holy obedience possible? As an indication of the Divine presence on

earth, they were more conclusive than the radiance of the Shekinah itself—for they proved the presence of God in the human heart. Of such incarnations of piety, Enoch stood forth an illustrious example. To what heights of excellence Abel might have attained, had not his life been so early terminated, we know not. Neither can we say how many were known and named, in their day, among the ‘sons of God,’ as proficient in spiritual excellence. But of Enoch it is briefly yet significantly stated, that ‘he walked with God.’ And, as if to intimate the singularity and eminence of the piety which, in his case, the language denotes, it is again repeated, that ‘he walked with God.’ He had come to place himself in entire harmony with the will of God. The autonomy of selfishness involved in the first sin, and which, in every separate sin, brings the human will into collision with the Divine—internally uniting all sins in one—was in him terminated. Although once disposed, like others, to alienate himself from God, he had come to seek the perfection of freedom in the perfection of obedience—freedom, not merely from sin, but from all the outward and conscious restraints of law, because it is a law unto itself. His reconciliation with God resulted in a spirit of devotion; that devotion in habits of practical obedience, and that sanctified law of habit in the progressive attainment of holiness. His character was well nigh normal. He had passed within the circle of the Divine attraction, and lived there. He walked on a Mount of Transfiguration. Every step took him nearer to the beatific vision. His translation is spoken of as the appropriate result: ‘Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him;’ as he thus walked, he approached so near to the central attraction, that the earth suddenly saw him depart.”—Pp. 128—131.

With a delightful *naïveté*, a popular writer* says, towards the close of one of his fictions, “I wonder if the world will perceive all the sublime and beautiful things there are in this work!” And we could forgive Dr. Harris if a similar misgiving had visited him in penning some of the beautiful things contained in this volume. We dare hardly hope that in a somewhat careful survey we have detected them all; but in the unostentatious profusion with which costly gems are scattered, and in the inconspicuous nooks where pearls of great price may be gathered, we recognize a mind of princely opulence. In the following sentence, for example, we have an incidental refutation of Hume’s famous argument against miracles, founded on the uniform course of nature:—

“Here the first error lay in confounding that inner circle called the course of nature, with that larger outer circle—the course of Providence—which preceded nature and encompasses it; which originated it, employs it, and, at distant intervals, adds to it, or modifies it, at pleasure.”—P. 182.

* Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

In the following aphorisms we have the philosophy of types and symbolical language :—

“Everything in creation represents a thought of God, for it must have been *thought of* by him.” “The Creator had so adapted external nature to man’s prospective constitution, that all its phenomena should serve as exponents or signs of loftier correspondences—indexes of the spiritual and divine. If nature is spirit translated into matter, in religion, matter is translated back again into spirit.”—Pp. 99, 101.

And very fine do we think the following lines on linguistic development :—

“The progress of language proclaimed the progress of man. Every new thought is a creation—a spiritual emanation—calling for a body to clothe it. In the infancy of language, every such body is an image fresh from the treasury of nature. . . . Every such appropriation from nature was a new synthesis between it and the human mind; or, rather, between the mind of man and the universal mind underlying the objects of nature. . . . The origination of music—the inarticulate language of the heart—denoted that man was conscious of depths of feeling which no words could reach. Music came to the aid of speech—told of emotions which had not yet become thoughts—which were greater than all his thoughts—and which made him feel allied to the infinite.”—Pp. 109—111.

To the author and our readers we owe an apology for noticing in a manner so slight and external a work which touches so many points in human archaics, and which includes all the domestic relations. Too late we perceive that we have criticized it only as a work of art. And, if the truth must be confessed, we took up “Patriarchy” and perused it very much as a fragment of a great theological poem: and, swept along on the soft current, we have been too happy to surrender to the pleasing images, and no less pleasing instruction which passed us in untiring succession. Should readers more intellectual or more spiritual take up the book, we are sure that the healthier their hunger is, the greater will be their delectation. And on behalf of an author who has already done so much for the church of Christ, and who has gathered round him so much contemporary love and admiration, we rejoice to believe that these ripe results of studious lustrums are destined to growing and enduring usefulness, and will go far to make up their moral manhood who, under God, are to be the makers of the coming age.

- ART. IV.—*The Christian Doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation, considered and maintained on the Principles of Judaism.* By the Rev. John Oxlee. 3 vols. London. 1850.
2. *Die Kabbalah, oder die Religions-Philosophie der Hebräer.* ("The Kabbalah, or the Religious Philosophy of the Hebrews.") From the French of Professor A. Franck, translated into German, with additions and emendations by Ad. Gellineck. Leipsic. 1844.
 3. *Die Religions-Philosophie des Sohar.* Von D. H. Joël. ("The Religious Philosophy of the Sohar. By D. H. Joël.") Leipsic. 1849.
 4. *Philosophie und Philosophische Schriftsteller der Juden.* ("Philosophy and Philosophical Writers amongst the Jews.") From the French of S. Munk, with annotations by Dr. Beer. Leipsic. 1852.

THE works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, show that the secret or Kabbalistic doctrines of the Jews have not ceased to be subject-matter of studious investigation. The vicissitudes which this branch of theology and philosophy—for it claims kindred to both departments—has undergone are scarcely less remarkable than the subject itself. It has successively been cultivated and neglected, represented as a treasury of spiritual wisdom, as the preparation for and the surest means of propagating Christianity, and again denounced and burnt as being one of Satan's master-pieces. Finally, it has been ridiculed as containing a tissue of absurd and incoherent rhapsodies, and again vindicated as indicating a solution of the deepest problems. If we add that it has met with such varied treatment at the hands both of Jews and of Christians, we have said sufficient to excite at least the curiosity of our readers.

There are few who have not heard of the Kabbalah, and if, while passing a leisure hour amidst old tomes, they have laid hands on one of the cumbrous Latin works (such as that of Rosenkranz), and have puzzled themselves to understand either the connexion of the doctrines which it professed to explain, or the meaning of the extraordinary cabbalistic drawings which it contained, they have probably at last thrown it aside under the conviction, that either it is not made to be understood, or else that they are not made to understand it. Indeed, we may at once rid the anxious student from his dilemma, and assure him that it were impossible to gain any clear or coherent acquaintance with the Kabbalah from the study of such works. They contain mines of knowledge; but the inextricable confusion which prevails in them, together with their endless and useless disquisitions, their want of arrangement and of historical dis-

crimination, render it a hopeless task—at least in the nineteenth century, when physically and intellectually men do not walk in ponderous iron-armour—to attempt their study. The merit of having rendered it accessible to others than the most profound oriental scholars, belongs to Dr. Franck and his learned translator, Gellineck. However we may differ from him on some points, we feel that Dr. Franck has gained a claim to lasting distinction by the work before us. Mr. Joël's book, which is a kind of commentary on that of Dr. Frank, adds nothing to our stock of knowledge. Mr. Munk's essay on the Philosophy and Philosophers of the Jews, is too brief and superficial either to instruct or to interest the reader.

Having thus in general discussed the merits of these books, we address ourselves to the question of the intrinsic interest attaching to the study of the Kabbalah. Does it deserve to be so lightly set aside as many (amongst the rest, even Hallam in his "Literary History," last ed. pp. 205, &c.) have done, or does it possess any claim to serious attention, at least in its philosophical and historical, if not in its theological bearing? If the reader will follow us for a little, we hope to convince him of its importance. The term "Kabbalah" which signifies *Tradition*, indicates that it forms part of the system which has been handed down in the Synagogue. These traditions may, in general, briefly be arranged according to their contents, under three designations. They either furnish legal ordinances, or popular instruction (partly in the way of commentary on the Scriptures, and partly in illustration of the legal ordinances of the Rabbins), or they contain those secret and mystical doctrines of the Synagogue, which were only to be communicated to the initiated. The first of these series of traditions is embodied in the *text*; the second in the *commentaries* of the Jewish Talmud, and in those on Scripture; the third in the *Kabbalah*. Obviously, it is the latter only in which we can hope to meet with any spiritual element remaining in the Synagogue. It will readily be believed, that however corrupted and mixed up with foreign additions, the spiritual element of the Old Testament could not have been wholly forgotten in the times of our Saviour. The doctrines of the Trinity, of the indwelling of the Father in the Son, and His manifestation by Him, could not have been wholly lost, however they might in course of time have lost their vitality, or become clouded and darkened. It is the traces of these truths which we seek and find in the Kabbalah; not indeed in their purity, but yet with sufficient distinctness to allow us to separate what was original, from that which had been added in the course of time, and during the spiritual degeneracy of the nation. It is allowed on all hands, that the study of cabbalistic

doctrines was pursued before, and at the time of the Saviour, as well as immediately afterwards. We do not at present stop to inquire what portion of the Kabbalah dates from that period. We refer to the *doctrines*, not to the *text*, of the Kabbalah. These professedly treated of two subjects, viz., the history of the creation, and the vision of the chariots vouchsafed to the prophet Ezekiel. The study of these subjects was believed to confer special blessings—if not special powers—but was to be entrusted only to a few initiated. A Talmudical injunction has it, that “the history of the creation is not to be communicated to two, and that of the Merkabah (or Ezekiel’s chariot) not even to one, unless he be wise and an independent thinker, to whom short aphorisms may be made known.” This warning is illustrated by records of the dangerous consequences which the communication of these subjects had produced in those who were unable to bear it. Jewish authorities trace Kabbalistic studies to Ezra, and even to Abraham. That they had been prosecuted during the seventy years’ captivity in Babylon, is evident from the admixture of Persian elements, reminding us of the doctrines of Zoroaster (who flourished about that time), to which we shall refer more fully in the sequel. Here then we have one claim upon our attention. Kabbalistic doctrines existed at the time of the Saviour,—before and immediately after it. They were studied by a peculiar school in the Synagogue, consisting of the most celebrated Rabbins. They contain, professedly, the spiritual and mystical elements of Jewish theology, and however corrupted, specially by Persian admixtures, they exhibit distinct traces of traditions embodying a spiritual understanding and interpretation of the Old Testament teaching.

But the claims of this study rest also upon another ground. In general, the history of Mysticism is interesting. It constitutes a boundary line. In times of spiritual declension it marks a period of transition: it is the twilight which indicates the approach of dawn. This was the case with the Mystics of the Middle Ages, who were the heralds of the Reformation. In times of apparent spiritual prosperity, Mysticism also indicates a transition: it is the twilight which precedes the darkness. The same portal by which men passed from Romanism and Rationalism into Evangelism (the reader will be pleased to pass the expression for want of a better), is also that by which men return into these forms of error. But Mysticism has also its place in philosophy, and here too it indicates the boundary line of thinking. Accordingly, the philosophy of the Kabbalah, and that of Neo-Platonism (the last word of Ancient Philosophy), and again, that of Schelling and of Hegel (apparently the last word of Modern Philosophy), agree in a manner most re-

markable. It is quite true that Neo-Platonism was much indebted to the Jewish Mystic of Alexandria, Philo, and *vice versâ*—as we have shown in a recent article on this subject. (*Vide Eclectic*, November, 1855. Pp. 602, &c.) But it is evident that such mutual action and re-action could not have taken place, if some affinity had not existed between these systems. And Mysticism, indeed, offers the common ground on which the corruptions of scriptural truth and the results of the most elevated unaided thinking may meet most closely. The soul of the philosopher who, having followed thought until it has almost reached its utmost limits, and yet, feeling its deep wants, rises in earnest aspiration still upwards, and amidst the dimness and darkness which surround it, here and there catches a glimpse of light and hopes for more,—

“ — falling with his weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
That slope thro' darkness up to God.”

is most likely to prove what the ancients designated as the “*anima naturaliter Christiana*.” It is easy for self-sufficient ignorance to ridicule, or for shallow intellects to despise, the attempts which Mysticism has made, under one or another form, to solve the deepest problems of our being. Much of the apparent absurdity of these undertakings would disappear if we realized to ourselves in every case, what the question was to which a particular system endeavoured to return a satisfactory or consistent reply. We grant that often these questions were beyond the ken of man, that oftener still the attempts to solve them were made irrespective of the light which Scripture alone could throw on them, but we confess that wherever we meet with a serious and not irreverent attempt to grope one's way out of these labyrinths, we cannot view it with contempt, still less with hatred, but with respect and pity. We find ourselves in the world's wide churchyard, and we read the inscriptions on the tombstones of those who lived and hoped before us, but whose names and deeds are numbered with the dead. We turn from it with mingled sorrow and joy into the smiling sunlit scenery outside the cemetery.

The doctrines of the Kabbalah form one of the branches of Jewish Mysticism. Alexandrian Theology—the system of Philo—forms the western; cabbalistic doctrines, the eastern extremity of the chain. What we mean is, that the fundamental principles were very similar in both systems, only that the form was in the one case influenced by western, in the other by eastern civilization. Independently of such influences, they might in these countries have thus spontaneously diverged in form; still, we find in

Alexandrian Theology traces of the influence, and more than that, corruption by, and admixture of, the Platonic philosophy. On the other hand, in the Kabbalah, Persian doctrines exercise an analogous influence, and produce a corresponding corruption. The offspring of Alexandrianism appears in the western systems of Gnosticism, and even in some of the Alexandrian fathers of the church. A similar influence did the Kabbalah exercise on eastern forms of Gnosticism. It will readily be understood that the western form of Jewish Mysticism was that most likely to become generally known. In point of fact, the attention of those Christian writers, who in the Middle Ages resumed the study of the Kabbalah, was first attracted by the perusal of the works of the Neo-Platonists. The revival of this discipline is so interesting and peculiar that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of briefly referring to it. After the period of temporary excitement which followed the destruction of Jerusalem, the study of the Kabbalah was gradually more and more neglected. But the brilliant time of the occupation of Spain by the Saracens had, amongst others, also the effect of reviving literature amongst the Jews. Then, the study of the Kabbalah was resumed with fresh ardour. The celebrated Raymond Lullus, whose history was almost as romantic as his acquirements were extensive, was the first to introduce the Kabbalah to the learned world of Europe. A century afterwards, he was succeeded by the beautiful, noble, and accomplished Florentine, Pico de la Mirandola, and then by one whose merit in the promotion of learning is unequalled in Germany, Reuchlin. The object of the labours of Reuchlin, was to show that all the philosophy (that of Plato, Pythagoras, Zoroaster, &c.,) had been derived from Jewish sources. He laid the foundation of what was afterwards known as the "Christian Kabbalah," consisting both in the use of the Kabbalah for demonstrating the truth of Christianity, and in an attempt to introduce some of its spiritualistic tendencies into the teaching of the church. Reuchlin was followed by a host of others, amongst whom we shall only name, Cornelius Agrippa, Postel, Pistorius, Paul Ricci, Leon the Hebrew (the latter two Jewish converts), Voysin, Kircher, &c., down to Rosenroth, the author of the celebrated "*Kabbala Denudata*,"—a book which, notwithstanding its immense learning and research, is almost as difficult to understand as it must have been to compile. Soon afterwards, the study of the Kabbalah declined as suddenly as it had formerly revived.

If, perhaps, we have detained the reader too long with this introductory matter, we trust to have bespoken his kindly interest, if not his serious attention, for a subject, important theologically from its connexion with the spiritual history of Israel;

philosophically, as exhibiting one of the forms of Mysticism claiming kindred with the deepest philosophy ; and historically, from its connexion with Gnosticism, Alexandrian-Jewish, and Christian Theology, and some of the tendencies manifested during the Middle Ages. We proceed now to give as brief and as lucid an exposition of the system of the Kabbalah as we are able to do in our limited space.

We have before stated that the mysteries of the Kabbalah concerned two subjects, viz., the history of the creation and the Merkabah, or the mystery of the Divine apparition to Ezekiel. The reader will observe that these two subjects are cognate. They touch the question of God's original connexion with His creatures, and that of His continued intercourse with them. It is the mystery of nature and that of Providence, specially of revelation, which are here treated ; and the question, how the infinite God can have any connexion or intercourse with finite creatures, is attempted to be answered. It thus touches the deepest and most solemn problems. It is well known how the Gospel replies to these inquiries. God created all things out of nothing by Christ—in Him He condescends to hold intercourse with His creatures. Jesus Christ is the connecting link between God and us, and in every sense a Mediator. "All things were created by Him and for Him ; and He is before all things and by Him all things consist." The answer which the Kabbalah returns to these questions is different in many respects. The Old Testament displayed a deep reverence for man, as made in the image of God, and even for nature, as the manifestation of the Deity. The Kabbalah goes further. It recognizes God only in His works—in every other respect He is inconceivable and unintelligible. There are different manifestations of the Deity, each of which is called "a world." But all these worlds are just the Divine pouring itself forth ; hence, they are all analogous to each other. In each of these, the Divine Unity ultimately manifests itself as a Trinity, consisting of opposites, with a middle link of connexion and reconciliation. Everything is Divine, and everything Divine manifests itself as a Trinity in Unity—such are the fundamental principles of the Kabbalah. They will become more plain as we proceed.

Two Kabbalistic works have come down. The "Sepher Jezirah," treats of the history of the creation ; that called "Sohar," (splendour), consists of a collection of treatises concerning the "Merkabah" (Ezekiel's chariot). Dismissing the question of their authors, or more properly their editors, we address ourselves to an analysis of each of them. The "Sepher Jezirah" is properly a monologue on the part of Abraham, in which, by the contemplation of all that is around him, he ultimately arrives at the

conviction of the Unity of God. Even this conception shows the correctness of our former observation, that, in these attempts we read so many endeavours (which it was hoped might prove successful) to solve the great problems of our being by unaided reason. But to proceed. In creation—and let it be remembered that we have now to do only with it—we distinguish the substance and the form: that which is, and the mode in which it is. We have already indicated that the original of all that exists is Divine. 1st. We have God; 2nd. God manifest, or the Divine *entering* into form; 3rd. That Divine *in* its form, from which in turn all original realities are afterwards derived. In the “*Sepher Jezirah*,” these Divine realities are represented by the ten numerals, and their form by the twenty-two letters which constitute the Hebrew alphabet—language being viewed as the medium of connexion between the spiritual and the material: as the form in which the spiritual appears. At the same time, number and language indicate also the arrangement and the mode of creation, and, in general, its boundaries. “By thirty-two wonderful paths,”—so begins the “*Sepher Jezirah*,”—“the Eternal, the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, the living God, the King of the World, the merciful and gracious God, the glorious One, He that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is high and holy—has created the world.” These thirty-two paths correspond to the ten numerals (the substance of creation), and the twenty-two letters (its form). But these ten numerals are in reality the ten Sefiroth, or Divine emanations, arranged in triads, each triad consisting of two opposites (flowing or emanating from a superior triad until the Divine Unity is reached) and being reconciled in a middle point of connexion. These ten Sefiroth, in the above arrangement, recur everywhere, and the sacred number ten is that of perfection. Each of these Sefiroth flows from its predecessor, and in this manner the Divine gradually evolves. “The first of the Sefiroth, *One*, is the Spirit of the living God. . . . Spirit, will, and word, these are the Holy Spirit.” “*Two* is the Spirit (or breath), which proceedeth from the Spirit (the manifestation of the former); into this has He hewn and graven the twenty-two letters which constitute only one breath (the form of creation).” “*Three* is the water which comes from the breath or wind. Into it has He graven darkness, emptiness, mud and dirt; He has spread it like a bed, He has hewn it like a wall, He has covered it like a roof.” “*Four* is the fire which comes from the water, and of which God has made the throne of His glory—the heavenly chariots, the seraphim and ministering angels. Of these three, has He made His habitation.” The other six numerals refer to east, west, north and south, to height and to depth. This emanation of the ten Sefiroth then constitutes the substance of the

world: we may add, it constitutes everything else. In God—in the world—in man, everywhere we meet these ten Sefiroth, at the head of which is God manifest, or the *Memre* (*Logos*, the Word). The reader will have no difficulty in recognizing here the indwelling of the Father in the Son, and His manifestation by Him, besides other corruptions of the doctrine of the Trinity. If the ten Sefiroth give the substance, the twenty-two letters are the form of creation and of revelation. "By giving them form and shape and by interchanging them, God has made the soul of everything that has been made or shall be made." "Upon those letters also has the Holy One, whose name be praised, founded His holy and glorious name." These letters are next subdivided, and their application in all the departments of nature is shown. In the unit creation, the triad world, time and man are found. Above all these is the Lord. Such is a very brief outline of the rational exposition of the creation, attempted by the "Sepher Jezirah."

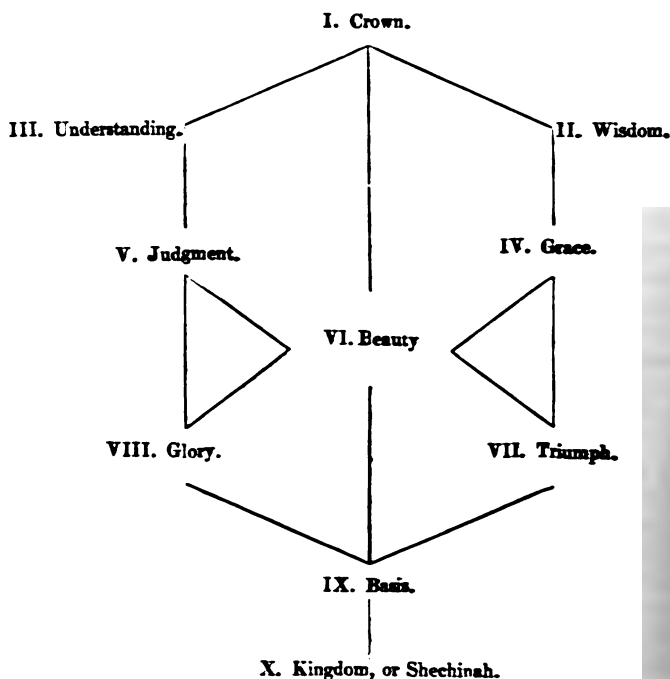
What has seemed dark will become more clear as we treat at greater length of the "Sohar." This work addresses itself to the solution of the various questions of theology, psychology (the doctrine of the soul), and ontology (the doctrine of being in general). It will be observed that in reality it thus aims at nothing less than being a system of perfect religious metaphysics. Hitherto we have seen that the leading principles of the Kabbalah are, the emanation of everything from, its connexion with and return to God, and a Trinity in Unity. At the head of every manifestation of God is the "*Metatron* (derived from the Greek, under the throne), the *Memra*, or *Logos*, appearing in the world as spirit, in God, as the "angel of His presence" or "wisdom," and in man as the "Adam Kadmon," the original man. All these doctrines appear very fully in the *Sohar*, partly in allegorical form and partly in so many words. Bearing in mind the fundamental idea that God in Himself, cannot be understood, we quote first an allegorical description of the Deity. "He is the aged of aged, the secret of secrets, the hidden of hidden. He has a form peculiar to Himself, by virtue of which He manifests Himself chiefly as the aged, the aged of aged, the hidden of hidden. But even in the form in which we know Him, He remains Himself unknown to us. His garment is white, and His appearance that of a veiled countenance. He sits enthroned on a throne of fire, which He subjects to His will. The white light shines over 100,000 miles. This white light will be the portion of saints in the world to come." "From His head proceed annually 13,000 myriads of worlds, which receive and depend for support upon Him. Thence also distils the dew . . . which will quicken the dead to a new life. This dew is the food

of the highest saints. It is the manna prepared for the just in the world to come. It also distils upon the field of holy fruits (which is the name given to the students of the Kabbalah). This dew is white as crystal, which contains all colours. The length of this face—from the extreme points of the head—is that of 370,000 myriads of worlds, and it is called "the 'long face.'"

Then follow further descriptions of His appearance. It will readily be understood that the "aged of aged" who "cannot be known even in the form in which He is known," is the Divine being who in Himself is inconceivable and unintelligible. The "long face" is God emanating, and thereby revealing Himself. The same is stated in express terms. We are told that before all creation, God could not be conceived or represented, "but after He had created the form of the *heavenly man*," i. e., after His emanation in the ten Sefiroth, which together constitute the heavenly man, "He employed it as a chariot (*Merkabah*) in order to come down; He wished to be known after that form, which is the holy name Jehovah; He wished to be known by His attributes," &c. All this is quite plain. God unrevealed cannot be known, God revealed is Jehovah; this Jehovah is the heavenly man, the *Logos*, or Word of God, the prototype of the earthly man. Before proceeding further, we only call the attention of the reader to the really gorgeous character of the Pantheism which the Kabbalah contains. Those acquainted with the speculations of the latest German schools, cannot have failed to notice points of similarity with Jewish Mysticism. More of these will yet appear. But how jejune and puny does every Pantheism appear, whether in its conception or execution, when compared with that of the East, and that even irrespective of the rich robe in which it is arrayed.

To return. "God can only be known by His attributes; in fact, before His manifestation He is not Himself." "Divested of all His attributes, if neither attribute, nor image, nor figure is left, the residue is like a sea—for in themselves the waters of the sea are without bounds or form." To understand the relation of God to the tenth Sefiroth, the former is compared to a stream or source of water, the latter to so many vessels into which it is poured, and which at last shall be broken again, and "the waters return to the fountain." This will be the consummation of all things. God, in revealing Himself, has produced the first, the first has produced the second, and the latter the third Sefiroth. This is the first, or Divine Triad, from which, in turn, all the others are evolved. Each Sefirah has its own name. "The *crown* (first Sefirah) is the source from which the infinite light issues, hence it (the infinite light, not the Sefiroth) obtains the name 'En-sof' (boundless), which indicates the

Supreme Cause; for there it has neither form nor shape; nor is there way or means to conceive or to know it. . . . Then a vessel is formed as small as a point, but filled with the Divine light; this is the source of all wisdom, it is *wisdom* itself (the second Sefirah); and hence the Supreme Cause is termed the "wise God." Then it made a large vessel like unto the sea, which was termed *understanding*" (the third Sefirah). These (*crown, wisdom, and understanding*) are the first Triad. The other seven Sefiroth, or rivulets, are *mercy, or greatness, judgment, or strength, beauty, triumph, glory, foundation, and kingdom* (generally put last). From these the scriptural names of the Deity are also derived. All of them taken together are the full revelation of God, and in their totality constitute the *original* (Adam Kadmon), or *heavenly man*, as seen by Ezekiel and Daniel, and of which the terrestrial man is a copy. To make all this more clear, we subjoin a representation such as that which is generally found in cabbalistic works:—



The first Sefirah, or crown, is the *En-sof*, the unlimited Being revealing Himself. God here

Himself upon His own substance and thus forms the "original point." Here the infinite becomes distinguished from the finite. The biblical term "I am," corresponds to it. But being quite indefinite, it is also termed the "Nought," "because we do not know what this principle at first contained." It is also termed the "white head"—white containing all the other colours, as the first the other Sefirah—"the aged" and "the long face." We remember that the terrestrial man is made after the image of the heavenly. Hence, the distinction of sexes also is essential; obtains in the soul as well as in the body, and exists even in the Sefiroth, which are male and female, imparting or receiving. *Wisdom* is male; *understanding*, female. These three Sefiroth are one in the Ancient of Ancients, who is also represented with three heads, which together constitute but one. By the thirty-two paths formerly alluded to, wisdom gives form and shape to everything in the universe. From the first Triad proceed the male Sefirah, *grace*, and the female, *judgment*, which are united in the middle member, *beauty*. From *grace* proceed the male, from *judgment* the female souls. Next follow the male Sefira, *triumph*, and the female *glory*, united into ground or *basis*. The last Sefirah, *kingdom* or the *Shechinah*, is the harmony of all the attributes, and their government over the world.

Looking again at the representation of the Sefiroth, it will be observed that they may be viewed in one of two ways. They may be combined as—first, the triad: crown, wisdom, and understanding, or the intellectual world; secondly, the triad: grace, judgment, and beauty, or the moral world; thirdly, the triad: triumph, glory, and the Shechinah, or the natural world. Again, they may be combined length-ways into three pillars; the male pillar, or that of grace; the female pillar, or that of judgment; and the pillar of the middle, or that of beauty. Manifestly, the latter is the most important. It consists of crown, beauty, and the Shechinah. *Beauty* is also termed "the holy king;" and the *Shechinah*, "the matron," "the queen," or "Eve," for "she is the mother of all, and everything on earth is suckled at her bosom and blessed of her." Now the "king" and the "queen" (beauty and the Shechinah) are united, and the fruit of their union is either the descent of a soul, or its return to God. We have now somewhat to anticipate what is to follow. The Kabbalah teaches that the souls of men are not created with their bodies, but are pre-existent, being stored up in the Sefirah, "understanding." If the soul is to be male, it then passes through the Sefirah, "grace;" if female, through that of "judgment." But before it enters the world, the king comes to the queen in an act which is to the soul what

conception is to the body. Again, when the soul has fulfilled her mission, and if it is worthy of returning to God, the queen and king meet once more, and by their union, the soul ascends, as before it had descended.

Without the king and queen the natural world could not subsist. In fact seven worlds (the seven kings of Edom, Genesis, xxxvi. 31—40) had been created and had perished, because they were before the king and queen (the kings of Israel.) In other words, for the existence of the world, its communion with God is necessary. Again, the material existence of the world depends on the essential difference of the sexes. Without it the world could not subsist. This difference is termed the "balance." The "balance" is necessary for the continued existence of things, and may be traced upwards to the highest existences. "Before the balance existed, they (the king and queen) did not see each other face to face, and the original kings died from want of nourishment, and earth was destroyed. These balances are suspended in a place which is not (in the original Nought), and those which are to be weighed do not yet exist. It is a balance which has no support beyond itself, which can neither be conceived or seen. What is not, what is, and what shall be, all is and shall be supported by this balance." If we rightly understand this and similar passages, it contains the highest effort of Pantheism, that of connecting material existence with God, and of tracing to the Deity the necessary conditions of material existence. In the revelation of God matter forms a part. Without God, matter sinks in the scale of being, and occupies a place of antagonism. Matter without God is sin. The *purely* material is the sinful. Thus, the kings of Edom have not really ceased to exist—and nothing can wholly perish—but they have sunk, and now represent a place "where everything is strict justice," "where everything is female," and nothing male. Hence the kings of Edom are the opponents of Israel, who are the representatives of grace. The old worlds have become the place where vice is punished, and their ruins have given birth to the devil and his angels. The latter are also termed the "husks," being the personifications of pure Materialism.

Everything, then, except sin, which is matter without God, is an emanation from God by means of successive evolutions or developments, and matter is only the lowest of them. If the Kabbalah admits creation out of nothing, it means by "nothing" only, the original Nought. Nor will anything "sink into vacuity," or be lost. "Everything of which this world consists, both body and spirit, will return to the principle and root whence they issued." There is not such a thing as absolute

evil; even Satan himself will ultimately be restored. The reader will notice that there is an internal connexion between all these principles, and he will, with us, admire the logical consistency and perfectness of the system. Again, all things had pre-existed. "The Holy One, blessed be his name, had created and destroyed several worlds, before He produced the present world. When this last work was near its completion, all things in this world, all creatures of the universe—at whatever period they were to make their appearance—were present before the Lord in their peculiar shape long before they actually entered the world" (Eccles. i. 9). As everything below corresponds to what is above, so does everything material to the spiritual. The initiated can recognize in everything a symbol, and through it look at the reality. Here we have the rational foundation for cabbalistic astrology, &c. Thus, there is a heavenly alphabet, composed of the stars, which the initiated can read. "Above in the skies are signs which conceal the greatest mysteries. The constellations and stars which are studied by the sages are these signs." "If any have to proceed early on a journey, let him rise by break of day and attentively look eastwards. He will perceive like letters graven on the sky and placed above each other. These shining forms are the letters with which the Lord created heaven and earth; they also constitute His holy and mysterious name." We have here a significant coincidence between the views of the Kabbalists and the avowed practices of the Essenes, who rose with break of day to pray towards the east. As the alphabet and numerals, so the lineaments of the face are also symbolical. They indicate the features of the soul; thus, a broad and arched forehead is a sign of great intelligence; a broad but flat forehead, of obtuseness, &c. All faces are reduced to four types, corresponding to the four appearances round Ezekiel's chariot—the face of a man, of a lion, of an ox, and of an eagle.

Hitherto we have only spoken of *one* world of Sefiroth, viz., that which in its totality constitutes "*the heavenly man*," and is also called the "*Olam Azilath*," or world of emanation. There are three other worlds, each having its ten Sefiroth, and each emanating from its predecessor. From the first world flows the second, or "*Olam Beriah*," the world of creation or of *pure spirits*. From it emanates the third, or "*Olam Jezirah*," the world of formation or of angels. Finally, we have the fourth, or "*Olam Assijah*," the world of action. These four worlds again correspond to the four appearances in the vision of Ezekiel, that of the man, of the chariot, of the angels, and of the clouds. Angels occupy a place lower than men, in the third world which is the sphere filled by the planets and other heavenly bodies.

They bear various names corresponding to the virtues which they impersonate; as *Tahariel*, the angel of purity; *Rachmiel*, that of mercy; *Zadkiel*, that of justice, &c. They are arranged into ten classes, and are subject to the Metatron (i.e., he who is under the throne). Various duties are entrusted to them, such as watching over the movements of the earth, of the moon, &c., the superintendence of the seasons, the growth of plants, &c. Finally, all mere matter, especially its personification, Samael (the angel of poison) and his devils, occupy the fourth or most distant world. The devils, or "husks," are also arranged into ten classes, each deepening in sin and misery. The first two classes represent only chaos and disorganization; the third is the seat of darkness; then follows hell with its seven halls, exhibiting all vices personified. Samael is also the angel of death, the evil inclination; Satan, the accuser, and the serpent which seduced our first parents. His wife is termed "the harlot;" both are also represented as "the beast."

It only remains to give a brief sketch of the psychology of the Kabbalah. Man, created after the image of the "Adam Kadmon," derives his chief dignity from the spiritual part within him. But even his body bears a close analogy to heavenly things. "The skin represents the firmament . . . the flesh, the inferior part of creation; the bones and blood-vessels are a symbol of the heavenly chariot, of those powers within, the messengers of God. . . . As in the firmament we see various signs formed by the stars and planets, which conceal mysterious signs and deep secrets, so the skin also . . . contains signs and lineaments, which are the stars and planets of our bodies. All these signs have a hidden meaning, and attract the attention of the sages who know how to read the face of man." By his look man has power over wild beasts, a kind of mesmerism (?), and to this Daniel owed his safety in the lion's den. But sin deprives us of this power. The spiritual part of man consists of three faculties, derived respectively from the three triads before mentioned. These faculties are the *intellect*, the *soul*, or seat of good and evil, and the *spirit*, or the link of communication between the immaterial and the material. Both the soul and even the type of the body are pre-existent, and descend under fixed laws. When the soul is about to leave its heavenly abode (before birth), it appears before the Holy King arrayed in a glorious shape and with those lineaments which it is to bear on earth." Properly souls are unwilling to leave heaven for earth, but this is necessary for the realization of the purpose which they are to serve, and for the elevation of matter. Death is the happy release of souls. It has already been stated that souls are either male or female—one complete soul including both sexes,

which, if the parties prove themselves worthy, will be reunited by marriage on earth. "All souls and spirits consist before they enter this world of a man and a woman, which are joined into one being. When they descend upon earth, they divide into halves and animate different bodies. When a marriage is entered upon, the Holy and Blessed One, who knows all souls and spirits, joins them as they had previously been, and they constitute again only one body and one soul. But this connexion depends on the conduct of men." As for the doctrine of reminiscence, we are told that "everything which men learn on earth they knew before they entered this world." To enable us to acquire either merit or guilt God has put within us a good and an evil inclination. But those who sin on earth had already commenced their apostacy in heaven. "All those who are not guiltless on earth had in heaven already alienated themselves from the Holy and Blessed One." To expiate guilt and to prepare for a final return to God, the souls have to migrate. "All souls are subject to migration, and men do not know the ways of the Holy and Blessed One; they do not know that they are called to account before they enter this world, and after they leave it; they do not know the many transmigrations and secret trials which they have to undergo, nor the number of souls and spirits which enter this world but do not return into the palace of the Heavenly King. Men do not know that the souls revolve like a stone thrown out of a sling." It is certainly remarkable that Origen should have adopted a somewhat similar view.

The initiated enjoy on earth a peculiar communion with God. "The Sohar" here distinguishes between *fear* and *love*; the former leading to the latter or highest spiritual exercise. There is also a two-fold communication on the part of God—an *external* and an *internal*, the latter being the highest. Full vision of God is the enjoyment of beatified souls. "Come and see how the souls who have reached the place which is called the *treasure of life* enjoy the resplendent bright mirror which derives its light from the highest place. If the souls were not clad in a luminous garb, they could not bear that brightness. For as the soul is clad in a terrestrial garb, in order to live below, so there is a spiritual garb, in order to be able, without danger, to look into that mirror." "In one of the most secret and glorious parts of heaven is a palace, called the *palace of love*, where the deepest mysteries are enacted. There all souls are, whom the Heavenly King loves; there dwelleth the Heavenly King, the Holy and Blessed One, together with the souls of saints, and unites Himself with them by kisses of His love (or, of His grace.") The death of saints is hence designated as "a kiss from God." "This kiss is the union of the soul with the sub-

stance from whence it had proceeded." Ultimately all souls will merge into God, and the Creator and the creature will no longer be distinguished.

On the great problem of the introduction of sin into the world, the Kabbalah is not explicit. It ascribes the fall to Adam's disobedience, and mentions general misery and sinfulness as its consequences. Later Kabbalists have described Adam as the representative of his race, and stated that all his progeny fell with him and shared in his guilt. By virtuous conduct a portion of the heavenly light is however obtained, even in this world, while "the death of the sinless man is a real sacrifice, which may serve as an expiation; hence, the saints may be viewed as the sacrifice and expiation of the world." Indeed, the saints exercise a kind of influence with God, which causes a greater proportion of the Divine to pour itself forth through the Sefiroth into the world. We have already referred to the difference between the death of saints and that of sinners. Just as when the oil is fine the flame readily leaves the wick, so with saints, or those who, while on earth, had not given place to materialism; their intellects rise to God, their souls to Eden, and their spirits rest on earth. Not so the wicked or the material. Their intellects meet with obstacles preventing their return to God, and until that is accomplished, neither are the gates of Eden thrown open to their souls, nor do their spirits find rest on earth.

Such, then, is a brief, and necessarily meagre outline of the Kabbalah. If the reader asks how these views were connected with Scripture, we answer, that this was attempted by a system of spiritualizing, or by substituting a hidden meaning for the plain words of the sacred text. On this point we have dwelt so fully in our article on Philo, that we shall not enlarge on it. Scripture is compared by the Kabbalists to a person dressed in fine raiment, and its interpreters are classified into those who merely attend to the *dress*—the historical facts of the Bible; those who, more enlightened, attend to the *body*—the morale of these facts,—and the initiated, who chiefly regard the *soul*, the hidden meaning of the Scriptures. The latter is elicited from the text by one of three methods, by *gematria* or the resolving of the words into their numerical value (the Hebrew letters being also numerals); by *notaricon*, or making every letter in a word the initial of a separate word, and by the *interchange* of letters, the first letter of the alphabet being exchanged for the last, the second for the penult, &c.

But we have fully exhausted, at least, our space, if not our readers' patience. We may not even attempt to distinguish in the Kabbalah between the remainders of the spiritual tradi-

tions once received amongst the Jews, and the Persian elements, which have in course of time corrupted them. The reader will probably be able to separate those two elements without our assistance. We regret that we may not indicate the traces of the Kabbalah in the writings of Philo, and in the teaching of some of the Gnostics. But we cannot lay down our pen without paying the well merited tribute of our praise to the learned work of the Rev. John Oxlee, to which we have referred at the head of this article. His research and labours were those of a studious life. They were not acknowledged. His first volume appeared in 1815, the second in 1820, and the third only in 1850, as the learned author could not venture on the expense of printing "until his finances should be such as not to occasion thereby any serious detriment to his family." This want of encouragement is really a disgrace to our country. We do not indeed agree in the conclusions of the learned author. He avows himself to "abhor the idea of a personal God, no matter whether represented as a Jupiter, sitting on the top of Mount Olympus, or as a Jehovah, sitting on the top of Mount Sinai"—he believes and maintains "that whatever actually exists is either God Himself or His" (vol. III., p. 342)—in short, he has adopted the views of the Kabbalah. On other grounds, also, we differ from him. His arrangement is somewhat confused, and his quotations lack sufficient historical discrimination between the older and the later Kabbalists. In short, it is a work more learned than practically useful. But specially do we recoil from his conclusions. From such studies we rise with a conviction that there remained indeed in the Synagogue a spiritual leaven, but from its perversions by Persian admixtures, and the aberrations of a false spiritualism, we turn with humble gratitude to the "sincere milk of the word," and remember the warning, "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. *For IN HIM dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.*"

- ART. V.—*The Dublin Review*. January, 1856. Article—"The Austrian Concordat."
 2. *The Rambler*. January, 1856. Article—"Protestantism in the Presence of the Church. The Austrian Concordat."
 3. *Four Lectures on the Austrian Concordat*. By Cardinal Wiseman. London. 1856.

THAT the last few years have witnessed a great revival of energy among the adherents of the papacy, and that considerable success has attended the efforts of the priesthood to bring about a revival of Romanism throughout Europe, are facts which we are neither disposed to deny nor to conceal. At the same time there is reason to believe that this revival has been somewhat exaggerated, and that after all, the progress of popery of late years, both at home and on the Continent, is more apparent than real, and will ultimately prove to be ephemeral rather than abiding.

The activity of the Romish hierarchy for several years past has been, indeed, prodigious. Roused to a vivid sense of their danger during the first French Revolution, they have shown a zeal worthy of a better cause; and laboured with untiring assiduity for the restoration of their former fortunes. The result has, to a certain extent, corresponded with their exertions. The priests have regained their power and credit in most parts of Europe, and the Church of Rome, at the present moment, is undoubtedly in a state of comparative prosperity.

The neighbouring kingdom of France furnishes a fair illustration of the tactics of the Romish hierarchy all over the Continent. In one sense France may be regarded as the arena in miniature of the great conflict commenced in the sixteenth century between the rival powers of authority and free thought. There did Pope Leo and the monk Luther engage in a deadly conflict that marshalled on one side and on the other all the forces of the kingdom—sacerdotal, military, and civil—which, after repeated collisions, threw the whole land into confusion, and which, after a struggle of three centuries, is by no means ended yet.

We need scarcely remind the reader that, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, the interests of the Romish Church in France were at their lowest ebb. Under the repeated blows of a philosophic infidelity, religion seemed dead—utterly perished beyond all hope of revival. The only faith in the country was faith in Voltaire; the only belief, a disbelief in everything. Religion was not only disowned—it was scorned and ridiculed.

This depressed state of Romanism continued for about half a century, but with the empire, religion, too, was restored; still it was an official and political religion, rather than the religion of the heart. Another reverse yet awaited it. After the dethronement of Charles X. in 1830, the priests were universally attacked and detested. Their haughty pretensions and absurd exactions had aroused the indignation of all classes; and for some years they dared not even show themselves in the streets in their clerical robes.

It was about the year 1833 that the popish ecclesiastics of France began to take courage. Gradually they succeeded in reintroducing their public processions, which had been suppressed in all the cities in 1830. The Jesuits issued once more from their retreats, and exerted all their skill and resources in restoring the ancient *régime*. They instructed the popish bishops how to regulate their conduct. The inferior orders of clergy, too, began to make proselytes among the lower classes; and organized congregations of the "Holy Virgin," and of the "Sacred Heart." Monastic institutions were multiplied; and, above all, great efforts were made to monopolize education as the surest road to the extension of the Romish faith.

Such was the state of things when Louis Philippe fled from his capital in 1848. A sensible reaction had taken place in the public mind in favour of the Romish clergy. Men thought, in their simplicity, that the priests had abandoned their ancient intolerant and despotic maxims, and the recent accession of a liberal pope had powerfully contributed to the delusion.

The popular revolution of 1848, that threatened to ruin the papal church, only served to increase her credit. France had no sooner become republican, than the bishops published pastoral letters demanding liberty, as in the United States. The priests, too, joined in the cry of "Liberty, Equality, and Unity," and pronounced solemn benedictions on the trees of liberty which were planted all over France. Rome there gave the lie to all her past history, and sought to persuade mankind that she was the friend of popular freedom. No sooner, however, was the ancient order of things restored, than her tactics changed. The priests now represented themselves as the defenders of order; perceiving that the more respectable classes were alarmed by the excesses of the demagogues, they gave out that the church was the only ark of safety, and that out of its pale there was no security for society. Thus men were led to look upon the priesthood as a necessary element of society, and rallied by degrees around the banners of Rome.

From that period to the present, the priests, emboldened by

moment, to send into the field a large army of submissive neophytes. In view of this progress, the bishops and Jesuitical journals utter exclamations of joy and triumph. . . . Never has the language of the popish clergy been more haughty; never have their pretensions been more fearlessly put forth."—*Evangelical Christendom*. January, 1856.

This sketch of the present tactics of the popish party in France applies, with scarcely an exception, to most of the other countries of Europe now under papal domination. The failure of attempts at revolution on the Continent, which at one time threatened the destruction of all despotism, civil and religious, has emboldened the Romish hierarchy to make extraordinary efforts to regain their former ascendancy. The Jesuits are especially forward in the work; sparing no pains, no expense, to accomplish their object. The pope honours them. The bishops eagerly covet their assistance. They occupy the best pulpits, and figure in public on the most important occasions. Their chief ambition is to become confessors to kings and statesmen, that they may thus influence the destinies of nations. Next to this they seek the control of education, with a view to bend the youthful mind to the purposes of Rome. Under their influence religious freedom is everywhere either suppressed or curtailed; and the circulation of religious books, and especially the Scriptures, prohibited to the utmost of their ability.

Rome cannot boast of the same triumphs in Great Britain as we have just described on the Continent. Still, it must be confessed, the aspect of affairs here is far from being discouraging to the papal court. Popery has certainly made considerable progress in this island within the last quarter of a century, but it has arisen in great part from a transfer of papists from Ireland, rather than actual conversions of Protestants. The number of actual converts to Rome is probably inconsiderable, and chiefly confined to the higher classes. But it cannot be denied that the influx of so many Romanists into England, is exercising a damaging influence. The numerous chapels erected for their use, the schools connected with them, and the multiplication of monastic institutions show the presence of an enemy, entrenching himself in his strongholds among us, propagating doctrines and encouraging practices which tend to the subversion of Christian truth and even of morals.

The chief danger to British Protestantism, however, arises from another source—the rapid progress of Tractarianism. The followers of Dr. Pusey have inflicted more damage on the Protestant cause within these realms, than all the Romish vicars, —apostolic, and their army of priests. It was this disastrous heresy that led to the famous bull of Pope Pius in 1850, by

which he pretended to establish a Romish hierarchy in England, and abolish all the Protestant establishment. Henceforth, none can doubt that greatly revived activity will characterize English Romanism. The newly appointed bishops will fan the zeal of their followers, and plan and superintend new modes of aggression. In the midst of this general success of the cause of Romanism at home and abroad—whilst popish bishops and Jesuit journals are uttering their songs of victory, and representing Protestantism as dead—a fresh triumph has been achieved by the papacy, the vast empire of Austria has been delivered over to the tender mercies of the Romish hierarchy, by that disgraceful piece of clerical diplomacy, the AUSTRIAN CONCORDAT!

In order to estimate aright the meaning of this important document, it is desirable just to glance at the previous history of the kingdom of Austria. Joseph II., a predecessor of the present emperor, had been educated in conformity with the liberal views of his times. It was his desire to promote the real welfare of his subjects. He steadfastly opposed the progress of ecclesiastical despotism and absurd superstitions; and exerted himself for the promotion of intellectual education and commercial enterprise. With these views, he promulgated the edict of toleration, abolished a vast number of convents, canonries, &c., reduced the number of festivals and saints' days, introduced the *placetum regium*, prohibited all direct intercourse between the clergy and the pope, appointed the bishops himself, delivered the lower clergy from the absolute sway of the bishops, and limited the influence of the priests over the schools of the kingdom.

Such still remained the posture of affairs in Austria when Francis Joseph, the present emperor, ascended the throne. It was well known, that he had been educated by a Jesuit, and great fears were entertained respecting the course of policy which would mark his reign. All these apprehensions, however, fell short of the actual reality. One of his first acts was to abolish the *placetum regium*, and to allow free intercourse between the clergy and their spiritual head at Rome. This, however, did not satisfy him. He wanted to destroy, so far as possible, all the work by which Joseph II. had acquired imperishable renown, and to subject his kingdom to the rule of pontifical Rome.

The Concordat between Austria and Rome, signed for the pope by Cardinal Michael Viale Prelà, and for the emperor by the archbishop of Vienna, contains thirty-six articles. We were desirous of transferring the entire document to the pages of the *Eclectic*, but its length renders this impracticable. The

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following summary of its contents, however, will answer every purpose:—

Article 1. Declares the Roman Catholic religion in Austria inviolable, and guarantees all the rights and privileges belonging to it. Art. 2. Abolishes the *placitum regium*. Art. 3. Enacts that the bishops shall have authority to publish all orders to the clergy and the people, with reference to ecclesiastical matters. Art. 4. Authorizes the bishops to appoint councillors, for the purpose of making whatever arrangements they think desirable in their dioceses; also to assemble synods, and to publish their proceedings. Art. 5. Places all the schools of the Catholic youth under authority of the bishops, who shall watch that nothing contrary to the Romish religion be instilled into their minds. Art. 7. Provides that none but Catholic masters shall be appointed to the colleges or schools. Art. 8. Places all the schoolmasters under ecclesiastical supervision. Art. 9. According to this article, the bishops shall exercise the right of censorship over all literary publications, and may forbid the reading of them by believers, and the government will take the necessary steps to prevent their circulation. Art. 10. Devolves all matrimonial causes upon an ecclesiastical court. Art. 11. Provides that the bishops shall have power to inflict penalties according to the canonical laws, and their own judgment, upon the clergy that behave disorderly. Art. 12. Ordains that matters respecting the rights of patronage shall be judged by ecclesiastical courts. Art. 13. Concedes, in consideration of the present times, that the civil causes of clergymen shall be judged by civil tribunals. Art. 14. Concedes that criminal causes of clergymen shall also be judged by the same tribunals, provided that the competent bishop be apprized of it, and the criminal priest be kept in a separate prison, according to his high vocation. Art. 15. Guarantees the immunities of churches, so far as is consistent with public security. Art. 16. Provides that nothing whatever, which may be considered an aggression on the Catholic creed, liturgy, or rites, shall be tolerated. Art. 17. Surrenders the clerical seminaries entirely to the bishops; no right being reserved to the government. Art. 18—26. Treat simply of the domestic affairs of the priesthood. As regards nominations, the existing rights and privileges of the government and of patrons are maintained. Art. 27. Constitutes the canonical laws the rule according to which the property of the church is to be administered. Art. 28. Subjects monks and nuns to the general of their respective orders at Rome; and provides that bishops may introduce new orders (of monks and nuns) into their dioceses, if they have previously given notice of their intention to the government. Art. 29. Enacts that the property of the church

shall be inviolable, and that she may lawfully acquire new possessions. Art. 30. Secures the administration of all such property to those who are canonically invested with it. But, since the emperor is charged with the support of the church, no part of her property shall be sold or incumbered, without his consent. Art. 31. Provides that the funds termed "funds of religion and of instruction,"—derived from abolished convents, and prebends—shall be administered in the name of the church. Art. 32. Enacts that the rents of vacant benefices shall go to the religious fund, and also in Hungary, where the emperor has hitherto enjoyed the use of them. Art. 33. Enacts, that tithes in possession of the church, where they are not yet abolished, shall be conserved, and funds of an equivalent rent shall be established for such as are abolished. Art. 34. Enacts that whatever is not mentioned in these articles shall be dealt with according to the laws of the church. Art. 35. Abolishes everything in the existing laws and customs which is contrary to these articles. Art. 36, merely fixes the terms for the ratification.

Such is the famous *Concordat* which has just been concluded between the Holy See and the Cabinet of Vienna! Hildebrand or Innocent could scarcely have demanded more, in the plenitude of their power, than is now granted to Pius IX. by the sovereign who helps to support him in his chair! All the barriers which had for three hundred years withstood the encroachments of the hierarchy are at once removed. The emperor has left himself no check upon the priesthood in any one department in which it comes in contact with society, civil rights, finance, literature, social ties, and political relations! The church may accumulate territorial possessions at her pleasure; mixed marriages will be increasingly employed as a means of proselytism; the schools of Protestants will be entirely at the mercy of Rome; and all religious discussion abolished. It is worthy of notice, too, that even the Romish clergy and monastic orders are delivered over into the hands of their superiors.

It will be observed that the Concordat makes no mention of Protestants; and Article 34 is considered to be dangerous to their security. The imperial patent, too, which commands that the laws of the empire shall be brought into harmony with the Concordat, passes over in silence the rights of Protestants. This, too, is considered an ominous circumstance.

The most important principle involved in the Concordat is, undoubtedly, the recognition on the part of one of the great powers of Europe of the *absolute spiritual supremacy of Rome*.

Time was, when the Bishop of Rome occupied the same position in the church as the other bishops. All possessed equal

power, and were independent of each other; but this equality was soon destroyed. The bishops of the metropolitan cities, Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, were usually called on to preside in the provincial synods. Hence sprang up the first germ of Romish usurpation.

A variety of favourable circumstances conspired, from time to time, to increase the power and influence of the Roman See; but more especially the transference of the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople. This appears plainly referred to in Holy Writ as the era of the manifestation of anti-Christian domination. "He who letteth will let, till he be taken out of the way, and then shall that wicked one be revealed." In the language of De Maistre: "A secret hand chased the emperors from the eternal city, to give it to the head of the eternal church." The absence of the emperor naturally enabled the successors of St. Peter, as they now styled themselves, to consolidate their power without fear of interference. One council after another now proclaimed the Bishop of Rome to be the "Vicar of Christ," "Vicar of God," and so forth; and, finally the Emperor Phocas issued an edict, constituting Boniface II *Universal Bishop!* (A.D. 606.)

The spiritual supremacy of Rome thus early obtained a *legal* existence; but ages passed away before the power involved in the title, "Head of the Church," was fully realized by the popes. Amongst various expedients employed by the Roman Pontiffs to accomplish the objects of their ambition, was that of *forged documents*. In the ninth century, a book called "Decretals" was published. This work professedly consisted of letters, decrees, and canons of the various bishops of Rome, from the first down to the eighth century, in which the claims and prerogatives of the popes were represented as having ever been what they then were. For a period of six hundred years this book passed current in the world. Its authenticity was unquestioned. As the darkness of the Middle Ages passed away, however, the imposture was quickly detected. The author of this barefaced forgery had ignorantly attributed the decrees to men who had died long before the period at which they were dated. Fragments of different writers were joined together and ascribed to some other individual; whilst official documents were dated in the years of magistrates who were not in power at the time. Even candid Romanists, as Fleury, have acknowledged the forgery; but the discovery came too late. The "Decretals" of Isidore had accomplished their purpose. The book now remains the most remarkable monument of the imposture and credulity which the world has ever witnessed.

Encouraged by the extraordinary success of this

the popes advanced yet further in their career of usurpation. In the eleventh century they presided in the councils by their vicars or legates, assumed the power of deciding all religious controversies, and maintained the prerogatives of the church against the power of kings and princes. Not only did they assume supreme legislation in the church, unlimited jurisdiction over synods and councils, the sole distribution of all ecclesiastical offices and benefices, but even went so far as to proclaim themselves "masters of the world," and "lords of the universe!"

It was in the person of the notorious Hildebrand that these lofty pretensions of Rome were first realized. He ascended the papal throne under the name of Gregory VII., in the year 1073, and from that time, the one great object of his life was to emancipate the popedom from the authority of the empire, and to set up a visible theocracy, with the vicar of Christ at its head. "He was a man," says Mosheim, "of uncommon genius; whose ambition, in forming the most arduous projects, was equalled by his dexterity in bringing them into execution. Sagacious, crafty, and intrepid, nothing could escape his penetration, defeat his stratagems, or daunt his courage. Haughty and arrogant beyond all measure, obstinate, impetuous and intractable, he looked up to the summit of universal empire with a wishful eye, and laboured up the steep ascent, with uninterrupted ardour, and invincible perseverance. Not content to enlarge the jurisdiction, and augment the opulence of the see of Rome, he laboured indefatigably to render the universal church subject to the despotic government and the arbitrary power of the pontiff alone—to dissolve the jurisdiction which kings and emperors had hitherto exercised over the various orders of the clergy, and to exclude them from all part in the management or distribution of the revenues of the church. Nay, this outrageous pontiff went still further, and impiously attempted to submit to his rule the emperors, kings, and princes of the earth, and to render their dominions tributary to the see of Rome!"

The chief instrument by which Gregory, and his successors in the papacy, accomplished this vast design of universal dominion, was that of *excommunication*. An excommunicated person in those days was shunned by mankind like one infected with the leprosy—their very families, friends, and servants fled from them with horror—a regular burial was denied them—frequently a bier was placed before their door, and stones thrown in at their windows. Still excommunication was not always effectual; and, therefore, the church had recourse, in this age, to a more comprehensive punishment. For the offence of a noble-

man, they put a county, for that of a prince, his kingdom, under an *interdict*—or suspension of religious offices. “No stroke of their tyranny,” says Hallam, “was perhaps so outrageous as this. During an interdict the churches were closed; the bells silent; the dead unburied; no rite but that of baptism and extreme unction performed! Interdicts were rare before the time of Gregory VII; they were afterwards issued not unfrequently against kingdoms; and, in particular districts, they continually occurred. This was the mainspring of the machinery which the clergy set in motion; the lever by which they moved the world! From the moment that these interdicts and excommunications had been tried, *the powers of the earth might be said to have existed only by sufferance!*”

When Innocent III. ascended the pontifical throne, the principles of Gregory VII. had been established for more than a century. Circumstances proving favourable to his designs, this pontiff resolved to push the papal prerogatives to a greater length than ever. In a bull, published A. D. 1197, Innocent declared that it was not fit that any man should be invested with authority who did not serve and obey the Holy See. On another occasion he proclaimed, that he would not endure the slightest contempt of himself or of God, whose place he held on earth, but would instantly punish any disobedience, and convince the world that he was determined to act like a sovereign. “As the sun and the moon,” said he, “are placed in the firmament, the greater as the light of the day, the lesser of the night, so are there two powers in the church, the pontifical, which, as having the charge of souls, is the greater; and the kingly, to which only the bodies of men are entrusted!”

Boniface VIII., who assumed the triple crown at the commencement of the fourteenth century, exceeded in his pride and arrogance even Hildebrand and Innocent! On the occasion of bestowing the crown of Hungary on the grandson of its rightful monarch, he addressed his legate in the following language: “The Roman Pontiff, established by God over kings and their kingdoms, sovereign chief of the hierarchy in the church militant, and holding the first rank above all mortals, sitteth in tranquility on the throne of judgment, and scattereth away all evil with his eyes.” (Prov. xx., 8.) A quarrel having arisen between him and Philip the Fair, King of France, Boniface summoned all the higher orders of the clergy of that kingdom to meet him at Rome on an appointed day; and promulgated at the council then held the celebrated bull, *Unam Sanctam*. The propositions advanced in this monstrous document are,—First, “The Unity of the Holy Catholic Church, without which there is no salvation, wherein is ‘one Lord, one faith, one

baptism.' It hence follows, that of this one and only church, there is *one* body and *one* head,—not *two* heads, which would be monstrous,—viz., Christ, and Christ's vicar, St. Peter, and the successors of St. Peter." The second position is, that in the power of this chief are two swords—the one *spiritual*, the other *material*; but that the former of these is to be used *by* the church, the second *for* the church; the former is in the hand of the priest, the latter in the hand of kings and soldiers, but at the nod and sufferance of the priest. It is next asserted, that one of these swords must be subject to the other sword; otherwise we must suppose two opposite principles, which would be Manichæan and heretical. Thence it is an easy inference that the spiritual is that which has rule over the other; while itself is liable to no other judgment or authority than that of God. The general conclusion is contained in the following sentence:—"Wherefore, we declare, define, and pronounce that it is *absolutely essential to the salvation of every human being, that he be subject to the Roman pontiff.*"

Such are the doctrines, and such the practices involved in the supremacy of the Roman pontiff, as exhibited in the bulls, and illustrated by the conduct of the popes during the noontide of their power. Nor let it be supposed that these maxims and practices of Rome passed away with the darkness of the Middle Ages. The Ultramontane theory has, perhaps, slightly altered in form, but in substance it is precisely the same *now* as it was when Innocent launched his thunderbolt at the head of King John. The ablest writers of the Romish Church have given us the most unequivocal proofs of this fact. Bellarmine secured for the papacy, by the theory of *indirect* temporal power, all that Hildebrand, Innocent, and Gregory claimed as the direct prerogative of the Holy See. "That which was asserted in England in the heat of the struggle (he refers to the Reformation) was repeated by Bellarmine in the solitude of his study, in elaborate works—a well-digested system. He laid it down as a fundamental maxim, that the pope was placed immediately by God over the whole church, as its guardian and chief. Hence the fulness of spiritual power belongs to him; hence he is endowed with infallibility—he judges all, and may be judged by none; and hence a great share of temporal authority accrues to him." Bellarmine does not go so far as to ascribe to the pope a temporal power derived directly from divine right; although Sixtus V. cherished this opinion, and was consequently displeased that it was abandoned; but so much the more unhesitatingly did Bellarmine attribute to him an indirect right."—*Ranke's History of the Popes.*

Similar views are advocated by De Maistre, the most strenuous

defender of the papacy of modern times, in a work of which a translation was published, a few years ago, in this country. This writer justifies the political conduct of the popes, almost without exception, from Gregory VII. to Pius V., and maintains substantially the theory of the pope's universal sovereignty, as an indirect consequence of his spiritual supremacy.

The canon law—which by the terms of the *Austrian Concordat* is to be established in that kingdom—affords unquestionable evidence, that the claims of the Papacy are what they ever have been. According to the Leipsic edition of this canon law, published with the approbation of the Roman Catholic consistory of Saxony (A.D. 1839), it is expressly stated, that *the popes have the right to depose sovereigns, to dispose of their kingdoms, and to absolve their subjects from their allegiance. Also, that all oaths to the prejudice of the church are null and void, and that Romish ecclesiastics may resist their sovereigns for the good of their church, and even for their own advantage!* In the note at the foot of the page may be seen the actual expressions used, translated from the Latin.*

Yet further, if a church is ever insincere, it cannot, we suppose, be in her *prayers*; she must be in earnest *there*. The Church of Rome can hardly play the hypocrite in her spiritual communion with the Almighty. Let us turn then to her public liturgy—her *breviary*. In the lesson appointed to be read every 25th of May, Gregory VII., the notorious Hildebrand, is described as having been “a fearless wrestler against the imperial power,” who had “deprived the Emperor Henry of the communion of the faithful, deprived him also of his crown, and released his subjects from their allegiance!” Then on the same day the following prayer is offered up: “O God, who didst endue the blessed Hildebrand with the virtue of constancy, for the maintenance of the freedom of the church, grant unto us boldly to overcome all opposition *by his example* and intercession!” Such are the doctrines which the Church of Rome now preaches on her religious festivals, and is it too much to say,

* “The apostolic authority altogether cancels unlawful oaths.”—*Isai.* lviii. 6.

“The Roman pontiff absolves from the oath of allegiance when he deposes any from their dignity.”—*Decret.* ii. para. cxv. qu. vi. p. 647.

“The pontifical authority absolves from the oath of allegiance.” “The Roman pontiff, Zachariah, *deposed* the king of the Franks—not so much for his misdeeds, as because he was not serviceable to his own power; and raised to the throne, in his place, Pepin, the father of Charlemagne; and absolved all the Franks from the oath of allegiance they had taken to him.”—P. 648. “The kingly power is subject to the pontifical, and is bound to obey it.”—*Decr. Greg.* ix. lib. i. tit. 33, cap. 6.

that by eulogizing the acts of Hildebrand in her public liturgy, she shows her desire that they may be *repeated*?

Finally, we refer to the ceremony of inaugurating a pope, in proof of the same fact. In the form still used by the Cardinal deacon, when he places the triple crown on the head of the pope, expressions are used which prove incontrovertibly, that the Roman pontiff claims universal supremacy, as well temporal as spiritual: "Know that thou art the father of princes and of kings, and rulers of the world!" These are the terms in which the present Pope Pius was addressed, in the presence of thousands, on 21st June, 1846.

We have been thus careful to exhibit the nature of the supremacy formerly exercised by Rome papal, and to prove that its claims are still unchanged, in order that the reader may clearly understand what that terrible sacerdotal despotism is, to which Francis Joseph has made himself an unconscious victim. The Roman Catholic *Rambler* for January, 1856, describes the Austrian Concordat, with Rome, as "nothing else than a decree for perfect *liberty of conscience* for all Catholics in the Austrian dominions!" whereas the real purport of this infamous document is, to put both swords into the hands of Pius IX., as truly as ever Gregory or Innocent held them! Such Jesuitical arts are, however, too common with that party. We have not forgotten how hypocritically Dr. Wiseman spoke of the *Ecclesiastical Titles Bill*, as an attempt to hinder him from ministering to the poor outcasts of the alleys and courts of Westminster, when, all the while, the organ of the dominant church party in France thus described the results of the pope's bull—"The act of supremacy just issued by the pope *denies the existence in England of any other spiritual authority but his own.*" "*The sees of Canterbury, of York, of London have ceased to exist,*" &c. !—*Univers.*

In his "Four Lectures on the Austrian Concordat," just published, Cardinal Wiseman has represented that document as a mere *domestic* matter between Rome and Austria, with which it is no concern of ours to meddle. This is merely an attempt to throw dust in our eyes. He knows himself, full well, its vast significance; and that man has read history to little purpose who can calmly view such a contract as this entered into between one of the great powers of Europe, and the successor of Hildebrand and Innocent. We are no alarmists, but we must honestly say that, with this document before us, we shall not be surprised at anything that takes place during the next few years in the Austrian dominions. With this fresh page of pontifical arrogance and imperial subservience before our eyes, we are prepared for any stretch of priestly authority—any outburst of

religious intolerance in that vast kingdom. The weaker Austria becomes,—and her downward progress cannot but be accelerated by the treachery of her monarch,—the more deeply will Rome fix her talons in her bleeding victim. Besides there is little doubt that the papacy will strive to use Austria, now she is fairly in her power, as an instrument of bringing other states into her meshes. And thus, at length will Rome—if circumstances favour the attempt—successively strike a deadly blow at the freedom of every European kingdom, until she has enclosed the whole Continent in the chains of her thralldom.

In Cardinal Wiseman's lectures, already referred to, that prelate attempts to justify the gross ecclesiastical usurpations embodied in that piece of clerical diplomacy—the Austrian Concordat. He lays down the principle, that our Lord organized his church without the slightest reference to any contact with a civil system, except as an adverse power. The whole system, he says, was framed, its hierarchy formed, its laws promulgated, its worship uniformly organized, so that the whole world, as far as it was Christian, was in complete *unity*. The result of which was, that the church had rights, for there must of necessity be within her power to govern and to legislate; and there must be a disposition on the part of the people to obey, and to practise what was commanded.

The Cardinal proceeds to illustrate these positions by a reference to that much abused passage, "Go tell the church," which proves, he says, that the church was a body that could receive and act upon any accusations made against its members. And also, to the command of St. Paul, "Against a priest receive not an accusation, except under two or three witnesses" (*Douay Version*), where nothing, he remarks, is said about *secular* administration. He then claims from Scripture the right to inflict *excommunication* upon transgressors; to appoint pastors and bishops independently of the civil power; and, lastly, the power to communicate with the centre of unity—the pope, as essential to the very idea of unity itself.

Now we are free to confess, that if the Church of *Rome* were identical with the Church of *Christ*, the reasoning of Cardinal Wiseman would be perfectly logical and conclusive. Unfortunately, however, these two bodies are wide as the poles asunder, as may readily be proved. Hence the whole argument falls to the ground.

At the very outset, as we would remind Cardinal Wiseman, the idea of a *Christian* Church and that of the Church of *Rome* clash together. The primitive church was never arranged as a single united fabric, under a scale of human officers, every one dependent on his superiors, and all on a single supreme ruler on

earth. The Scriptures never teach us to regard the universal church, or body of believers existing at any one time on earth, as one society under one government. When speaking of the Church of Christ as externally manifested, they mention "the Churches of Galatia;" "the Churches of Macedonia;" "the Churches of Judea," &c. These different communities of Christians may undoubtedly, to a certain extent, cultivate external union; but if this be wanting, they lose none of the essential qualities of the Church of Christ. "Nor does the thought of having one earthly centre of unity, or supreme governor, ever enter into the descriptions of Christian unity given us in the New Testament. The sacred writers tell us, indeed, that all Christians have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." But they never add, "one pope, one council, one form of government." As a bond of union between the members of particular churches (in congregations), Christ *did* ordain that they should meet together, to eat of one bread and drink of one cup; but He *did not* institute any assembly of the representatives of all churches, or any rite which would require all churches to confederate together."*

Many other wide points of diversity between the Primitive Church and the papacy will occur to the reader. In particular, it was a *voluntary* association, into which none were ever compelled to enter; and totally unlike civil governments, it inflicted no pains and penalties upon its refractory members, except those of a moral kind—"reproofs," "rebukes," and, finally, "excision," or separation from the society. Now when these points of contrast between the true Church of Christ, mentioned in the New Testament, and the Church of Rome, are considered, it must be obvious, that the principles laid down for the guidance of the *one*, are totally inapplicable to the case of the *other*.

For an aggrieved member of a church, for instance, to bring his case before the congregation, or assembly (*ἐκκλήσια*), is *one* thing—for all Christendom to submit their faith and practice to the decision of a vast worldly hierarchy in council, is *another*. For *voluntary* associations of believers to have the right to manage their own concerns is *one* thing—for bishops, archbishops, and popes to claim the right to govern, and to legislate for, a church which they *compel*, as far as possible, all men to enter, and which, in many cases, is identical with whole *nations*, is altogether *another*. For a church, i.e., a congregation, to have authority to elect its own ministers, when those ministers were supported at the church's expense, is *one* thing—for the

* "Cautions for the Times," p. 16. London. 1854.

pope to appoint priests and to elect bishops, independently of the state, where the state provides the vast incomes by which they are supported, is quite *another*. To caution a Christian minister not to entertain an accusation against another minister or elder (πρεσβυτερος) except on good evidence, is *one* thing—to teach that Romish priests, when guilty of immorality, should not be amenable to the civil jurisdiction, is altogether *another*. Lastly, to authorize a voluntary association of believers to *put out of their society* any member who was disobedient or refractory, is *one* thing—for a pope, or archbishop, or bishop or priest of Rome to *excommunicate* an individual, knowing that such an act involved temporal pains and penalties, usually of the most serious nature, is altogether another. In fact, to take the New Testament in hand, and apply the principles there laid down for the guidance of the Primitive Church, as a standard by which that vast worldly organization, styled the Church of Rome, should be ruled, is just as though a legislator should adopt, as the ground-work of English law, the description given of Britain by Julius Cæsar. Assuredly this vast empire has not undergone a greater change in all its essential features since that period, than the professing church has since the writings of the New Testament were penned: except that in the former case the change has been wholly for the *better*—in the latter, alas! entirely for the *worse*!

The Roman Catholic *Rambler*, following in the wake of its great patron, Cardinal Wiseman, has made a virulent attack upon Protestantism, in its January number, under the lofty-sounding title of *Protestantism in the presence of the Church—The Austrian Concordat*. The following are the terms in which the Supremacy of Rome is brought out:—

“The Catholic Church maintains that Almighty God, in the carrying out of His economy for the salvation of souls, has erected on earth a spiritual corporation; of course visible, inasmuch as its members are men, and as its work is conducted through material agencies; but yet in essence a spiritual corporation, whose aims refer to eternity, and only to time as bearing upon and leading to eternity. This corporation, by its very nature, is *one*. Its office is to preach one gospel; to be the channel of one Holy Ghost; and the representative of one Saviour; to teach and enforce one rule of life to all mankind. Consequently, however manifold may be its actions, and however widely spread its ramifications, by the unchangeable law of its being, it must never cease to remain *one organized whole, ruled by one superior authority*, following one rule of discipline, *a subject to no co-ordinate or higher power of any temporal kind whatsoever*.”—P. 36.

Now it will be observed that nothing is here spoken of but the mere *spiritual* supremacy of the church. Not a breath is whis-

pered of the *temporal* sovereignty of Rome over the nations. Oh, no! This would shock the feelings of British Catholics too much. They have still too much of the Englishman about them to bear any such *Ultramontane* flights as this. The thin end of the wedge is, therefore, driven in first, and the rest will doubtless follow when the ground is better prepared.

And yet, after all, the one theory involves the other. The Ultramontane is in fact the only consistent doctrine. When the reasonings of the *Dublin Review* or the *Rambler* succeed in reconciling us to the Romish church, most assuredly we shall become *Ultramontanists*. The "spiritual authority" pleaded for by British Romanists, both directly and indirectly, as Rogers admirably says, "extends to so many points which the generality of other religions regard as purely secular, that it is hard to guess into what part of civil or political life it may not intrude. To attempt to separate between the temporal and spiritual in the church of Rome, is like attempting to cut off *Shylock's pound of flesh without spilling a drop of blood*. Where her theory is fully carried out, says the Protestant, and the privileges of her canon law are fully enjoyed by her members, she effectually relieves the civil power of many of its most essential functions. 'Beware how you legislate,' she exclaims, 'on the subject of marriage; that is a sacrament.' Wills and testamentary dispositions are scarcely less sacred; ecclesiastical courts can alone be competent to deal with matters which have so visible a relation to spiritual things. Neither is it becoming that laymen should presume to sit in judgment on an offending bishop or priest; or interfere with anything so sacred as the very crimes of the priestly order; all such points can be properly decided only by an ecclesiastical tribunal; all sacred persons must be exempted from civil jurisdiction. Similar observations apply to ecclesiastical property: Rome has often proposed that it should be untaxed by the state; and where she has had the power, has insisted upon it. As science, philosophy, and literature may be abused to the dissemination of heretical and infidel opinions, an *Index Expurgatorius* must by all means be compiled, that the faithful may know what alone they may safely read; the liberty of the press must be committed to orthodox censorship; such authors as Bacon and Milton must be proscribed. 'Induction,'—except to a benefice—may be, as Galileo found, of dangerous consequence; and 'Paradise Lost,' and 'Paradise Regained,' are both worthy of being sent to a literary 'purgatory.' The Bible is an admirable book, and contains, obscurely indeed, much admirable truth; but it is dangerous for a man to attempt to interpret it, except it be interpreted for him, by an infallible oracle, especially as there are most important truths in it, such

as 'the seven sacraments,' or 'the pope's supremacy,' which he will be apt to suppose are not there at all, till such oracle declares they are. As there are comparatively few, therefore, who can read it with profit, let it be regarded with silent veneration by the ignorant laity, or read only by special licence. Liberty may be an excellent thing, but religion is a better; and as liberty may be readily abused to the injury of religion, toleration of heterodox opinions and the exercise of private judgment are, of necessity, to be denounced and proscribed. Such seems to Protestants at present the *theory*, and such we affirm has certainly been the *practice* of the Church of Rome whenever she has had the power of fairly acting out her tendencies. . . . There is hardly anything in the whole scope of civil legislation which may not be gradually involved in this all-devouring flame."*

The *Rambler* piously laments the fallen state of man, and imputes to that cause the opposition so generally manifested to the doctrine of papal supremacy: "In the case of the rights of the secular authority of each nation, the spiritual supremacy of the pope is the one chief point in Christianity which awakens all the hostility of the unenlightened mind" (p. 39). Why, this is as though a slave-driver were to call theology to the rescue, and ascribe the indignant rebukes of his oppressed victims to the corruption of human nature! Let us hear no more of this jargon.

The Austrian Concordat opens up a wide field for speculation as to the prospects of the papacy and the future of Europe. It is not our intention, however, here to do more than offer a few very brief remarks on this important topic.

We have already expressed the opinion that the present revival of Roman Catholicism on the Continent is more apparent than real; and that, instead of being permanent and lasting, it will ultimately prove to be ephemeral and short-lived. It is less a spiritual and doctrinal reaction than a political and worldly one. It consists in a vast increase of authority, but it is unaccompanied by moral influence. Few persons, it is said by competent witnesses, have been converted to the dogmas of Romanism; they have attached themselves to the church from mere politic motives. Hence we are informed that opposition to the priesthood is again breaking out. The workmen in the large towns of France especially reproach the ecclesiastics with having deceived them, and of placing themselves in the posture of oppressors after having solemnly engaged to protect democratic institutions. Whilst the eyes of enlightened men are opening to the frauds, intrigues, and excessive ambition of the

* *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1851, p. 560.

priest party, we have no faith, then, in the vaticinations of Cardinal Wiseman and his party, that Europe will soon be prostrate at the feet of the vicar of Christ.

It must be granted, however, that the political aspect of Europe at the present time is one fraught with great peril. From the Atlantic to the Vistula the nations are groaning, with few exceptions, under the oppression of the most merciless and despotic governments. Church and State have leagued together for the destruction of civil and religious freedom all over the Continent. And how far the inscrutable decrees of Providence will permit this great conspiracy against liberty to proceed—whether, for a brief period, Jesuitism and absolutism may be allowed to achieve a triumph over their foes, and the death of the two witnesses of God, as described in Rev. xi, 7—13, be the result,—we will not take upon ourselves to decide; although, to our view, nothing in the past history of the world has ever fulfilled that important prediction. Certainly the political state of Europe has never appeared so ripe for such an onslaught of the powers of evil as at the present moment. Look where we will almost, military despotism holds the nations in her iron grasp. Jesuitism, that creature of hell, rules at Rome, directing the diplomacy, the dogmas, the worship, and the propaganda of the church. The despots of the Continent all have their faces turned towards Rome, as the great central model of despotism. And signs are not wanting that a universal *coup d'état* is contemplated by the ruling powers in Church and State to annihilate both civil liberty and Protestantism at one blow!

Amidst the despondency and gloom which these “signs of the times” are calculated to awaken in every thoughtful mind, it is in the highest degree consolatory to reflect that the Word of God is pledged to the complete and speedy overthrow of the civil and ecclesiastical despotisms of Europe; and the ultimate and lasting triumph of liberty, righteousness, and peace.

In vain have Church and State combined together in one grand conspiracy against the liberties of Europe. In vain are the Jesuit and the *gendarme* united for the final and utter subversion of civil and religious freedom all over the globe. In vain as the result of this dark compact, is the press in almost every kingdom of the Continent gagged and bound. In vain is the Bible proscribed, and Protestantism made a crime. In vain, too, is a general crusade planned against that one country, which stands forth among the other nations of Europe as the home of liberty and the asylum of Protestantism. In utter defiance and mockery of all these insane and infernal attempts to arrest the onward progress of light and liberty, and to perpetuate the reign of absolutism and the triumph of church power, stands the oath of

that illustrious dweller in the upper world, who, in the sight of the beloved prophet, held up his hands to heaven, and "with a voice like that of a multitude," "sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that it should be for a time, times, and half a time" (Dan. xii., 7). As well might feeble man stand upon the shore of some vast ocean and bid its mighty waters recede, when the tide is fast hastening to overwhelm him,—as well might some inhabitant of earth stand at sunrise on the mountain-top, and bid the glorious orb of day retrace its course, and leave the world in darkness,—as well might some puny mortal, when the hurricane is raging, and spreading desolation and death all around, attempt to stay its wrath by the words "peace, be still!"—as for the great and mighty of the world to attempt, by any compact, either with earth or hell, to avert the approaching day of vengeance of the Son of Man. True, the hour of retribution is long delayed, and the cry of His persecuted ones is often heard: "Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" But be of good comfort, ye helpless and forlorn! Even now the summons is gone forth: "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty," "and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things!" Even now, amid the sighs and groans of oppressed Europe, is heard the faint sound of chariot wheels, and they bear with them the "*King of Kings* and *Lord of Lords*."

ART. VI.—*General Guyon on the Battle Fields of Hungary and Asia*. By Arthur Kinglake. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

THE Guyon family, descended from the Guions of Languedoc, is celebrated for martial exploits by land and sea. Not to trace it beyond the third generation, we find one Guyon fighting at Minden, another in the East Indies, another in Virginia; one killed at the taking of York Town, in America, two others dying on the deck; three others surviving many storms and battles and enjoying the honours of war in the after-time of peace. The great cavalry general whose career has been depicted by Mr. Kinglake came, therefore, of a courageous race. He is a native of Bath, in Somersetshire, where his brother, a distinguished officer of the Bengal army, now resides. He himself, Richard Debaufre Guyon, when eighteen years of age, obtained a commission in the Austrian army, and attained the rank of captain in the second regiment of the Hungarian hussars. Unlike inferior men, he did not sacrifice his love of liberty to his love of discipline; he was faithful to his flag, but equally

faithful to his humanity, and would not bear the imperial arms when they were employed to break the national laws.

His connexion with the Hungarian cause may be traced partly to his marriage with the daughter of a Magyar noble,—partly to an early residence near Pesth, where he formed the acquaintance of one of the most distinguished of the liberal leaders. There, also, he educated his eye and his hand, for military pursuits, not by the manœuvres of a mimic war, but by the exercises of the boar hunt. None could wield the sportsman's spear more effectively than Guyon; none underwent more readily than he the fatigues of a protracted chase. Yet he found leisure to bestow on the interests of the peasantry, whose condition was materially improved under his generous and judicious care. In 1848, before the mighty conflict between new and old principles had begun in Europe, Guyon was engaged in reforming the religion of the Hungarian people, in disseminating translations of the Bible, and weakening the influence of the Austrian priesthood.

But the signs of commotion appeared. Jellachich, at the head of thirty thousand men, invaded Hungary, set the laws at defiance, asserted the imperial right of perjury, and with an unarmed population before him, prepared to bear down all opposition, as the north wind bears down a poplar or a pine. But, if tyranny creates soldiers, liberty creates heroes. To oppose the power of the Austrian army, fifteen thousand ill-armed, undisciplined Hungarians assembled, a few miles from Buda-Pesth, and the signal was given, that Hungary, which was accustomed to be free, would defend her sworn charters, against the whole force of the Austrian empire.

The case must not be mistaken: Austria, on that occasion, acted a part as lawless as England would act, were she to despatch an invading army into Ireland, expel all the Irish members from parliament, abolish the constitution in Ireland, and reign, through her viceroy in Dublin, by martial law. Guyon, then, at the first cry of the Magyars, offered to aid them in the organization of a national army. They accepted his services, constituted him major of "Honveds," or "Home Defenders," and saw him, on the 29th of September, 1848, marching with his fifteen thousand upon the thirty thousand of the Ban. In the battle which followed, at Sukaro, Jellachich was thoroughly beaten, and driven into a "manœuvre," which amounted to a retreat. Here was a disgrace for the famous general; here was glory for the inexperienced major. But Guyon did not pause to hear the praises of Europe. In the following month, with a better appointed army, he pursued the "manœuvring" Ban, came up with him at Schwachdt, before Vienna, and gained at

least one advantage—that he was enabled to equip his followers—many of whom fought with scythes—with the arms of the Austrian slain. But the battle, fought in the centre of the empire, under the walls of the imperial city, was “upon the whole disastrous to the Hungarian cause.” Guyon displayed in this terrible engagement so much skill and bravery that he was made a colonel on the field.

It is to be remembered that Guyon was not in command. He received his orders from Görgey who played, from first to last, a double part. While Guyon met the enemy, on every side, without flinching, Görgey delayed, changed his plans, neglected his opportunities, and anticipated the crowning treachery of his perfidious life by innumerable minor exhibitions of baseness. Advancing along the great Galician road, he found himself confronted at the mouth of the Branyisko Pass, by General Schlich, with 25,000 Austrians. As it was proclaimed, far and near, this was a position which 100,000 soldiers could not carry. Görgey, avoiding the defile, and the forces that guarded it, struck off through by-ways, and, with discreet cowardice, left Guyon to dislodge the enemy with 10,000 men. Guyon advanced. Before him were the Austrians, in more than two-fold strength, commanded by the most able and daring of the imperial generals, and posted in the gorges and on “the tremendous heights of Branyisko.” Mr. Kinglake shall describe what followed. He describes it well, with truth and spirit:—

“On the 5th of February, 1849, Guyon and his brave Magyars, not 10,000 in number, stood in the valley; while 25,000 picked Imperialists waited in watchfulness for the moment which was to behold the calculated extermination of the audacious insurgents that he led. To understand fully the difficulty of the attempt, the reader will bear in mind, that the position to be stormed was the acclivity of a steep mountain, with every path and defile guarded by masses of bayonets, and by many a sullen cannon mouth ready to disgorge its charge.

“This difficulty was rendered the more insuperable by recent pools, which had covered almost every mountain path with a coating of ice. The snow lay on the ground, and it was a severe winter’s night, when a part of the troops, being ordered to disencumber themselves of their arms, climbed the narrow footpaths, on their hands and knees, between the rocks, carrying the cannons, which were taken to pieces, so as to enable each man to bear his burthen, with ammunition, ropes, &c. It was one in the morning before they reached the heights commanding the defiles; and their companions, meanwhile, engaged the Austrians in feigned attacks, and prevented their suspecting the movement. Before the storming was fully determined upon, and while many, feeling neither their leader’s responsibility, nor partaking in his stupendous hope, seemed willing to decline the attempt, it is

asserted by more than one witness, that Guyon rode up to some lagging officers, and cried out in German, 'Before the colours, gentlemen; if so, the men will follow; if not, there is grape shot for you,' and he indicated with his loaded pistols, one of which he held in either hand, the spot where cannon, charged with grape shot, had been drawn up by his orders behind the infantry, and where each gunner stood with blazing match behind his gun, ready to pour their contents upon the craven. The soldiers, with a wild shout, sprang on their way, and at length reached the enemy. The contest was furious, but decisive, and the Austrians were driven in disorder, and with great slaughter, over the main ridge."

What events of the present war—the battle of Inkermann excepted—has illustrated so forcibly the virtues of the soldier? What event has brought out any qualities of generalship approaching those displayed by Guyon at Branyisko? We have an object, which our readers will presently understand, in thus directing their attention to this good man and brilliant commander. His victory was complete. The prisoners, arms, and munitions captured, left Schlick with only a remnant—such a remnant as Görgey might have annihilated, had he intercepted them lower down on the Galician road. But, whether from a timidity which is inexcusable in a general, or from a policy still more infamous, he lingered, and allowed the Austrian to drag his shattered army beyond the frontier. Nevertheless, the triumph bore its fruits. Nowhere did the Austrians linger in Northern Hungary; the seat of government was in the hands of the patriots; the Diet was free to exercise its ancient powers; Guyon had established a parallel to the successes of Klapka, and the national struggle, now watched by all Europe, admired by all nations, and feared by all governments, prospered in all quarters. Of course, other leaders shared in its efforts and in its glory; but we are now following the excellent memoirs of Guyon, supplied by Mr. Arthur Kinglake.

It was Görgey's army that won the day at Branyisko, Görgey himself was far away, yet he claimed the trophies. But the Hungarian Diet knew by whom the national troops had been directed to victory, and it engraved Guyon's name on bronze and marble pillars, to commemorate his splendid success. The war was carried on; the Russians came to the rescue of their Austrian ally; the tide turned; and, in spite of devotion, of valour, of constancy, the good cause was lost: Görgey committed his crime at Villagos; treachery consummated the work of despotism; and the nation which contended with two empires fell through the perfidy of one of its own generals.

At that period, Komorn was closely invested, and news reached Kossuth and the military council at Debreczin, that Török, the

governor was not likely to hold out long. They accordingly promoted two Hungarian officers to the rank of generals, ordering them to attempt an entrance into the besieged city. The one that succeeded was commissioned to supersede Török, and to take the command upon himself. Guyon was one of those selected; but the difficult task remained of passing the circumvallating Austrian lines, and obtaining an entrance into Komorn:—

“As a Jew pedler, he in vain sought to pierce through the enemy’s lines. Though more than once he was nearly successful, yet he was just as often in danger, which he only avoided by a ruse, exercised in different forms, and so making his escape, until a rumour of the attempt ran through the camp: and this plan was necessarily changed for one still more daring and congenial. Equipping a squadron of his hussars in Austrian uniform, he managed, during the dusk of an evening to pass undiscovered or unheeded almost through the enemy. They stumbled, however, upon an outpost, and the Austrian sentinel challenged them, but was instantly captured, while his unsuspecting commanding officer, advancing to know the cause of this apparent confusion, Guyon seized him by the hair of his head, and handing him over to two of his hussars, commanded him at the same time to bid his men surrender, or, pointing to some carts that in the obscurity of the evening might be mistaken for artillery, he threatened to blow them instantly to atoms. The startled officer obeyed, and Guyon proceeded onward with a batch of prisoners, twice the number of his own party, towards a flying bridge, leading by a beautiful grove of palm trees to the city itself, which is built at the junction of the Danube and the Bug.

“The night itself was well fitted for such a surprise. It was raining, freezing, and blowing hard, while the shells were bursting over the town, and whistling like wingless demons through the midnight air. The congreve rocket ascended in its serpentine flight, shaking its fiery tail, while the heavy bomb rose higher and higher, trembling with the fire within, till, suddenly turning, it fell to the earth with a fearful crash, or, bursting in the air, scattered its various fragments far and wide upon the roofs below.”

As he passed in, the reformed church, “the pride of the city,” burst into flames, a bomb had pierced the roof, and only a few zealous citizens, careless of the volleys that whistled around, sought to extinguish the fire. At that moment, Guyon appeared, presented his credentials to the astonished people, ordered them to assist in saving the church, and prepared to take his own part in the dangerous effort; but he was interrupted by the municipal mayor, and the scene that followed, we will give as Moritz Johai wrote it:—

“‘Excuse me, general, probably you have not witnessed it; but

really the enemy are firing in such an unloyal manner, not only bombs of a hundred and sixty pounds weight, and shells which burst in every direction, but also grenades and fiery balls of every description, which are all directed against those burning houses.'

"The worthy mayor endeavoured to introduce as much rhetoric as possible into his excuses.

"'Will you go, sir, or will you not?' cried the general, cutting short his oration; and drawing a pistol from his saddle-bow, he deliberately pointed it at the forehead of the argumentative mayor, indicating that his present position was as dangerous as the one he dreaded in the midst of bombs and fiery balls.

"'Mercy!' he stammered, 'I only wish to express my humble opinion.'

"'I am not used to many words. In the hour of danger, I command my men to *follow*, not to *precede* me; whoever has any feeling of honour will—hast heard my words?' and dashing his spurs into his horse, he galloped forward. In a few seconds the place was empty, not a man remained behind. An hour afterwards, thousands were eagerly working to extinguish the fire. The commander himself, foremost in the danger, seemed to be everywhere at once; wherever the balls flew thickest, and the fire raged most furiously, his voice was heard inciting and encouraging his men.

"'Never mind the balls, my lads; they never strike those who do not fear them!'

At that instant the aide-de-camp at his side was struck down by a twenty-four pounder. The general, without being discouraged by this *mal-à-propos* sequel to his words, only added—

"'Or, when they do, it is a glorious death!'

"A universal 'Ehgen!' rose above the thunder of the cannon, and the howling of the elements.

"'On, lads! save the spire!' continued the general.

"The bells of the tower had already fallen one by one, into the church, but the fire was visibly decreasing, and the people redoubled their exertions, working hard until the morning. Their efforts were crowned with success, and the tower, with its great metal spire, stands to this day, thanks to the energy and courage of the Hero of Branyisko."

He brought to the half-despairing garrison intelligence that a national army was hastening to the rescue of Komorn. In three days the promise was fulfilled. The siege was raised; new defeats broke up the Austrian organization; and, though the "immortals" of the Emperor Nicholas were now pouring towards the scene, even these auxiliaries of Imperialism might have failed to break the spirit of Hungary, had not a miserable egotist bartered away his country's hopes. Witness the battle of Zemerva, where, against the squadrons of two empires, Guyon launched his cavalry like a torrent from a mountain, scattering them in his path, and where Bem presided, like the

genius of victory, as calm and as grand as a statue. Mr. Kinglake quotes the narrative of a Honved,* whose pen he says (an English pen, by the way) is as radiant as a sword :—

“Bem, knowing the importance of the day, left nothing undone on his part, and displayed the whole magnificence of his resources. With admirable coolness he seemed to be everywhere at each critical moment, yet without any appearance of hurry. His energy displayed itself wonderfully; at the same time that he observed the movements of the enemy, he not only directed the necessary evolutions, and gave the minutest orders, but frequently fired off the cannon with his own hands. Generally speaking, he sat amidst the iron showers that rattled by, calm and tranquil upon his horse, which seemed to partake in some degree the character of its master, and those who were near him say, that a grenade falling three paces off, was not observed by him, but that the animal turned its head, understood the danger, and moved aside sufficiently to place itself and its master in safety.

“From time to time the veteran general would raise one of his hands, the other was in a sling, to his right temple, to wipe away the blood of a wound, mixed with perspiration, that would have obscured his vision; yet he gave no other signs of knowing that he was hurt; his whole mind ever bent on the result of this important day.”

Then, after some fitful vicissitudes, Görgey had his desire: the Imperialists triumphed; the patriot emigration began, and Guyon, with the other generals, sought an asylum within the Turkish frontier. Hungary had conquered her natural enemies; she could not resist the treason of her unnatural son; Görgey, who bears a blasted name, had betrayed her; and she ceased awhile to strive for independence. Her army marched, in warlike order, to the Turkish boundary; the Honved says :—

“The trumpet sounded once more, the drum again rolled, a thousand echoes preceded us into the forest, a thousand echoes went shouting back our last farewell to that lovely valley, and the beautiful country beyond—the country that hides beneath its soil silver and gold, and boasts a larger variety of opals, emeralds, and other precious stones, than perhaps any other,—a country, too, that feeds innumerable flocks and herds in its meadows and prairies—that blooms with fruit-trees, and groans beneath the weight of rich harvests—the treasury of Austria,—our noble and beloved home.”

And now, Guyon was an exile, on the Turkish territory. Austria demanded his extradition, with that of the other refugees, but his British birth gave him rights which Great Britain was there, at least, willing to assert for her citizen. Our

* Chapman and Hall.

ambassador at Constantinople claimed him; and in that city he was, ultimately, joined by his wife and children; not, however, before they had learned, how low Imperialism can stoop, when it has vengeance to satisfy. The Countess Guyon and her daughters had been thrown into prison, and the Austrian military authorities at Pesth had compelled her, under the vilest threats, to sign a paper, declaring that she, "wife of the rebel Guyon," engaged to divorce herself "from the said man." Such a document, an outrage upon nature, and extorted by brutality from a helpless woman, possessed, of course, no validity; but Guyon was for some time in ignorance of his family's fate. He wrote to Lord Ponsonby, and Lord Ponsonby never replied, directly or indirectly, to his inquiries. Meanwhile, the Countess Guyon was imprisoned at Rosberg, stripped of her fortune, and not permitted, for a considerable time, to escape to Constantinople.

Meanwhile, events progressed which led to the present war, and we ask our readers' particular attention to what follows. In 1853, General Guyon was offered service by the Turkish government, which required him to repudiate the Christian faith. He refused, declaring he would never fight unless as a Christian soldier, and the condition was not pressed. He was sent to Damascus, with the rank of lieutenant-general, and the title of Khourschid Pasha, or the Radiant Chief,—a name which is as famous in Asia as that of Guyon is in Europe. Employed at first in repressing a Druse insurrection, he was next summoned to proceed to European Turkey, to hold himself in readiness for any vacant command in the army about to operate against Russia.

Here began the action of that sinister influence, which, to this day, is traceable in the policy of the war. The Porte required Guyon's presence at Constantinople. Austria feared it. Austria, therefore, interfered, and the Porte submitted. The gallant general, therefore, degraded in the eyes of the Turks, saw himself until the autumn suspended from activity. Then, however, the exigencies of the Ottoman government becoming serious, he was directed to hasten to the army of Anatolia, and to put Kars in a state of defence. Upon reaching that city, after a journey performed in desperate haste, he found the Turkish forces recently defeated at Soobaltaris, groaning in despair, pillaged by their officers, neglected by their government, half starved, disorganized, dispirited, with a victorious enemy preparing to march upon them. Though occupying, as chief of the staff, an anomalous position, which gave him no positive authority in the field, he was fully empowered to restore, by every means he could suggest, the exhausted vitality of the Sultan's army in Asia:—

"With his usual energy he adopted immediate measures for its improvement. He found it a merely half-armed, half-mutinous rabble. He saw that the men were totally neglected by their chief, and in want of almost every necessary, nor could all his endeavours and representations obtain for them the necessary supplies of arms and ammunition, clothing, shoes, or medical stores."

He began by paying the soldiers out of the military chest, which the pashas had hitherto appropriated as the treasury of speculation. Confidence, the soul of an army, was thus regained, and, moreover, deserters came back to their flag. Outposts were stationed in the neighbourhood, a precaution which had been neglected; the troops were well fed and skilfully disciplined. Our readers know the sequel. They know, from our review of the subject last year, how the jealousy of the pashas was suffered to neutralize all Guyon's efforts, how the Turkish government treated him, how the force he had almost created was flung upon the battle-field by ignorant and reckless leaders, and how, while the Russians continually fortified their position, Guyon lost his command, and was condemned to obscure inactivity, by the malignant interference of Austria. We then declared that this policy—this submission to the influence of jealous powers—would ruin the Turkish cause in Asia. The event has given confirmation to that opinion.

Guyon, residing at Damascus, has seen Kars surrendered to the enemy. There was a gallant and able Englishman in command; there was a devoted garrison to man the walls. An open road to Erzeroum, a continuous mercantile intercourse with Trebizond, gave every facility for succouring the unfortunate city. Why was it not succoured? We discern a complication of causes: Russian machinations, operating through the cabinet of Austria; French jealousy restraining the action of our own government; Turkish apathy, selfishness, and incapacity; the infatuation of the Porte, and, must we add, the humours of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe?

The most important, but the least obvious of these influences, was the jealousy of the French government. France has no interest to protect in Western Asia, and it is not her policy to fight, on any field, for British interests alone. The opinion of many politicians, in London and Paris, is, that an allied force was not pushed up the country for the defence of Kars, because the Emperor of the French had declared that the present war was not intended to abate the influence of Russia in the Caucasian provinces, or in Central Asia, or to enhance that of Great Britain. For similar reasons, a *veto* was pronounced against the adoption of vigorous measures by the British administration. Only a few volunteers took part in the defence of Kars; not one

Frenchman was there. The facts stated by Mr. Kinglake render this circumstance, at least, intelligible :—

“The importance of retrieving the loss incurred by the defeat of Bayazid was most imminent, because Bayazid being situated on the water-shed which separates the sources of the Euphrates from those of the Araxes, the vast commerce carried on with Central Asia by the port of Trebizond would be seriously endangered. The exports of Great Britain to Trebizond alone are valued at a million sterling annually, and we ourselves have an especial interest in securing these Trans-Caucasian routes from all Russian interference and encroachment.”

Russia has now stationed herself upon that important high road. Why, it will be asked, did Great Britain suffer her commerce to be blockaded in Asia Minor? Why did General Williams implore in vain for the aid which might easily have been afforded to him? Why were his despatches to the war-office left unanswered? Or, if not unanswered, what were the excuses of the ministers? Between cabinet jealousies and personal jealousies, the confusion of departments, and the confusion of pretensions, vital interests have been sacrificed. If we are unable to control our allies, however, we ought to coerce our ambassadors, that the wretched dissensions of tenth-rate statesmen may not neutralize the results of public spirit, and debase our public policy.

What was the loss of Kars to these lesser officials, who have reduced embezzlement to a system, and have lately purloined one million sterling, or one-fifth of the loan lately raised and guaranteed in behalf of Turkey by Great Britain and France? What was it to them that the garrison of Kars starved, and struggled against the pangs of nature, as well as the assaults of an overpowering enemy? The sluices of the exchequer pouring into their private coffers the tribute of corruption, left scarcely enough for the ordinary cost of government, and what could be spared for the beleaguered city?

A Turkish contingent had been raised. Instead of being sent to Asia Minor, where its presence was required, it was sent to the Sea of Azoff, where it was useless. Instead of being commanded by Guyon, who had strong claims on the British government, and who would have organized it to perfection, it was consigned to General Vivian, and others of his stamp. Meanwhile, Guyon, who had won the battles of Mannsforth, Heyges, and Branyisko, languished at Damascus, unrewarded, unemployed. It is the opinion of clear-headed men—Mr. Duncan among others—that, had he commanded the Anatolian army, Tiflis itself would, long ere this, have been captured,

and the Russians driven from Georgia Bay and the Caspian Sea. Lord Palmerston himself, when pressed upon the subject, admitted the "important and beneficial services" of Guyon, and confessed that certain "circumstances" had led to a "temporary cessation" of his command. He went no further; but the country has a right to know what those circumstances were. "Had Guyon been in command of this army," writes the correspondent of *The Times*, at Kars, "not a Russian official would now have foot-room on the Georgian soil. But, with the exception of General Williams, who volunteered publicly, and who could not be refused, has the government fixed on one competent man to retrieve the successive disasters suffered by the Turks in Asia, disasters which wither the fruits of victory?" Mr. Kinglake says:—

"One act of short-sightedness on the part of Lord Aberdeen in neglecting, at the commencement of the war, to secure the services of distinguished Indian officers may be here recorded. In the Autumn of 1853, when India was calm and undisturbed, Colonel, now Major-General Outram (a worthy disciple of Clive and Wellesley), was political resident agent at Aden, within a fortnight's journey of Constantinople. Had this brilliant commander, statesman, and diplomatist been sent to Kars, there is little doubt that he would have effected in 1855, in conjunction with General Guyon, what Omar Pasha will accomplish in 1856—the complete destruction of the Russian army in Asia. With his unrivalled knowledge of Eastern policy and unbounded influence over the Asiatic races, he would, in all probability, have converted deceptive Persia into a useful ally, and laid the foundation of future security against Russian intrigue in the East by the formation of an Anglo-Indian army composed of Seikhs and Goorkas, accustomed to all varieties of climate, and uninfluenced by the prejudices of "caste." The moral effect of such a colossal force would have rendered Russian power harmless; and the transit of such an army, now that railroads and the electric telegraph are in operation in India, could have been far more easily accomplished than in 1801, when Lord Wellesley sent an Indian army to Egypt for foreign purposes."

There is some optimism in the prophecy, that Omar Pasha will, in 1856, annihilate the military power of the Russians in Asia. General Williams exhibited rare and brilliant qualities, yet what could General Williams effect, with a dead mass of apathy behind him in the East, and diplomacy playing at cross-purposes in the West? It may be, that the slight upon Guyon—one of the first cavalry generals in Europe—is, in itself, a circumstance that weighs little against the value of an alliance—of a contingent alliance, for Austria is not yet our ally. But the serious question is, whether influences, operating in the dark, are to

cripple our policy, and to cause the loss of important positions. Nothing is worse, in a national sense, than the moral imbecility implied by these acts of repeated submission. After the abandonment of Colonel Turr, Great Britain had not much reputation to lose in Europe; but when she sacrifices her own subjects to the vindictive cowardice of a German despotism, what can be said, but that she is either in an abject state of fear, or in an abject state of corruption? An alliance with a first-rate military power may be as important as statesmen represent it to be; but prior to all else, paramount to all else, superior to all else, is the character of the nation—its character for manliness and for honesty. Losing that, we lose our European authority; we suffer a disgrace which military and naval successes cannot redeem. We assert, in all confidence, that the good faith of England has been compromised by the government in its treatment of General Guyon. Further, this ignominious policy has brought its own punishment, for we have endured a misfortune in Asia, which it will cost us dearly to retrieve. Our practical interests and our reputation have suffered. As this is a subject which will shortly occupy the attention of Parliament, and which will increase in importance as the session advances, we have a good reason for recommending our readers to study it attentively. Mr. Kinglake's account of General Guyon, popular in style and form, abounds in interesting matter, and leads far into the investigation. It possesses the value of a public document, and is, besides, full of entertaining incident.

Art. VI. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery, including Selections from his Correspondence, Remains in Prose and Verse, and Conversations on various Subjects.* By James Holland and James Everett. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longman. 1855.

In closing our notice of the first two volumes of this work, in the April number of last year, we took occasion to censure the method adopted by modern biographers, of elongating their works into something like serials, and thus not only tantalizing the public with the expectation of a completed work, but also filling hundreds of pages with details which are interesting only to the individual who identifies his own notoriety with the fame of the person whose papers he ransacks, and whose most trivial sayings and doings he records. A perusal of the two volumes before us confirms the view which we then expressed. Three-fourths of their contents might certainly have been omitted with

advantage. And yet in that portion which we should have voted for retaining, there is that which justifies something more than a passing notice; and we shall endeavour to eliminate a few grains from the bushels of chaff in which they have to be sought. Before doing so, we must make a passing observation on the pictorial decorations of Vol. III. These are two in number; the former is a portrait of Mr. Everett, one of the editors of the work. On what principle of taste or propriety it can have been introduced, we are unable to divine. It looks as if it were carved from wood, and suggests the old Roman adage, "Non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius." The second is equally clumsy and plebeian in design. It is a view of the *Iris* Office at Sheffield, a bare brick building, which might be pardonably mistaken for a hosiery factory at Hinckley. The only accessories are a rainbow and two asses; the reference of the former to the *Iris* is rather obvious than ingenious; that of the latter must be left to the conjectures of the reader.

But it is not only in minor respects that the memory of Mr. Montgomery is most woefully compromised by his tasteless biographers. At p. 45 of Vol. III., we find the following conversation recorded, as having transpired between the poet and a certain Mr. Bennett, whose qualifications to guide the conscience of Montgomery may be best appreciated by an examination of his share in the dialogue. "It was arranged," say the editors, "that at the close of this meeting, the ministers, and others assembled, should partake of the Lord's Supper, as administered among the Independents. Montgomery was invited to communicate, by his friend, Mr. Bennett. With equal feeling and simplicity, he replied, 'I am afraid I am not a Christian, I therefore dare not approach the table of the Lord.' Bennett: 'My dear sir, allow, in this case, your Christian friends to be the judges, as they may be better able to decide dispassionately than yourself at the present moment.' Montgomery: 'Were I to communicate just now, I am afraid I should be found eating and drinking unworthily; and, consequently, sealing my own condemnation.' Bennett (with the earnest and affectionate importunity of a religious friend): 'The risk of that be upon me, I am willing to take the consequences of the act in that respect.'" We need scarcely point out to the reader that the above-named and italicized Bennett must have been either a very pitiable or a very enviable man. If the powers to which he pretended were claimed under the hallucination of imbecility, he must be viewed with the same compassion with which we regard those victims of cerebral disease, who entertain themselves with the fancied glories of Messiahship. If, on the contrary, it was his delegated duty to

make his soul an offering for the sins of the editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, though only conditionally (for it was for the risk alone that he made himself responsible), the name of St. Bennett must certainly stand at the head of the calendar. On either supposition, it is well for Messrs. Everett and Holland that Sydney Smith is no longer among us. But it is time to leave the editors, and proceed to their subject. It is not too much to say, that had Mr. Montgomery lived to edit an autobiography, he would have struck out a large proportion of the matter which his biographers have deemed worthy of publication. The tamest jests and the most trivial observations of the leisure hour are retailed here *in extenso*, together with those interferences in local affairs which are common to all persons in Mr. Montgomery's rank of life; among which, we find the editors mentioning—by an illiterate blunder, only countenanced, we think, in the article of the *Morning Advertiser*—*sanatory* (meaning sanitary) improvements.*

The irruption of Bonaparte from Elba, together with its imminent consequences, elicited the strongest efforts of Mr. Montgomery's pen, which (an opinion we have ventured before) was more powerful in prose than in verse. He thus descants, in the *Iris*, on Bonaparte's progress to Paris:—

"He passed through the country like a south wind in spring, dissolving the frost on the mountains, and flooding the valleys with numberless streams. The snow image of Bourbon royalty melted before his breath, and the whole nation flowed round his feet as slowly he ascended the throne whence he had lately been hurled headlong, but which he now beheld vacant, and where, in a moment, he found himself on the highest pinnacle of glory which fallen man or fallen spirit ever attained in this world of vicissitude. This may be conceded to him; for it is the impotence of folly to deny his victorious prowess, consummate policy, and marvellous good fortune in this achievement. His former exploits had equalled him at least with Alexander and Caesar. We know that this is denied, but it is only denied by those who will not 'give the devil his due' unless he is on their side, for can any man in his sober senses believe that for sixteen years all the veteran armies of the Continent were beaten by a poltroon, and all the hoary-headed statesmen outwitted by a fool? . . .

"Of that enterprise we must now speak, as it is in itself, regardless

* We recollect that when the public mind was occupied by the origin of this movement, a controversy was waged by the London press, at which scholars must have been much amused, as to the application of these terms. It is needless to remind any one acquainted with the Latin language, that the word *sanatory* is what may be called a verbal adjective, signifying healing, while the word *sanitary*, derived from *sanitas*, has reference only to general health.

of the heroic character which it assumes, to awe us into admiration of the mind that could conceive, and the energy that could execute a plan so bold, so original, and so complete in all its operations. We must then deliberately declare our opinion that, so far as we are yet able to judge, it is the most wicked individual act that ever was committed by king or conqueror since the world began, being pregnant with more evil, branded with blacker guilt, and worthy of severer punishment than any aggression on the repose of society recorded in history. A war—a war like the last, which was like no other, appears inevitable, not so much because it *cannot* be avoided, as because it *will not*.

“Every soldier who shall fall in that conflict will be a murdered man, and on the head of him who might have prevented the mischief by his mere forbearance, but who has precipitated it by his unpardonable ambition, be the blood of every victim.”—Vol. III., pp. 60, 61.

The exciting events of this period of our history fully developed the powers of Mr. Montgomery as a political writer, and in inspiring the minds of his fellow countrymen, he indicates a moderation in his democracy which vindicates for him the character no less of a statesman than of an eminent journalist. We cannot afford space for an article written at this time, and worthy, in our opinion, of any pen in Great Britain, but we will extract such passages as may justify the criticism we have pronounced:—

“Great opportunities,” he says, “make great men. In the unwrought quarries of the human mind, there is always wealth of intellect to meet the exigence of every occasion; but nature, economical in all her operations, seldom lavishes her richer treasures in the ordinary course of affairs. In troublous and eventful periods alone, the full force of virtue or vice, and of genius and knowledge, allied with the one or the other of these, can be known and attested. At the time in question (especially between the years 1790 and 1797), when almost every man, woman, and child in the kingdom that had the use of reason (as well as of some that had not) were politicians, the intense and continual excitement of the *most violent passions* caused such a conflict of minds, such energy, activity and discipline of the *highest powers* of the human soul, as had never been exhibited since Britain was an island. . . . But however politicians of rank and education may have had their powers expanded by the interest which they took in events that raised men above themselves in proportion as they were personally engaged in them, it was among the lower classes that the most conspicuous changes were wrought to bring man out of the marble of himself, and present him as distinct from the unintelligent mass in which he had been embedded, as the statue from the rock out of which it has been hewn. Those who have had the opportunity of mingling in the popular assemblies of that day, or conversing, at the anvil, the loom, or the fireside, with the master spirits of the

multitude, must remember with regret, that they often witnessed with astonishment the exuberance of thought, versatility of talent, command of language, and magnanimity of sentiment (rude as it was, and warm from the heart), by which many in the humblest stations distinguished themselves from the common herd. Poverty and ignorance are levelling circumstances; the one is the frigid zone of society, the other the dead sea of the mind; the growth of intellect is stunted under the withering influence of the first, and either absolutely blighted by the thick vapours that hang perpetually over the second, or, if fruits fair to the eye be sometimes produced, they turn into ashes when tasted. . . . 'O Liberty!' exclaimed Madame Roland, as she passed the temple of that revolutionary goddess, on her way from the dungeon to the guillotine. 'O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!' And so it was in England, though incomparably less so in degree; the familiarity of intercourse with grosser beings brought down to the level of the latter those whose abilities had given them pre-eminence and authority among their former acquaintance. Of some, whom we have in our eye, not one survives. Most of them died in poverty, more wretched than that in which their genius—their evil genius—found them; broken-hearted and hopeless, they left their families as destitute as they found themselves in their last moments; and their children, if they died not prematurely, are to be sought in the thickest ranks of that plebeian throng, out of which their fathers had started as prophets and patriarchs.

" 'And yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven!'"

Vol. III., pp. 185—187.

In June, 1822, we find Mr. Montgomery listening, for the first time, to a sermon from the celebrated Robert Hall, which the writer of these pages was also privileged to hear. His criticism upon it will be read with interest.

"The plan of his discourse had, no doubt, been accurately laid down previous to his going into the pulpit; and though many of the expressions were happily chosen for the occasion, yet there were others too happy to be deemed spontaneous. There were instances in which the preacher fairly broke down with the weight of thought for want of words; and, when the right form of expression did occur, he seemed to rebound again, and carry us higher than before. This occurred in the case—though, perhaps, it was not equally striking with some others,—when he was speaking of the *rarity* of vicarious sacrifice. He wished to impress his auditory with the importance of Christ's death as an event standing alone in the annals of the world, without a parallel, agreeable to that passage of Scripture, 'For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Then it was that he burst forth, first employing the word *monument*, and then *column*; next trying the weaker word *plain*, till at

length he rushed upon *champaign*, when away he went, and bore us away with him, contemplating the sacrificial death of the Saviour as 'a single monument, a column standing in the wilderness and champaign of the universe, inscribed with characters found on none other!' The thought, however, was probably not his own, though, perhaps, there were few persons present, besides myself, who would suspect from whence he might have borrowed it. The notorious Peter Pindar says:—

“ ‘ Thus while I, wond’ring, pause o’er Shakspeare’s page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the sage,
High o’er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime ;
A column in the melancholy waste
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past,)
Majestic, ’mid the solitude of time.’ ”

Vol. III., pp. 312, 313.

It is quite true that the remarkable sensitiveness of the faculty of association in the mind of Mr. Hall (as in all men of distinguished genius) led him continually to reproduce the illustrations of others, as a sort of negotiable paper, which he held in his memory unendorsed; but still, with deference to Mr. Montgomery, we are not disposed to believe that he was indebted for this image to Dr. Walcot. To many writers Hall was, unquestionably, though unconsciously, indebted; and were we called upon to indicate them, we should specify the ancient classics, the most eminent French preachers, John Howe, and Pope.

The best portions of these (we must say) tedious volumes are the selections from the *Sheffield Iris*, which are written with a brilliancy and power that may bear a comparison with the greatest political compositions of the day, excepting only a few immortal names, and one that still remains the “shadow of a name.”

Brief Notices.

A Lady's Second Journey Round the World. By Ida Pfeiffer, Authoress of the “*Lady's Journey Round the World*,” &c., &c. 2 Vols. London: Longmans. 1855.

It has been generally noted that female authors indicate more of the nice perceptive faculty than men, and that the opposite sex display more of the reflective. Now and then a Madame de Staël comes out as an exception to this general distinction, while in the other sex the prin-

ciple is demonstrated, if the exceptions prove the rule. Miss Edgeworth's tact was never surpassed by the author of "Waverly;" while that writer's inventive power and breadth of delineation were never even aimed at by any female novelist.

It is just so with travellers. No minute circumstance escapes a cultivated woman; while a hundred such never divert a man from observations that have reference to matters which lie below circumstance, and contribute to ethnological science. This is strikingly illustrated in the volumes before us. We find few reflections, but we meet with descriptions which place us in the company of the describer, and within view of the things described. In some instances, however, the authoress dares to assert and defend her opinion on social affairs, and two of these may be fairly adduced for the sake of bringing the reader acquainted with her principles. The former has reference to American slavery, and is as follows: 'The government of the United States is, however, unpardonable, for not doing more to ameliorate the condition of the slaves. The laws relating to them are bad and defective; and even these, little as they would do for them, are not put in execution.' The Americans say, 'The government would have enough to do, if it troubled itself with these things! It cannot turn spy, or do anything that might interfere with the liberty of American citizens.' It seems to me, however, that the government does contrive to be informed of infractions of the law in other matters—to know which is the landlord who pours out an unlawful glass of beer on a Sunday, or who is the guest that drinks it, or when the Maine liquor law is violated; and it might, therefore, if it had a mind, keep a more watchful eye on transgressions of a much more serious character. But perhaps the crime of torturing a human being to death is thought a less heinous one than drinking an irregular glass of beer on a Sunday.'—Vol. II., pp. 255, 256. The second expresses the sentiments of the authoress respecting the "strong-minded women" of America, and indicates not a little good sense. "In the exceptional cases," she says, "where girls have, at the same time, an aversion to feminine employments and a strong vocation towards some art or science, and are likely to carry it to perfection, they should be allowed to pursue it; but then they should not do so by halves, but, if they desire to become doctors and professors, renounce all thoughts of being wives also; for it is difficult, if not impossible, to perform, at the same time, the duties of man and woman; and let the advocates of this kind of emancipation not forget, that there is no sphere of action more beautiful and noble than the one they have turned away from. In the hands of every mother lies one of the most precious treasures of every state. It is the mother who must inspire her child in its tenderest years with the love of duty and of virtue, and first lead it in the way by which it may become a worthy, and perhaps a great and important member of the social body; a wise and thoughtful housewife, and a rational and loving mother, will after all, remain the ideal of feminine perfection."—Vol. II., pp. 360, 370.

- Christian Theism: the Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of the Supreme Being.* By Robert A. Thompson, M.A. Rivington. 1855. 2 vols. 8vo.
2. *Theism: the Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-Wise and Beneficent Creator.* By the Rev. John Tulloch, D.D., Principal, and Primarius Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. Blackwood and Sons. 1855. Pp. 375.

OUR readers are doubtless familiar with the circumstances which have called forth these two Prize Essays. It was a noble thought, in contemplation of the Protean changes of infidelity, and the steady advance of science, to provide a fund, applicable at intervals of forty years, by which a stimulus and encouragement might be held out to writers of the highest ability to oppose whatever may happen to be the prevailing phase of scepticism, and to render the progress of science tributary to the fortifying and elucidating of the fundamental truth of religion. The published report of the judges appointed to examine the two hundred and eight treatises sent in on occasion of the recent competition, states that great difficulty was experienced in awarding the prizes, owing to the "very near approach to equality of merit in a considerable number of the treatises." But the works of Mr. Thompson and Dr. Tulloch were unanimously adjudged worthy of the preference. Too much must not be expected from a Prize Essay. It is not within the power of two thousand pounds, or twenty thousand, to produce a Leibnitz, a Butler, or even a Paley. And it is very likely that many of our most powerful thinkers may have refrained from taking part in the recent competition,—some from an unwillingness to bend their mind to a prescribed task, for which they felt no special inward vocation; others, possibly from the fear of being vanquished by younger and unknown writers. Both the successful essays bear rather too much the air of being successful essays,—works elaborated to fulfil the appointed conditions, rather than wrought out in the spontaneous, *con amore* spirit of a self-chosen task. But, if neither of them will take rank among those books which constitute epochs in theological or philosophical literature, they constitute highly valuable and seasonable contributions to philosophic theology. Mr. Thompson's treatise is able, eloquent, scholar-like, comprehensive, and occasionally profound; and grapples manfully, if not always decisively, with the most recent forms of scepticism, and the present exigencies of the great question which it discusses. Dr. Tulloch's work, while less comprehensive and ambitious, ranks above its rival, in our judgment, in terseness of expression and closeness of argument. The diction is somewhat wanting in simplicity, and many parts of the work are too highly seasoned with the flavour of German and Scottish metaphysics to be widely popular; but it displays great acuteness, elegance, and compass of thought. Mr. Thompson divides his treatise into four books: I. "First Principles of Knowledge, and their mis-application in systems of Atheism and Pantheism." II. "The Direct Evidences of Natural Theism." III. "The Manifestation of the Divine Character in Nature."

IV. "Scriptural Revelation of the Divine Character: Objections of Modern Deism." This division indicates a comprehensive treatment, but is obviously wanting in logical accuracy and clearness. The "Manifestation of the Divine Character in Nature" forms a part of the "Direct Evidences of Theism;" and so does the additional manifestation of it in Scripture; since to say that God is, is to say nothing, unless we know Him in His character and relation to ourselves. So, again, the "Objections" which require to be met refer, to the manifestation of God in nature, and not in Scripture only. A similar want of strict logical arrangement of thought appears again in the subdivisions, and indeed runs through the work, and is very perplexing to the reader. Thus, the first three chapters of Book II. are devoted to the "Character of the Evidences," "Space and Time," and "Knowledge of the Soul and of the World;" topics, certainly, much more closely connected with the "First Principles of Knowledge," than the historical and critical disquisitions which occupy a large part of Book I. The author's mind appears to be more elegant than powerful, more discursive and penetrating than exact, more rhetorical than logical. Often he is tempted aside from the main track of his reasoning by some slender or casual association; and his paragraphs, like his chapters, are rather knit together by individual links, than pervaded by a close and single chain of thought. These are defects which many readers will easily pardon; and they will find very much in the work that is instructive and interesting. Mr. Thompson's general conception of his theme is just, comprehensive, and elevated, though, as we think, defectively worked out. His pages are often enriched with imagination and eloquence, and everywhere pervaded by a spirit of benevolence and devotion. Dr. Tulloch's style of thought and of writing is generally elegant, forcible, and perspicuous, though, as we have said, disfigured every here and there by an over-learned and abstruse phraseology. Such sentences as these—"There is in this grand conception of typical order a significance for our subject in some respects quite peculiar,"—can hardly be termed English: the words are English, but the sentence is German. The author states his premises clearly, and reasons closely and forcibly. The fundamental principle, however, which is, that *cause* implies *mind*, or "more definitely, and in its full conception, a rational will," (p. 36) is open to fair question, if not plainly untenable. It is true, that our own mind gives us the first conception of power; but it does not follow that we can conceive no power but mind. The force displayed in a falling stone or a rushing torrent may as easily be conceived of as an independent existence, as may a finite mind. It is imagination, not reason, that personifies the forces of nature. Were this not so, the very question proposed for solution—whether the Cause of causes and of being be an Intelligence—would be unmeaning and superfluous. We are sorry that we have not been able to devote the space which we had designed, to a more extended review of these Essays, which, with these brief criticisms, we cordially commend to the attention of our readers.

Historical Survey of Speculative Philosophy, from Kant to Hegel; designed as an Introduction to the Opinions of the recent Schools.

By Heinrich Moritz Chalybäus. Translated from the Fourth Edition of the German, by Alfred Tulk. Longmans. Pp. 891.

CHALYBAUS's manual has long had an established reputation in Germany, and we are glad to see it in this readable, portable, and nicely-printed translation. The philosophers treated of are, Kant, Jacobi, Herbart, Fichte, Schleiermacher, Schelling, and Hegel. With the account of Kant, the student should compare Cousin's Lectures, and the excellent article in a recent number of the *British Quarterly*; with that of the later writers, Mr. Morell's "History of Philosophy." The translator appears to have done his best to attain clearness and intelligibility, and is quite entitled to put in the plea urged in his preface, that if not always successful, the fault is not all his.

Poems of Ten Years. (1846—1855). By Mrs. D. Ogilvy. London: Thomas Bosworth, 215, Regent Street. Edinburgh: John Menzies.

THE utterances of a heart alive to all that belongs to humanity can never be without interest for the reader, whoever he may be. The volume before us is rich in such utterances. The period of ten years, over which its composition has extended, appears to have been varied, not only by the changes which that space of time brings to all, but likewise by the excitement of foreign travel. The writer's residence abroad has, doubtless, contributed to increase her vivid interest in the circumstances and public events of other countries besides her own. Her warm-hearted sympathy with the efforts for religious and natural freedom which are made—alas! with too slow success—in some of the Italian states, kindles nobly in many of these poems; while the indignation awakened by despotism and priestcraft takes occasionally a tone of cutting irony. The occurrences of the present war do not fail to arouse Mrs. Ogilvy's admiration of heroism, and with that admiration, mingle deep concern for the sufferings of the heroes, and bitter reflections on the want of forethought which augmented them. But the volume is far from being filled with subjects drawn from public affairs. There are many beautiful and quiet home-pictures and poems of home-life. Old legends are well sung in modern verse. Natural scenery and continental cities are brought before us by graphic touches. Striking thoughts are often happily and tersely expressed; and there is a vividness of fancy throughout the book, which keeps the reader constantly awake to its charm. Many of the poems are very musical in their flow, yet, on the whole, we consider Mrs. Ogilvy has scarcely given to her thoughts expression worthy of them. Hers is true poetry, certainly, but it is often very far from coming up to Coleridge's requisition of "the best words best placed." That this defect, though serious, does not deprive the book of its value, is proved to ourselves convincingly by the regret with which

we finished its perusal. For the sake of more of those generous sentiments and truly human thoughts, we would gladly have borne longer with here and there a flat line or an undignified phrase. We have not space for extracts, or we could transcribe many poems indicative of the kindly and sorrowful feelings with which the author regards the woes of our race, and we rejoice to observe intimations of those religious hopes, in the light of which alone can the sympathizing heart endure to look on the griefs of humanity. That Holy Book, the right of all to the perusal of which she vindicates in so spirited a manner, will be to Mrs. Ogilvy both a guide through the mazes of life, and a lamp shedding its revealing rays on the course, otherwise dark and mysterious, of God's dealings with mankind.

Two Summer Cruises with the Baltic Fleet, in 1854-5; being the Log of the Pet yacht, 8 tons, R. T. Y. C. By the Rev. Robert Edgar Hughes, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1855.

WE find nothing unintelligible in this volume but its authorship. If it had pretended to be the diary of a rollicking midshipman, we should have understood it; but, with all its vivacity and fun, we find it difficult to ascribe it to the Rev. Robert Edgar Hughes, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. It describes the cruises of a little vessel "about as long as a moderate sized drawing-room, and scarcely so wide as a four-post bed." Numerous were the remonstrances against their expedition urged upon the navigators of this tiny bark. In spite of these, however, they started for the Baltic, reached the Gulf of Finland in safety, visited Copenhagen and Stockholm, danced about amidst the leviathans of the British war-fleet, and witnessed some of the naval manœuvres in the Baltic, which, perhaps, have been inadequately appreciated. The work pretends to no higher character than that of a description of a frolicsome pleasure stroll; and as such will amuse if it does not instruct. The author is evidently most in his element when he is describing the grand phenomena of the sea. He no sooner ventures upon a moral—not to say a religious reflection—than he stands as completely detected as the ancient warrior among the work-women. Mr. Hughes's book may beguile a railway journey through dull scenery, but we dare not prognosticate for it any higher degree of success.

The Life of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre. From numerous unpublished sources, including manuscript documents in the Bibliothèque Imperiale, and the Archives Espagnoles de Limancas. By Martha Walker Freer, author of the "Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême." 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1855.

It has lately become common for female authors to adopt as their subjects the lives and reigns of queens; and in the work before us, the life of the celebrated Queen of Navarre is depicted by the same

pen which had previously written the biography of her mother, Marguerite d'Angoulême. The writer has availed herself with no small research of a number of sources of historical information hitherto unknown to the public. Among these are the Spanish archives of Limancas, the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Imperiale, and the Cottonian and Harleian collections of MSS. in the British Museum. The work details all the political intrigues of the most unscrupulous courts of that age, and more especially that tacit history of the Reformation in France, in which the blood of martyrs was profusely sown, and proved in the result to have been the seed of the church. The reign of the Queen of Navarre was undoubtedly marked by ordinances as favourable to public morality as any mere ordinances can be. At the same time, her views of Religious freedom—which she loved better than she understood—were characterized by all the cruelty and short-sightedness of an age in which the most enlightened minds, newly recovered from the blindness of popery, saw “men as trees walking.” In a letter to the Viscount de Gourdon, bearing date 1571, she says: “It is my resolve that the Reformed religion shall remain dominant throughout my sovereignties; all superstitious and idolatrous practices being from henceforth suppressed. It is my will that all my subjects throughout my dominions shall attend *la prédication* under certain penalties; and that all persons who absent themselves from the holy communion more than once without good and reasonable excuse, shall suffer banishment.” The narrative of the pious death of the queen, and of the subsequent and ever execrable massacre of the Huguenots, on what is called the Eve of St. Bartholomew, closes a work which is written with much care and clearness, and forms a valuable addition to the minuter history of that momentous ecclesiastical revolution which makes the sixteenth century so memorable in the annals of the Christian religion.

Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich. A Memoir. By Martin Hood Wilkin. With Introductory Chapter, Preface, &c., by Simon Wilkin, F.L.S. Norwich: Fletcher and Alexander. 1855.

It is now more than twenty-two years since the death of Mr. Kinghorn deprived the religious world of an able minister and a highly valuable and excellent man. It will appear strange that after so long an interval an extended memoir of Mr. Kinghorn should be presented to the public; and on some accounts we cannot but view this publication with considerable regret. A brief memorial of so excellent a man would have been received by the public—especially had it appeared twenty years ago—with pleasure and gratitude, while the work before us will, we fear, excite but the faintest interest. It originates in a fact which is thus stated by the editor: “My revered friend on his decease had committed to my care some five thousand letters and notes, varying in character from the brief note of invitation to the folio sheet of closely written and closely thought theological, philological, and philosophical discussion. Mr. Kinghorn could not

have made a more indiscriminate and—as it turns out—a more unfortunate testamentary disposal. The Memoir, extending to nearly five hundred pages, consists almost entirely of letters written both by and to Mr. Kinghorn, of which it may certainly be said that not one in twenty deserved publication, while many of them are so utterly trivial as to make us feel that the waste-paper basket has been unjustly robbed of its humble dues. The main circumstance of the case leads us to believe that the gentleman to whom Mr. Kinghorn confided his papers, was a worthy and excellent man. Of his literary ability the reader may judge from the following sentence in his introduction, from which we glean the fact that he had a son, and which the reader may study and interpret at his leisure: “But the labour, however, I found to be very heavy, and years were therein consumed. But other and younger help, more zealous, was at hand; as years passed by, the author of the present volume, when a mere child, took very great interest in these letters, and I was cheered on, and, as he grew older, entreated by all means to proceed with the work.” With the perspicuity of this passage the literary judgment and taste of the two Editors are quite on a par; nothing can be conceived more injudicious than the selection they have made from their materials, unless it is the publication of any of them. We find, indeed, in this correspondence many judicious observations and many expressions of pious sentiments; but, bad as the world is, if all such were to be perpetuated by publication, we might truly say with the Evangelist that we suppose the whole world would not contain the books that should be written. At page 97 we find a letter to Mr. Kinghorn from his father, consisting of only fourteen lines, and evidently introduced for the sake of the following passage, which, as a lesson on style, will probably amuse the reader: “I approve of your endeavouring to improve your style, provided you do not lose perspicuity for pedantry, nor change plainness and theology for the flowers of phraseology; a good style where elegance and ease, plainness and perspicuity unite, and gently glide in soft persuasion while reason’s listening ear catches the flowing accents, and willing, yields its full assent to the evidence of truth, is highly commendable to be studied for its valuable use.” We will not be hard upon the memory of the respectable old gentleman who wrote this well-meant twaddle, because he probably could not have imagined that any one would be found so foolish as to publish it. At page 224 we meet with another strange instance of editorial incompetency. “We subjoin,” says the Editor, “a note from Robert Hall respecting one of his most celebrated *sermons*.” That which the Editor mistakes for a sermon is Hall’s well-known pamphlet on the Freedom of the Press, and the sole purport of the author’s note is to request Mr. Kinghorn to nominate a suitable bookseller in Norwich. Mr. Kinghorn’s name derives its chief chance of immortality from its connexion with that of Robert Hall in the well-known controversy on the terms of communion, on the merits of which we need not enter. The book itself is, doubtless, destined to a speedy oblivion, and yet, as in all such memorials, there are not a few things which deserve to live. One of these has fallen under our eye in these pages,

and is too good to be omitted. The reference is, of course, to the apostolic commission, and the anecdote is as follows :—" At a dinner party where the Duke of Wellington was present, a conversation arose respecting the duty of missionary exertions, which were opposed by some clergymen. An appeal was then made to his grace, who had remained silent, and his characteristic reply was—'as to that, gentlemen, you have your marching orders in the xxviii. of Matthew.'"

Emblems from Eden. By James Hamilton, D.D. London : James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

DR. HAMILTON is an artist whose pictures are full of subject, and rich in the variety of their tints ; but, notwithstanding the multitude of objects with which his canvas is crowded, and of hues in which he dips his pencil, his landscapes are never wanting in harmony, for in all there is one great light, and from it the many smaller sparkling and glancing lights take their tone, however varied in colour may be the shadows. The volume before us is, as Dr. Hamilton's accustomed readers will expect from its title, all glowing with the warmth of his happy and beautiful Christianity. His emblems are seven ; "The Tree of Life ;" "The Vine ;" "The Cedar ;" "The Palm ;" "The Garden inclosed ;" "Harvest Home ;" "The Amaranth, or Immortality ;" and on each he gives a chapter of poetical mingled delineation and Christian exhortation. The exuberance of fancy and figure which is so strong a characteristic of this writer is quite in place here. The emblems he has chosen being Scripture ones *, are almost inexhaustible in their applications, and a mind richer in the perception of analogies than even Dr. Hamilton's might come to God's word and find ever new meanings in its beautiful symbols. We rejoice to see such a use made of nature. We were almost tempted to say, Nature rejoices in being so used. If her every day work is the sustenance of our bodily life, this, the refreshment of our spiritual being, is her joyous sabbath service—the rehearsal of those higher services yet to come, when she shall partake the unending sabbath of the Lord and His redeemed. In striking, yet not inharmonious contrast with Dr. Hamilton's fertility of illustration, is his great practicalness. No one can lay down his writings with the remark so many books call forth : "Very good, but very vague." On the contrary, as we turn his pages, a gleam of wise counsel or friendly warning often falls directly on our path, just at the moment we want its light. And we think it is this practicalness quite as much as the brilliance of his fancy which gives Dr. Hamilton such a hold on his readers that they feel him more like a sympathizing friend than an author, whom they know only in print. Very beautiful is Dr. Hamilton's delineation of the Fruits of the Spirit, in the chapter entitled "The Vine." There is much depth of meaning in the two little sentences, "Joy is love

* The last, "Amaranth ; or, Immortality," must not be excepted, though it is concealed from the reader of 1 Pet. v. 4, in the Authorized Version, "a crown of glory that *fadeth not away* (amaranthine)."

exulting," and "Peace is love reposing." Of the alleged power of the cedar, on its native mountains, to close its branches on the approach of snow, so as to receive the falling flakes on the sides of a slender pyramid, he makes this touching use: "It is in a way somewhat similar that the Lord prepares His people for trial. Sometimes they have a presentiment of approaching calamity, and are led to cry, 'Be not far from me, for trouble is near.' But often, and still more mercifully the coming evil is hid, and all their preparation is unwonted heavenly-mindedness. Like the cedar lifting up its boughs, they lift up their hearts, and know not that it is their Lord putting them in an attitude to bear the storm. They feel a joy unspeakable to-day, and find the explanation in the grief of the morrow. But still the joy of the Lord has strengthened them, the self-devotion and ascending affections of these preparatory moments have put them in the posture on which the tempest comes down most lightly." Dr. Hamilton's mind is evidently cheerful. Life seems a less mournful thing when we lay down one of his books than it did when we took it up; not because he decks life with illusive colours, but because he sets it in the light which shines from the love of God as seen in man's redemption. We will close our notice of this delightful and valuable little book with one of his cheering thoughts, suited peculiarly to the mood of many at the present time. "If events are not moving to our mind—if they do not march to that short jingle which we call harmony,—let us remember that in God's great anthem there are breaks and pauses, notes high and low, and passages very mournful, as well as others full of terrible majesty, before we come to the triumphant outburst of the conclusive chorus."

The Beauty of Holiness, illustrated by Two Thousand Reflective Passages, selected for Meditation from the Sacred Writings. London: W. White. 1856. Pp. viii., 534.

AMONG various selections from the Scriptures which have been published of late years, chiefly as devotional manuals, we have met with none superior to this in its general appearance and elegance of typography. It is divided into two parts; the first containing selections from the Old Testament, arranged under nearly sixty heads; the second is composed of passages from the New Testament, under thirty-two heads. The only blemish we have to notice is that in the first part a considerable number of texts from the Apocrypha are inserted. To these we object; not on account of the sentiments they express, as far as we have examined them, but because their position in this volume places them on a level with the great rule of a Christian's faith and practice. In the event of another edition being required, either let these passages be omitted, or let it be stated from what sources the contents of the volume are taken. We do not charge the compilers with an intention to mislead, but certainly few Nonconformists, and perhaps not many Churchmen, would suppose that Tobit, the Maccabees, and other books of the Apocrypha are

some of the "Sacred Writings" mentioned in the title-page. This is the more noticeable, because in the preface the term, "Inspired Volume," is used as synonymous with the "Sacred Writings," thus implying the inspiration of the Apocrypha, a position, probably, not intended to be maintained, and quite at variance with the sixth article of the Church of England, which says,—“In the name of the *Holy Scripture* we do understand those canonical books of the Old and New Testament, of whose authority never was any doubt in the church.”

Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada. By the Hon. Amelia M. Murray. 2 vols. London: Parker and Son, West Strand. 1855.

YOUNG ladies have an unquestionable right to travel to whatever part of the globe they see fit, and to seek to improve their minds by a more extended observation of human nature than is afforded by evening parties in Belgravia, Tyburnia, &c., &c. As unquestionable also is the right of the said young ladies to commit their impressions to paper, and transmit them from distant climes for the entertainment of their brothers and sisters at home; but to publish their diaries, and thus to challenge the attention of the public, is a very different and a much more hazardous affair. To a family circle the tame adventures and still tamer remarks and disquisitions of the Honourable Miss Murray would doubtless be tolerable enough, but, destitute as they are of all originality and of all intellectual force, they are to the public absolutely insupportable. What matters it to any intelligent reader, male or female, whether Miss Murray got her feet wet at New Orleans, that Mr. G. met her unexpectedly at the railway station at Utica; that the children of Mrs. W. are pretty, and apparently well brought up; and that a trip on such and such a river was taken by Miss Murray alone, because her female companions were afraid of rheumatism? All this is silly enough, but, there is worse behind. Among the many matters with which a Belgravian education has studded the surface of this lady's mind, one important principle seems to have been omitted. She does not seem to have learned that a human being, whether male or female, does not hold the rights of parentage, marriage, education, or personal freedom on the tenure of the colour either of skin or hair. Hence, she is, as far as a cursory recollection serves us, the only English lady, at least of modern times, who has advocated negro slavery; indeed, she appears to regard it as a most beneficent institution, appointed by Providence for the purpose of making good Christians of an indefinite number of men, women, and children. Indeed, Miss Murray has undertaken out and out the defence of slavery. "The buying and selling operation," she says, "is certainly very unpleasant and revolting to our ideas, and the Whites here dislike it; but it is curious how very little is thought of the matter by the Blacks themselves." Nay, Miss Murray informs us that the most intelligent free Black whom she

has met expressed his sorrow that he had not been born a slave. The sheer silliness of the authoreess may be estimated by these citations; but if the reader wishes for further evidence of that intellectual feebleness, which should, in all propriety, have withheld her from the labours of authorship, he may find it in the following sentence: "Last night I went to see the diorama exemplifying the Pilgrim's Progress, in the hope that it might make me more worthy than I am of work which has been one of the most highly valued of all literary productions; but in vain. Excepting the Parables and one or two stories in the *Spectator*, I never could enjoy any thing allegorical. A brief allegory is very well, but an allegorical volume! I never could wade through it."

Review of the Month.

THE ALARMS OF WAR HAVE AT LENGTH SUBSIDED, IF ONLY FOR AN INTERVAL, AND THE NAME OF PEACE IS AGAIN HEARD AMIDST THE BUSY HUM OF OUR POPULATION. When this nation had been stunned for months with the sounds of war, and the almost equally loud complaints of mal-administration, suddenly, on the 14th of January, the British Empire was awakened to an unusual sense of joy, by the tidings of a prospective peace. On that day it was announced by the *Times*, that Russia had accepted, without reservation, the proposals presented to her through the intervention of Austria, and the English funds, within a few minutes of the announcement, registered a rise of no less than three per cent. The excitement, however, which this intelligence at first produced, was subsequently modified by the terms of the intelligence in which the proposals of the Allies were said to have been accepted only as a *basis* of negotiations. Nevertheless, the financial barometer has stood high ever since, and the foresight of the speculators has been confirmed by the latest intelligence. It is stated that the preliminaries will have been signed by the contracting powers before these pages are in the press, and that a meeting of plenipotentiaries will immediately take place in Paris, in which the British Government will be represented by Lord Clarendon, and Russia by Baron Brunow. The translation of the proposed terms is as follows: "I. *Danubian Principalities*.—Complete abolition of the Russian protectorate. The Danubian Principalities shall receive an organization conformable to their wishes, to their wants, to their interests, and this new organization, respecting which the population itself will be consulted, shall be recognized by the contracting Powers and sanctioned by the Sultan as emanating from his sovereign initiative. No State shall be able, under any pretext whatever, under any form of protectorate, to interfere in the

question of the internal administration of the Principalities; they shall adopt a definitive permanent system demanded by their geographical position, and no impediment can be made to their fortifying, in the interest of their safety, in such manner as they may deem advisable, their territory against foreign aggression. In exchange for the strong places and territories occupied by the allied armies, Russia consents to a rectification of her frontier with Turkey in Europe. It would commence in the vicinity of Chotym, follow the line of the mountains, which extend in a south-easterly direction, and terminate at Lake Sasik. The line (*trace*) shall be definitely regulated by the general treaty, and the conceded territory would return to the Principalities and to the suzerainty of the Porte. II. *The Danube*.—The freedom of the Danube and of its mouths shall be efficaciously assured by European institutions, in which the contracting Powers shall be equally represented, except the particular positions of the lords of the soil on the banks (*des riverains*), which shall be regulated upon the principles established by the act of the Congress of Vienna as regards the navigation of rivers. Each of the contracting Powers shall have the right to keep one or two small vessels stationed at the mouths of the river, destined to assure the execution of the regulations relative to the freedom of the Danube. III. *Neutralization of the Black Sea*.—This sea shall be open to merchant vessels—closed to war navies (*marines militaires*); consequently, no naval military arsenals shall be created or maintained there. The protection of the commercial and maritime interests of all nations shall be assured in the respective ports of the Black Sea, by the establishment of institutions conformable to international law, and to the customs sanctioned in such matters. The two Powers which hold the coast engage themselves to maintain only the number of light vessels, of a fixed force, necessary for their coast service. This convention, concluded separately between these two Powers, shall form part, as an annex, of the general treaty after receiving the approval of the contracting parties. This separate convention cannot be annulled or modified without the consent of the signatories of the general treaty. The closing of the Straits will admit the exception applicable to the stationary vessels mentioned in the preceding article. IV. *Christian Subjects of the Porte*.—The immunities of the Rayah subjects to the Porte shall be religiously preserved, without infringement on the independence and dignity of the Sultan's crown. As deliberations are taking place between Austria, France, Great Britain, and the Sublime Porte, to assure to the Christian subjects of the Sultan their religious and political rights, Russia shall be invited, when peace is made, to associate herself thereto. V. "The belligerent Powers reserve to themselves the right which appertains to them of producing in a European interest special conditions over and above the four guarantees." It is impossible to conceal the fact, that many of the most conscientious opponents of war view this prospect of peace with distrust and displeasure. They are of opinion, and certainly that opinion is not altogether irrational, that another campaign would so completely subdue Russia, as to ensure a conclusive, and perhaps a final peace to the

Continent of Europe. For our own parts, while we heartily desire the blessings of peace, we cannot but think that one of its conditions should be that Russia should be compelled to pay the entire expenses of the war.

THE RESULTS OF THE AUSTRIAN CONCORDAT ALREADY BEGIN TO APPEAR. The future servitude of the press, and the consequent suppression of all popular intellectual progress, is sufficiently secured by what is implied, no less than by what is stated, in the following edict from the Archbishop of Milan to all printers and booksellers within that diocese: "As it is of the last importance for the intact preservation of our most holy Catholic faith and of good morals, that no errors of any description whatever should be propagated, in whatsoever manner, by means of books or periodicals, either printed, lithographed, or engraved, and that, in like manner, the faithful should not be incited or led by the same into evil habits, we have repeatedly, urged by our archi-episcopal duties, publicly deplored the deplorable licence existing in this respect, and have energetically called upon the faithful to abstain from the lecture of bad writings, and from looking at or buying licentious publications, and we have vividly pointed out to all printers or vendors of such articles the grievous damage they were doing to their own souls, and to the souls of others, by propagating such species of books, print, or pictures, even by simply exposing them to the public view, and thereby transgressing the sacred regulations of the *Index* as regards prints and the publishing trade. Now, however, thanks to the Concordat happily concluded between the Holy See and our most august Emperor, not only is the remembrance of our duty of keeping a vigilant eye on the press furbished up anew, as expressed in the 9th article—'The archbishops, bishops, and all local priests are to exercise freely their own authority to condemn with censure books detrimental to religion and to good morals, and to keep back the faithful from reading the same'—but we are promised the full support of the secular authorities to withdraw these same pernicious objects from the eyes of the public, and to prevent their sale throughout the empire; to quote the words of the same article: 'But the government also will provide every necessary remedy to prevent the diffusion of such books in the empire.' We, acting in concert with the most illustrious and most reverend clergy of Lombardy, our suffragans, firmly resolved to care for the spiritual wants of our beloved diocesans by preventing to the best of our endeavours the abuse of the press, and thereby to fulfil our bounden duty as a faithful minister of that God who will one day call us to a strict account for the souls entrusted to us, do think the moment opportune to make known this communication to all printers, publishers, and all vendors of books of every description, and printsellers in our diocese, that they may avoid any disagreeable emergency or material loss they might in future have to incur: That we, on the grounds of the dogma of morality, and of the respect due to the clergy and to ecclesiastical affairs, will continue to exercise a vigilant eye upon all periodical publications actually existing, and will also keep a strict watch upon such as may in future appear; and

that it may serve as a private warning to publishers of works of a pernicious tendency towards religion and morals, that we shall not fail publicly to suppress them should they continue in the same spirit, and, having incurred ecclesiastical censure, declare them guilty of propagating impious and heretical doctrines, as well the writers as the printers and promoters of the same; nor shall we omit to implore the aid of the government authorities to suppress the same. That it be incumbent upon all publishers or editors, as sons of the church, first, to submit to our ecclesiastical revision the writings or books of whatsoever description which they intend to print or reprint, not even excepting books of piety and church books, that they may obtain the necessary permission thereto; and we impress this obligation upon them, that they may not have to incur the loss that would fall upon them should we find ourselves under the disagreeable necessity of calling in the aid of the secular authorities for the suppression of works already published. That it is incumbent upon all booksellers to procure from our ecclesiastical revision the permission to sell books coming from abroad, unless such are already publicly allowed to be sold." A letter in a Sardinian newspaper, says: "The Concordat just concluded between Austria and the Holy See has not met with favour here. For some days past the words 'Down with the Concordat,' and similar sentiments, have been chalked upon the walls of the archbishop's palace by unknown hands, and are renewed as fast as they are wiped off by the police." "Schiller's *Don Carlos*," says another letter, "was given on Sunday week in the Court Theatre, Vienna; but to the astonishment of the audience, Domingo, the King's confessor, appeared as a mailed knight. The ecclesiastical censorship has already begun. Here is another instance of the revival. At a party in a gentleman's house at Vienna, a dance was got up; one of the guests volunteered to play a quadrille on the pianoforte; presently a gendarme entered, seized the musician, and took him to prison! The Archbishop of Vienna had ordered that no dance-music should be played during Advent." Again we express our satisfaction at this new aggression of the papal court. May it proceed in the same direction until, as of old, in the eyes even of its blind adherents its iniquity is found to be hateful.

THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST ARCHDEACON DENISON ARE ASSUMING A MORE SERIOUS ASPECT. Proceedings have been taken in the Court of Queen's Bench, to compel the Archbishop of Canterbury, by a writ of mandamus, to try the archdeacon on the charge of heresy preferred against him by the Reverend Mr. Ditcher, to the preliminary proceedings in which matter his Grace had given a wavering, and, as far as he is concerned, an unfortunate consent. The trial of the case affords one of the most striking illustrations of the anomalous and unsound condition of our church establishment. The powers of the civil court on the one hand, and of the archbishop on the other, seem to be altogether vague and indeterminate. Both the judges and the highest counsel of the day appear to be all abroad. The result, however, is, that the archbishop is now compelled by the decision of the highest civil court in the realm to institute pro-

ceedings which will tax his fortune to the amount of ten thousand pounds, and embitter the last years of his peaceful life. Meanwhile, difficulties are thickening around him. He is called upon by the conditions of his office, if not by the more stringent decisions of a court of law, to pronounce an authoritative opinion on a question which every Christian must feel humbled at seeing mooted in the present day. Looking to another quarter of the Established Church, we see that the decision of Dr. Lushington in the cause of Mr. Westerton, the churchwarden of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and Mr. Beal, an inhabitant of the district of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, against the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell, the incumbent of those districts, has elicited a letter from the Bishop of Exeter, characteristic in its bitterness. Our readers will be familiar with the questions. "Perhaps," says his lordship, "you will be surprised at my saying that it is your decision that credence tables are illegal, *which appears to me pregnant with serious consequences*. It happened to myself a few years ago to have a complaint brought to me against a clergyman for putting a credence table within the chancel. My judgment in that case was,—'*Change the name of the table, but let the table itself remain.*' This, I really think, was substantially the fittest decision I could make. It gave a triumph to neither party; that was certainly well; *it was disagreeable to both parties—that too, probably, was not ill.*" "No," says the *Examiner*, "it can never be ill in the judgment of our Philpotts to do what is disagreeable to two, or, indeed, to any number of parties. His is not the weakness of endeavouring to please everybody; to succeed rather in displeasing everybody would leave him nothing on earth to desire. We can imagine his uneasiness in deciding a question lest he should impart any contentment. We see his care to give both some bitters. What a fool to him was the wisest of men. Solomon did not shape his celebrated judgment so as to steer clear of a triumph to either party, and to contrive to decide what was disagreeable to both. Our Philpotts in the same place would certainly never have consented to make the mother happy. What he would have done with the child, so as to give a triumph to neither claimant, and to decide disagreeably to both, it is impossible to conjecture; but certain it is that he would have found some way of splitting the difference, so that each party should have had a handsome share of vexation. The judgment of Philpotts is indeed the very antithesis of the judgment of Solomon. The credence table stood in place of the child, but there were not two claimants for it, but one; the Puseyite holding to it, and the other, a strict Protestant, abhorring, and crying away with it. How subtle the judgment. Let the table remain, but change the name; awarding the substance to Puseyism, the shadow to Protestantism. It surpasses Bishop Blomfield's celebrated decision on the candle question. Let the candles be on the altar, but do not light them." The most remarkable point in the bishop's letter is, his insisting upon the terms,—"*the oblation of the elements.*" This he defends on those authorities to which we owe the prayer book, which, as was clearly shown in the decision of the Privy Council in the case of Mr. Gorham, was designed

as a compromise between the Roman Catholics on the one part, and the Protestants on the other—the articles being intended for the latter, and the offices for the former. The phrase evidently involves the rankest popery. Such controversies, however, will rage on until a wiser, and, we trust, conclusive decision of the legislature shall give to all the subjects of this country that perfect religious freedom which can only be secured by an absolute religious equality.

THE DEATH OF MR. JOSIAH CONDER is an event which we could not pass by unnoticed, consistently with the respect which is due to departed usefulness and excellence. This event occurred on the 27th of December, in the presence of all his family, and has occasioned a void which will long be felt in the religious world. Few men, too, have contributed more largely or more variously to the literature, and more especially the Christian literature, of the age. The *Patriot*, which he so long edited, supplies the following particulars of his life and labours: Mr. Conder was born in London, Sept. 17, 1789, and was the son of Mr. Thomas Conder, bookseller, and grandson of Dr. John Conder, President of the Old College, Homerton. At an early age he manifested that poetical genius and literary taste which have so highly distinguished him. His juvenile poetical contributions to the *Athenæum* (Dr. Aikin's) and other publications having attracted favourable notice, he published in 1810 a small volume entitled "The Associate Minstrels," as being the joint production of several friends; and this book passed through two editions. In 1814 he became proprietor of the *Eclectic Review*, being at that time a publisher and bookseller in London. In 1819, he disposed of his business to his successor, Mr. B. Holdsworth, and for many subsequent years resided at Watford, in Hertfordshire, retaining in his own hands the management of the *Eclectic Review* till 1837, when he transferred the proprietorship to Dr. Thomas Price. During the three and twenty years of Mr. Josiah Conder's editorship of that monthly journal, he enjoyed the assistance, as regular or occasional contributors, of John Foster, Robert Hall, James Montgomery, Dr. Pye Smith, Dr. Chalmers, Isaac Taylor, Z. Uwins, D.D., Dr. Vaughan, Charles Marsh, and many other literary celebrities. In 1818, Mr. Conder published his well-known work on Protestant Nonconformity, in two volumes octavo. In 1824, he entered into an engagement with Mr. James Duncan, of Paternoster Row, to edit the series, entitled "The Modern Traveller," undertaking, in the first instance, to furnish the volume on Palestine. Ultimately, however, after several unsuccessful attempts to divide the labour, he found himself compelled to carry on the entire series, in the production of which, in four or five volumes alone had he any literary assistance. The series of thirty-three volumes was completed in 1830; but "Italy," in three volumes, was subsequently added in 1831. In 1832, Mr. Conder was induced, on the application of the gentlemen who had recently established the *Patriot* newspaper, to become the editor of that journal, an office which he continued to sustain until his death.

THE PUBLICATION OF MR. MACAULAY'S THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND has by its absorbing interest

almost excluded from notice all other events which have transpired of late in the literary world. Its early success is probably without an example. Thirty thousand copies, or sixty thousand volumes were subscribed for by the trade before their publication, nearly three thousand copies of the work having been bespoken by a single circulating library. No sooner did it see the light than every newspaper was teeming with paragraphs selected from its contents; and although much disappointment is expressed at the slowness of the historian's progress, yet Mr. Macaulay has received a perfect ovation. The fears of the public lest the work should be left by its author as a brilliant fragment have been mitigated by his recent retirement from the representation of Edinburgh and from parliamentary life. This act is interpreted as a dedication of the remainder of his days to his grand task; and since its occurrence an Edinburgh newspaper has positively announced that the fifth volume is already in the hands of the printer.

AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE has found its way into public circulation respecting the two pro-slavery volumes recently published by the Honourable Miss Murray, and noticed by us in another part of this number. It is asserted that the authoress requested permission to dedicate them to her Royal Mistress; but that, on inspecting the proof-sheets, Her Majesty declined the request, and further intimated that if the work was published Miss Murray must resign her position at court. The authenticity of this statement has been denied, but the reader is at liberty to take it *quantum valeat*.

MR. COBDEN'S PAMPHLET, entitled, "What next, and next?" has attracted far more attention than any minor publication that has recently appeared. It has been severely denounced by those who recognize the justice and importance of the opposition which the Western powers are offering to the licentious ambition of Russia. Mr. Cobden's practical conclusion is as follows: "Finally, not to incur the charge of vagueness, I would not risk the life of an Englishman, or spend another shilling, for the chance of the barren triumph of extorting pacific pledges from the Russian government; and having come to this determination, there would no longer be an obstacle to peace. But while attaching no value to the limitation of the number of Russian ships exclusively, I should not lose sight of the policy of dealing with the amount of naval force as a European question. . . . I should endeavour, then, on the advent of peace, to promote, as far as possible, an approximation on the part of the European Powers to the naval standard of the United States,—the country possessing the greatest amount of mercantile tonnage. Should the close of the war be signalized by such a general reduction of warlike armaments in Europe as would be involved in this arrangement, it would, in all human probability, confer a lasting benefit on posterity; and amid the crimes and errors of the last two years, diplomacy might fairly claim for such a peaceful triumph the respect and gratitude of mankind."

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.

My attention has been directed to two articles in the *Morning Advertiser* on Mr. Lynch's "Rivulet," and to another headed "*The Eclectic Review* for January." In the latter a charge is brought against the writer of a Brief Notice in our last number for having bestowed unqualified praise on a work which the *Morning Advertiser* asserts to be "*pervaded by the Rationalist Theology of Germany—which is worse than the lowest kind of Unitarianism, and no better than a modified Deism; and not to have one particle in it of vital religion or evangelical piety.*" Not having at that time read Mr. Lynch's volume, I contented myself with simply rebutting the charge, on behalf of myself and the reviewer, of favouring the class of sentiments here attributed to Mr. Lynch. But now, having read the work, I cannot but express my utter astonishment and indignant reprobation of the reckless injustice with which Mr. Lynch has been treated. His poems abound with reference to the Saviour; and if his divinity be not dogmatically asserted, it is plainly implied by those expressions—reliance on Him for illumination, guidance, and the influences of His Spirit—which would be perfectly absurd on any other supposition. The very first hymn recognizes the agency of the Holy Spirit in regeneration and sanctification: I am totally at a loss to account for the rabid vehemence of the newspaper censor, unless on the ground of extreme personal prejudice. My own acquaintance with Mr. Lynch is but of recent date, but I already know enough of his abilities and character to admire his genius and reverence his piety. As to the Brief Notice of the "Rivulet" in this Journal, I have nothing to retract either on the writer's behalf or my own.

Before concluding, I must just notice the curious threat held out by the *Morning Advertiser* of the injury this journal will sustain, unless the decision it has given be revoked. It is broadly hinted that its *sale* will be affected. I rely on the sympathy of my readers in the contempt I feel at such a mode of tampering with a critical judgment. Here is a question of truth or falsehood, involving the character of an accomplished man holding a public situation as a minister of religion, and we are kindly told that certain pecuniary interests will suffer, unless the question be decided in one way. I can only infer that such a line of argument is most familiar to the mental habits of him who employs it. If he imagines that the editor of this journal can be moved by it, he is egregiously mistaken. In such a case to make an appeal to the Ledger—to the probable balance of profit and loss—is as degrading to him who suggests it, as it is insulting to the party whom it is intended to affect. But

sordidness and calumny are such boon companions, that it would be a pity they should ever be separated.

THE EDITOR OF THE "ECLECTIC REVIEW."

Jan. 29th, 1856.

Since writing the above, a letter has been handed to us, which was sent to the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* for insertion in that paper, but which he has not thought fit to publish. It contains so clear and temperate a view of the matter at issue that we will content ourselves with leaving the case to the judgment of unprejudiced readers.

To the Editor of the Morning Advertiser.

SIR,—I have for many years been a constant reader of your paper, and also of the *Eclectic Review*, and I have often admired the zeal and power with which these two organs have fought the battles of religious liberty, and defended the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel against the invasions of Popery on the one hand, and Rationalism on the other. It was, therefore, with sincere regret that I read your article of the 22nd inst., reflecting on the religious consistency of the *Eclectic Review*. The notice of Mr. Lynch's poems, to which you refer, was printed within a few pages of a brief review of Mr. Caird's sermon, lately preached before Her Majesty, the insertion of which would of itself be sufficient evidence of the orthodoxy of any critical work.

But your attack upon the *Eclectic* has led me to examine Mr. Lynch's poems for the first time, and also to reperuse two critiques upon them which appeared in the *Morning Advertiser*.

You say, "We have shown that in Mr. Lynch's volume there is not a single recognition of the divinity of Christ, of the Atonement, of the work of the Spirit, either in regeneration or in sanctification, or of the mediatorial office of the Saviour."

And again, "This volume which we have *proved* to be pervaded throughout by the Rationalist Theology of Germany, which is worse than even the lowest kind of Unitarianism, and in reality no better than a modified Deism."

In opening the volume, one of the first stanzas that met my eye was the following:—

"My joy, when truest joy I have,
It comes to me from heaven;
My strength, when I from weakness rise,
Is of Thy Spirit given."—P. 20.

On the next page I found the following stanzas, which I think you must admit do not taste very strongly of rationalism:—

"A reasoner without love,
Thy quivering ray forlorn,
Can show the strange and fearful night,
But never bring the dawn.
Lord, in our musing heart,
If thou reveal Thy Son,
Upward the growing twilight strikes,—
The morning has begun."—P. 21.

1850.

Secretary of the Spirit,

Dear Sir,

I am glad to hear that you are doing good ;

I am glad to hear that you are doing good ;

I am glad to hear that you are doing good ;

I am glad to hear that you are doing good ;

I am glad to hear that you are doing good ;

Yours faithfully,

W. A. F. W. London: Long-
S. V. C. London: H. G. Bohn.
Religious Tract Society.
Apostolical and Necessary.
The Madhouse of the
Half yearly Vol. July to
and Stoneman.
London: Jackson and Walford.
Pp. 214. London: Reli-
View of Sir Isaac Newton's
Brown and Co.
to El-Medinah and
London: Longmans.
London: Partridge and Co.
the Universe from the World of
London: Partridge and Co.
the proceedings of the Congrega-
London: Walford.
London: Simpkin, Mar-
to the Holy Scriptures.
London: Evangelical Alliance.
London: J. Blackwood.
and Macintosh
J. W. Parker and Son.

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- I Miss Thee from the Joyous Scene. Words by George Linley. Music by William Harris. Price 2s. London: Joseph Hart.
- Old England is our Home. Words by Mary Howitt. Music by Edward J. L.
- Onward, England. A National Song. Music by Boleyn Reeves. Price 2s. 6d. London: Addison, Hollier, and Co.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

MARCH, 1856.

ART. I.—*Les Beaux Arts à l'Exposition Universelle de 1855.*
Maxime Du Camp. Paris. 1 vol., 8vo.

ONE of the most original and attractive portions of the recent Universal Exposition of Paris, was, beyond doubt, the building devoted to the Fine Arts; and as the train of thought inspired by the examination of its contents appears to be one from which much instruction may be derived, we hail with the greatest satisfaction works of the character and tendency presented by M. Du Camp's notice, because they enable us to explain our own views, and to discuss generally received opinions, upon one of the most interesting subjects of inquiry which can occupy the attention of the social philosopher. The state of the Fine Arts in any country, the taste of any particular period, or nation, is, we believe, a much surer indication of the tone of national intellect prevailing at the precise period than is usually suspected. The laws which regulate the exhibition of surpassing national excellence in Art are so strangely interwoven with those which, in their turn, depend upon the social and political condition of the bulk of the nation itself, that we hold it to be impossible thoroughly to understand the former without referring to the latter. Moreover, we believe that it is hardly possible correctly to appreciate the influence of a long series of political changes, without a careful examination of the manner in which artists have endeavoured to personify the innermost feelings of their contemporaries; and as the influence of the French revolution of 1793 is making itself felt upon the continent more distinctly now than ever, it must be a subject of vital importance to study the visible expression of the change superinduced in the minds of the French people by the great social movement still in

and *chiaro oscuro* of Wright and Reynolds, even of Cipriani and Angelica Kauffmann, were as superior to the similar qualities of the French artists we have named, as their drawing and composition were. The Italians, Spaniards, and Germans of the middle and latter end of the last century were equally beneath criticism. Yet, strange to say, Diderot, Winckelmann, Lessing, and Mengs, at this precise period, promulgated the theoretical doctrines or opinions upon Art which have led to the diffusal of a better taste; so far, at least, as the speculations of writers can be considered to influence the modes of thought of an epoch.

It is also very remarkable that architecture in France should not have suffered so much from the baneful influence of the taste which prevailed during the reign of Louis XV., as the sister arts. The buildings erected during the earlier years of that infamous reign were, it is true, of a merit little superior to that observable in the paintings of the same period; and the chateaux of Choissy le Roi, of Sceaux, and the Hotel de Rohan were worthy pendants of the productions of Vanloo and his contemporaries. But towards 1750 a revolution appears to have taken place in French architecture, under the guidance of Gabriel and Soufflot at first, of Servandoni, Blondel, Moreau, Antoine, and Chalgrin, after him: and the separation between engineering and architecture was effected ostensibly at this period, by the foundation (in 1740) of the school of the Ponts et Chaussées, by M. Trudaine, Inspector of Finances, under the guidance of the greatest of French engineers, Perronnet. Whatever faults may be found with the details of the Pantheon, the Garde Meuble, St. Sulpice, the Monnaie, the inner court of the Palais Royal, or the Hotel St. Florentin, it is impossible to refuse to those buildings the praise of possessing a strongly marked unity of design, a picturesqueness of effect, and, to use a phrase borrowed from the painters, a breadth and freedom of handling. The Garde Meuble is, in fact, one of the finest buildings in Europe, and it forms a startling contrast with the other outward expressions of national intellect at the precise period of its erection, as marked as that presented by the bridges of Neuilly, of Nantes, and of Orleans. That the external characteristics of these buildings must have been a better and truer manifestation of the tendency of society in general seems to us to be proved by the fact, that the movement thus originated did not remain isolated or fruitless. By degrees, the painters and sculptors of the end of the eighteenth century, in France, began to cast off the trammels of fashion and conventionality, and Vien, Joseph Vernet, and De Boissieux, produced works, which it is now, alas! too much the fashion to neglect. M. Du Camp does not allude to these artists, even

by name, though they marked a singular period of transition, and, to the extent of their ability, shadowed forth the strange turmoil and excitement which had then so profoundly upstirred the uttermost depths of the human race. Both historians and writers upon Art treat the intellectual phenomena of the interval between the middle of Louis XV.'s reign, and the beginning of that of Louis XVI., with a degree of carelessness hardly conceivable, when it is borne in mind that the peculiar character of the subsequent moral earthquake was influenced to a wonderful extent by their tone. This was especially the case with the changes superinduced in the art of painting, and the fact that David himself had been a pupil of Vien, whose influence and counsels were felt even towards the latter period of the Consulship, renders it still more a matter of surprise that the permanent effect produced by the master should have been so entirely forgotten in the consideration of the greater glories of the pupil. We would add here, that the state of architecture in England about the middle and end of the eighteenth century was far from presenting a contrast to that of France, as satisfactory to our national vanity as that of the other branches of the Fine Arts. Gibbs, Hawksmoor, and Chambers, the Adamses, and Athenian Stuart, were, no doubt, men of great learning and talent; but they can hardly be compared, on the score of originality of genius, or knowledge of effect, with the French architects before named. Nor can the newly formed class of English engineers claim at this period credit for the transcendent excellence they subsequently achieved; for Mylne can hardly be compared to Perronet, nor can Smeaton be ranked above De Cessart, or Lamblardie, or Coulomb.

Guizot observed in his "*Etudes sur les Beaux Arts*," that they (the Fine Arts) were, "like the literature of any country, subject to the influence of the morals, manners, and opinions which prevailed;" and it would form a subject for speculations of the greatest theoretical and practical interest, to endeavour to trace the nature and manner of this action. The state of the Fine Arts in England and on Continental Europe at the period we have referred to (viz., that between the middle and the end of the eighteenth century) may point a moral worthy of the serious attention of the philosopher; for it is remarkable that, with us, the school of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Barry, corresponded with that of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reid, and Adam Smith; whilst in France, Voltaire, Diderot, and Jean Jacques Rousseau were the contemporaries and pendants of Watteau and Greuze. What secret sympathy is there between these various manifestations of the human intellect? How do the conditions which favour the development of one description of genius, of one phase of intellect, affect the expression of others? Is there any

necessary synchronism in the epochs of excellence of the innumerable faculties of the human mind, or are they dependent upon conditions varying with the modes in which those faculties display themselves? To us, it appears that the latter supposition is decidedly the truer; but the question then intrudes itself, as to what are the extraneous circumstances which develope or retard the attainment of excellence in any of the paths, in any of the pursuits by means of which the intellect of a particular period seeks to create to itself a visible exponent? It is thus that inquiries with respect to the state of the Arts or literature of a nation become, to us, at least, endowed with an interest far beyond that which they themselves would appear to merit; and it is for this reason that we both are disposed to quarrel with M. Du Camp for the want of a sufficiently comprehensive view of the subject before him, and to attach a degree of importance to the study of the pictures lately collected in Paris, which the works themselves can hardly be said to have justified. This remark, however, must only be received as applying to the philosophical appreciation of the merits of the various works of Art, not by any means as applying to our estimation of their artistic excellence in matters of composition, handling, or other practical details. It is the more decidedly applicable in this restricted sense, because the characteristic style of any particular nation or period depends more upon the innermost feelings, the deepest seated convictions of the dwellers therein, than upon the mechanical or traditional excellence which may be retained in the modes of their external representation. There has been, indeed, much minute criticism upon the class of subjects M. Du Camp has lately suggested for discussion; a broad philosophical view of them is still wanting, notwithstanding their intimate connexion with the most vital phenomena of the social development.

One of the great errors usually committed by critics in their estimation of the artistic excellence of a particular period consists in their attributing to individuals a degree of power and influence they are very far indeed from possessing in fact. Men of the greatest genius receive their impress from the state of society around them, far more than they communicate their own character to an epoch. The change which came over French Art about 1794, we believe was far more to be attributed to the singular state of public opinion at that period than to any influence exercised by David, great and original as he was. Everybody then turned with a species of fond adoration to the theatrical portraits of Greek and Roman statesmen recorded by Plutarch and the other historical romance writers of antiquity; and so far had this love for the supposed heroes of Greece and Rome extended, that men assumed their names and endeavoured

to imitate their conduct when exposed to the persecutions of their times. Society in France strove to model itself in the fashion of the half-clad, partially civilized, but energetic, nations of antiquity; David did but express—visibly, and tamely, too, in our opinion,—the sentiments of those with whom he was in immediate contact, and the singular abandonment of all his previous political convictions which he offered to the rising sun of the modern Cæsar, proves to us that he must have been deficient in the sincere vital belief of the truth of the dogmas he had espoused, but which alone could have enabled him to make converts. David's merit was, no doubt, great, inasmuch as he showed the way to emancipate society from many of the traditions of the schools of Art established under the former system. But the road had been, to a certain extent, smoothed before him by his immediate predecessors of the period of Louis XVI.; and he himself stopped short of the discovery of the real tendency of his own age—of the true meaning of the change then beginning to exhibit itself. The ultimate tendency of the revolutionary movement in 1793, was not to revive the imitation of classical antiquity, already unsuccessfully attempted in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It had, and still has, a far deeper import, whether that be for good or for evil; and though David judged rightly, so far as he thought men were prepared for and desirous of throwing off the trammels of the debased monarchical school of Art, just as they sought to cast aside the evils and abuses of the old form of government; yet he erred in endeavouring to revive a taste for a style of painting which certainly had no relation to the past, present, or future tone of thought and feeling of his nation. "Every revival," says M. Cousin, very justly, "is a step backwards," whether to the so-called classical, or to mediæval Art; and by a wise law of nature it appears that every such revival is born sterile, so to speak. The semi-paganism of the sixteenth century produced nothing which can be considered to have resembled a really vital, living style. David's return to the adoration of the mythical Lycurgus, Romulus, and Brutus—as they appeared to the world before recent criticism had reduced them to the level of their real importance, and had stripped the tales of Livy and Plutarch of their adventitious interest—David's return to the adoration of these men was equally devoid of the principles requisite for the creation of a new and lasting school. He and his friends of the Terror ignored the effect of the Christian doctrine, the modifications in men's minds produced by the long and stormy period between the end of the Roman Republic and their own days. They strove, thank God, in vain! to carry men back to the morals and principles of the earliest and most savagely energetic periods of Greek and Roman republicanism, after

France had for years been exposed to the corruptions of the court of the Bourbons. French history, French literature, and French Art, since then, have shown how vain is the attempt to reverse suddenly the tone of thought and feeling of an ancient and corrupt nationality.

We would observe, parenthetically, that it is far too much the fashion at present to ignore the benefits rendered to France by the government of Louis XVI., unquestionably one of the best and most conscientious of French monarchs. Amongst the social changes, the merit of which is almost exclusively attributed by recent authors to the Emperor Napoleon I., but which properly speaking ought to be attributed to his amiable though unfortunate predecessor, may be cited the reform of the civil codes, and the introduction of the metrical system. The glory of the man who enforced these alterations has effaced that of their designer: just as the completion of some of the works at Havre, Cherbourg, &c., by the first consul, enabled him to inscribe his name upon works began, and considerably advanced, under the care of Louis XVI.

In fact, M. Du Camp's opinions, with respect to the merits of the David school, are precisely the same as our own, and the difference between him and ourselves consists in this only, that he appears to have considered David to have possessed a distinctive influence upon the creation of the peculiar artistic expression of his age, whereas we believe that he only received and personified the character of the age itself. M. Du Camp, however, is quite correct in saying that when once the example had been given, when an artist of merit, and one inspired by a strong, though alas, but a temporary love for liberty, had struck out a new path, the whole French school of artists mustered to itself heart of grace to cast aside the traditions of the affected, and ridiculous style which had so recently prevailed. For a time, the theatrical attitudes, the academical drawing, and the crude colouring David had rendered fashionable, were imitated by a crowd of servile copyists—"snobs," as Mr. Thackeray would say, in their peculiar vocation. Few, however, could attain the wonderful skill, the truthfulness, and the excellence of some of David's paintings, such as the three masterpieces cited by Du Camp, the "*Marat assassiné*," the portrait of Pius VII., and the "*Coronation of Napoleon I.*" The names of Gérard, Guérin, Girodet, Ausiaux, Meynier, Vermy, and a crowd of others, admired too much in their day, are now nearly forgotten; and though the pictures of Baron Gros still occupy a place in men's minds (hardly commensurate with their physical dimensions, it is true), yet it does not appear to us that they can be considered to possess the merit Du Camp endeavours to attribute to them, of

being truly bold, modern, and truthful. Gros, like many others of his contemporaries, was too much dazzled by the immediate contact with Napoleon the Great, to be able to perceive that amidst the glitter, the din, and the strife, which were so essential to the existence of that wonderful man, society was slowly and imperceptibly working forth the solution of the great moral problems forced upon its attention by the events attending upon the overthrow of so much of popular creeds, of organized government as had disappeared in the revolutionary storm. Gros believed in Napoleon, and has produced very characteristic representations of some of the scenes of his eventful history; but his style was not destined to survive the period which inspired it, or to become a model to his successors. His drawing is exaggerated, his composition affected and theatrical—like his hero—his colouring is often singularly unpleasant, and his *chiaro oscuro*, harsh and repulsive. The pictures cited by Du Camp as his model works may, in our opinion, be referred to as confirmations of our objections; and none but a Frenchman, or a student of one of our government schools of design, could, we believe, regard with pleasure, such works as “*Les Pestiférés de Jaffa*,” “*La bataille d’Eylau*,” or “*La bataille d’Aboukir*.” The fearful butcheries, the terrible sufferings of “*la grande guerre*,” are it is true, therein represented with painful exactness: but is this the province of true art, is it thus that the innermost soul of an epoch is to be transmitted to future generations? Alas! at all times men have been ready enough to worship their greatest scourges. It is not the business of the real artist, in whatever branch he may practise, in modern society at least, to exalt the warrior’s fame, for, after all, it is but a necessary evil in the singularly confused state of the moral world. His sphere is to represent scenes which prove that he identifies himself with man in all his phases, and in all his conditions: “*humani nihil à se alienum putare*,” and the painter who, like Gros, could find no pleasure in other scenes than war and blood shedding might suit the fashion, or the court, of a day; but he must rapidly disappear from public estimation when men dare to think for themselves. Moreover, during the latter years of the reign of Napoleon, no one attempted to appear in public but upon stilts, so to speak, and Gros suffered from the contagion of the atmosphere around him; his style was an improvement upon that of David, it is true, but it was radically false, and whatever M. du Camp may say, is now despised and rejected by all true artists. Gros was, in fact, the favourite painter of the great and the little mob of Paris during the prosperity of Napoleon; he was in no wise the painter of humanity. He suited the taste and fashion of a day, but he could not divine the

tendencies of his ages ; and so, when the tastes of his countrymen changed, he was forgotten, and left to point the old moral, that the true artist looks more to the future, than to the temporary applause of the mob, whether they call themselves critics or not.

About this period—that is to say, that of the consulship and the empire—architecture in France had assumed a character singularly in accordance with the character of the leading political events then taking place. It was stiff, grandiose, with an affectation of colossal massiveness and simplicity, but at the same time it was rather marked by a learned revival of the obsolete forms of Greece and Rome, than by any attempt to suit the constructions then erected to the habits, modes of thought, or wants of modern times. The abattoirs of Paris and the Halle aux Vins, formed glorious exceptions to this remark ; and to this day, it would be impossible to cite any buildings of superior merit to them, whether as regards their picturesque effect, or their adaptation to their particular purposes. Such buildings as the Madeleine, the Bourse as originally designed, the Arc de l'Etoile, &c., were however much truer specimens of the taste of the empire, and who now would attempt to justify or praise them ? The fact is, that, under the censorship and tyranny of the emperor, no one dared to think for himself, or to expose himself to the risk of being classed by that inexplicable assemblage of greatness and meanness as an “ Ideologue.” According to P. L. Courier, originality, without orders, was not allowed even in war ; still less would it have been tolerated in peaceful occupations, which Napoleon despised. Consequently, although architecture in France reflected faithfully the tastes and feelings of the modern Cæsar (how strangely like to the ancient destroyer of republican history, in his fortunes, and in the fortunes of his dynasty), its professors failed to discover, or embody, the tendencies of the age in which they lived, and so, in their turn, they were forgotten as soon as they had themselves passed away, or their inspiration had been withdrawn. Chalgrin had made his reputation under the reign of Louis XVI., and he survived to commence the Arc de l'Etoile ; of the contemporaries of his youth and of his old age, however, the names of Gondouin and of Louis will, we believe, be recollected, when those of Percier and Fontaine are forgotten ; even that of Poyet is now hardly remembered.

Literature was equally under a cloud during the reign of Napoleon, for the persecutor of Madame de Stael could hardly be expected to encourage independence of thought. André and Marie Joseph Chénier, Ducis, and Delille were relics of a state of civilization antecedent to either the Republic or the Empire ; and the most eminent authors of the period during

progress. At the same time we may be allowed to extend our inquiry (without any attempts at dogmatizing, be it observed,) to the general causes which tend to the development of national taste.

M. Du Camp, before entering on the description of the works of Art exhibited in the late "world's fair," (as sights of the description of the Universal Exposition are, perhaps, aptly named,) takes, in a somewhat lengthy introduction, a retrospective glance at the history of Art in his own country, which, as far as it goes, is correct enough, but which errs, because it is not sufficiently general. Frenchmen rarely see beyond the horizon of their own country; Parisians are even, as a general rule, more exclusive than the rest of their fellow-countrymen; and so M. Du Camp has fallen into the error of seeking his illustrations of the state of the Fine Arts at the end of the eighteenth century solely amongst the artists of the French court; and, more strangely still, he has only referred to the state of national taste as exhibited by the painters. It is true, that the professors and the practitioners of the latter class of Art in France were, in those days, of the most contemptible description, and M. du Camp very justly and very bitterly contrasts the brilliancy of the French school, as represented by Vouet, Santerre, Le Seur, Le Brun, Philippe de Champagne, Gaspar and Nicholas Poussin, and Claude de Lorraine, with the affected elegance and vapid pretensions of such men as Vanloo, Watteau, Lancret, Oudry, Boucher, and even of Greuze, who in a period of purer taste would, no doubt, have done things more worthy of his natural genius. But it is very remarkable that precisely at the epoch when French Art was at its lowest ebb, English Art should have shone with a brilliance which it never attained before, or since. Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Wright, Smith, of Chichester, Barry, and De Louthembourg (for he always practised in England) flourished precisely at the period when all the rest of Europe, but our own island, seemed practically to have lost correct principles of taste in Art. The influence of the fashion of the age, it is true, was felt by our painters, for there are but few men, if there be any, who can at all times rise above the modes of thought and action they are in daily contact with; but it is singular, and worthy of serious inquiry too withal, that our painters and sculptors should have been as remarkable for the boldness and truthfulness of their style, as their French brethren were for the littleness, affectation, and utter neglect of nature as it really existed. Even in the mere mechanical branches of their profession, the English painters of this particular period were marvellously in advance of those of France; and the colouring, grouping,

and *chiaro oscuro* of Wright and Reynolds, even of Cipriani and Angelica Kauffmann, were as superior to the similar qualities of the French artists we have named, as their drawing and composition were. The Italians, Spaniards, and Germans of the middle and latter end of the last century were equally beneath criticism. Yet, strange to say, Diderot, Winckelmann, Lessing, and Mengs, at this precise period, promulgated the theoretical doctrines or opinions upon Art which have led to the diffusal of a better taste; so far, at least, as the speculations of writers can be considered to influence the modes of thought of an epoch.

It is also very remarkable that architecture in France should not have suffered so much from the baneful influence of the taste which prevailed during the reign of Louis XV., as the sister arts. The buildings erected during the earlier years of that infamous reign were, it is true, of a merit little superior to that observable in the paintings of the same period; and the chateaux of Choissy le Roi, of Sceaux, and the Hotel de Rohan were worthy pendants of the productions of Vanloo and his contemporaries. But towards 1750 a revolution appears to have taken place in French architecture, under the guidance of Gabriel and Soufflot at first, of Servandoni, Blondel, Moreau, Antoine, and Chalgrin, after him: and the separation between engineering and architecture was effected ostensibly at this period, by the foundation (in 1740) of the school of the Ponts et Chaussées, by M. Trudaine, Inspector of Finances, under the guidance of the greatest of French engineers, Perronnet. Whatever faults may be found with the details of the Pantheon, the Garde Meuble, St. Sulpice, the Monnaie, the inner court of the Palais Royal, or the Hotel St. Florentin, it is impossible to refuse to those buildings the praise of possessing a strongly marked unity of design, a picturesqueness of effect, and, to use a phrase borrowed from the painters, a breadth and freedom of handling. The Garde Meuble is, in fact, one of the finest buildings in Europe, and it forms a startling contrast with the other outward expressions of national intellect at the precise period of its erection, as marked as that presented by the bridges of Neuilly, of Nantes, and of Orleans. That the external characteristics of these buildings must have been a better and truer manifestation of the tendency of society in general seems to us to be proved by the fact, that the movement thus originated did not remain isolated or fruitless. By degrees, the painters and sculptors of the end of the eighteenth century, in France, began to cast off the trammels of fashion and conventionality, and Vien, Joseph Vernet, and De Boissieux, produced works, which it is now, alas! too much the fashion to neglect. M. Du Camp does not allude to these artists, even

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Guizot observed in his "*Etudes sur les Beaux Arts*," that they (the Fine Arts) were, "like the literature of any country, subject to the influence of the morals, manners, and opinions which prevailed;" and it would form a subject for speculations of the greatest theoretical and practical interest, to endeavour to trace the nature and manner of this action. The state of the Fine Arts in England and on Continental Europe at the period we have referred to (viz., that between the middle and the end of the eighteenth century) may point a moral worthy of the serious attention of the philosopher; for it is remarkable that, with us, the school of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Barry, corresponded with that of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reid, and Adam Smith; whilst in France, Voltaire, Diderot, and Jean Jacques Rousseau were the contemporaries and pendants of Watteau and Greuze. What secret sympathy is there between these various manifestations of the human intellect? How do the conditions which favour the development of one description of genius, of one phase of intellect, affect the expression of others? Is there any

necessary synchronism in the epochs of excellence of the innumerable faculties of the human mind, or are they dependent upon conditions varying with the modes in which those faculties display themselves? To us, it appears that the latter supposition is decidedly the truer; but the question then intrudes itself, as to what are the extraneous circumstances which develope or retard the attainment of excellence in any of the paths, in any of the pursuits by means of which the intellect of a particular period seeks to create to itself a visible exponent? It is thus that inquiries with respect to the state of the Arts or literature of a nation become, to us, at least, endowed with an interest far beyond that which they themselves would appear to merit; and it is for this reason that we both are disposed to quarrel with M. Du Camp for the want of a sufficiently comprehensive view of the subject before him, and to attach a degree of importance to the study of the pictures lately collected in Paris, which the works themselves can hardly be said to have justified. This remark, however, must only be received as applying to the philosophical appreciation of the merits of the various works of Art, not by any means as applying to our estimation of their artistic excellence in matters of composition, handling, or other practical details. It is the more decidedly applicable in this restricted sense, because the characteristic style of any particular nation or period depends more upon the innermost feelings, the deepest seated convictions of the dwellers therein, than upon the mechanical or traditional excellence which may be retained in the modes of their external representation. There has been, indeed, much minute criticism upon the class of subjects M. Du Camp has lately suggested for discussion; a broad philosophical view of them is still wanting, notwithstanding their intimate connexion with the most vital phenomena of the social development.

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France had for years been exposed to the corruptions of the court of the Bourbons. French history, French literature, and French Art, since then, have shown how vain is the attempt to reverse suddenly the tone of thought and feeling of an ancient and corrupt nationality.

We would observe, parenthetically, that it is far too much the fashion at present to ignore the benefits rendered to France by the government of Louis XVI., unquestionably one of the best and most conscientious of French monarchs. Amongst the social changes, the merit of which is almost exclusively attributed by recent authors to the Emperor Napoleon I., but which properly speaking ought to be attributed to his amiable though unfortunate predecessor, may be cited the reform of the civil codes, and the introduction of the metrical system. The glory of the man who enforced these alterations has effaced that of their designer: just as the completion of some of the works at Havre, Cherbourg, &c., by the first consul, enabled him to inscribe his name upon works began, and considerably advanced, under the care of Louis XVI.

In fact, M. Du Camp's opinions, with respect to the merits of the David school, are precisely the same as our own, and the difference between him and ourselves consists in this only, that he appears to have considered David to have possessed a distinctive influence upon the creation of the peculiar artistic expression of his age, whereas we believe that he only received and personified the character of the age itself. M. Du Camp, however, is quite correct in saying that when once the example had been given, when an artist of merit, and one inspired by a strong, though alas, but a temporary love for liberty, had struck out a new path, the whole French school of artists mustered to itself heart of grace to cast aside the traditions of the affected, and ridiculous style which had so recently prevailed. For a time, the theatrical attitudes, the academical drawing, and the crude colouring David had rendered fashionable, were imitated by a crowd of servile copyists—"snobs," as Mr. Thackeray would say, in their peculiar vocation. Few, however, could attain the wonderful skill, the truthfulness, and the excellence of some of David's paintings, such as the three masterpieces cited by Du Camp, the "*Marat assassiné*," the portrait of Pius VII., and the "*Coronation of Napoleon I.*" The names of Gérard, Guerin, Girodet, Ansiaux, Meynier, Vermy, and a crowd of others, admired too much in their day, are now nearly forgotten; and though the pictures of Baron Gros still occupy a place in men's minds (hardly commensurate with their physical dimensions, it is true), yet it does not appear to us that they can be considered to possess the merit Du Camp endeavours to attribute to them, of

being truly bold, modern, and truthful. Gros, like many others of his contemporaries, was too much dazzled by the immediate contact with Napoleon the Great, to be able to perceive that amidst the glitter, the din, and the strife, which were so essential to the existence of that wonderful man, society was slowly and imperceptibly working forth the solution of the great moral problems forced upon its attention by the events attending upon the overthrow of so much of popular creeds, of organized government as had disappeared in the revolutionary storm. Gros believed in Napoleon, and has produced very characteristic representations of some of the scenes of his eventful history; but his style was not destined to survive the period which inspired it, or to become a model to his successors. His drawing is exaggerated, his composition affected and theatrical—like his hero—his colouring is often singularly unpleasant, and his *chiaro oscuro*, harsh and repulsive. The pictures cited by Du Camp as his model works may, in our opinion, be referred to as confirmations of our objections; and none but a Frenchman, or a student of one of our government schools of design, could, we believe, regard with pleasure, such works as “*Les Pestiferés de Jaffa*,” “*La bataille d’Eylau*,” or “*La bataille d’Aboukir*.” The fearful butcheries, the terrible sufferings of “*la grande guerre*,” are it is true, therein represented with painful exactness: but is this the province of true art, is it thus that the innermost soul of an epoch is to be transmitted to future generations? Alas! at all times men have been ready enough to worship their greatest scourges. It is not the business of the real artist, in whatever branch he may practise, in modern society at least, to exalt the warrior’s fame, for, after all, it is but a necessary evil in the singularly confused state of the moral world. His sphere is to represent scenes which prove that he identifies himself with man in all his phases, and in all his conditions: “*humani nihil à se alienum putare*,” and the painter who, like Gros, could find no pleasure in other scenes than war and blood shedding might suit the fashion, or the court, of a day; but he must rapidly disappear from public estimation when men dare to think for themselves. Moreover, during the latter years of the reign of Napoleon, no one attempted to appear in public but upon stilts, so to speak, and Gros suffered from the contagion of the atmosphere around him; his style was an improvement upon that of David, it is true, but it was radically false, and whatever M. du Camp may say, is now despised and rejected by all true artists. Gros was, in fact, the favourite painter of the great and the little mob of Paris during the prosperity of Napoleon; he was in no wise the painter of humanity. He suited the taste and fashion of a day, but he could not divine the

tendencies of his ages ; and so, when the tastes of his countrymen changed, he was forgotten, and left to point the old moral, that the true artist looks more to the future, than to the temporary applause of the mob, whether they call themselves critics or not.

About this period—that is to say, that of the consulship and the empire—architecture in France had assumed a character singularly in accordance with the character of the leading political events then taking place. It was stiff, grandiose, with an affectation of colossal massiveness and simplicity, but at the same time it was rather marked by a learned revival of the obsolete forms of Greece and Rome, than by any attempt to suit the constructions then erected to the habits, modes of thought, or wants of modern times. The abattoirs of Paris and the Halle aux Vins, formed glorious exceptions to this remark ; and to this day, it would be impossible to cite any buildings of superior merit to them, whether as regards their picturesque effect, or their adaptation to their particular purposes. Such buildings as the Madeleine, the Bourse as originally designed, the Arc de l'Etoile, &c., were however much truer specimens of the taste of the empire, and who now would attempt to justify or praise them ? The fact is, that, under the censorship and tyranny of the emperor, no one dared to think for himself, or to expose himself to the risk of being classed by that inexplicable assemblage of greatness and meanness as an " Ideologue." According to P. L. Courier, originality, without orders, was not allowed even in war ; still less would it have been tolerated in peaceful occupations, which Napoleon despised. Consequently, although architecture in France reflected faithfully the tastes and feelings of the modern Cæsar (how strangely like to the ancient destroyer of republican history, in his fortunes, and in the fortunes of his dynasty), its professors failed to discover, or embody, the tendencies of the age in which they lived, and so, in their turn, they were forgotten as soon as they had themselves passed away, or their inspiration had been withdrawn. Chalgrin had made his reputation under the reign of Louis XVI., and he survived to commence the Arc de l'Etoile ; of the contemporaries of his youth and of his old age, however, the names of Gondouin and of Louis will, we believe, be recollected, when those of Percier and Fontaine are forgotten ; even that of Poyet is now hardly remembered.

Literature was equally under a cloud during the reign of Napoleon, for the persecutor of Madame de Stael could hardly be expected to encourage independence of thought. André and Marie Joseph Chénier, Ducis, and Delille were relics of a state of civilization antecedent to either the Republic or the Empire ; and the most eminent authors of the period during

which Napoleon managed the destinies of France were either arrayed in bitter hostility to him, or have since subsided into comparative insignificance. De Chateaubriand, De Maistre, B. Constant, P. L. Courier, De Stael were amongst the former; of those who either did not array themselves in open hostility to his degrading system, or burnt incense before the idol of the day, the names of De Fontaine, Daru, Daunon, Lebrun, Reynouard, Michaud, Milevoie and Parny, of Lacépède, Laplace, Cuvier, Brogniart, Thénard, &c., are alone retained in men's minds. Their actual number is but small, when we consider that France was maintained at a point of grandeur, unparalleled in its previous history, by Napoleon, during the long interval between 1800 and 1813; and the character of the intellectual dignity they achieved for their country was certainly not of a description to induce the belief that any phase of human intellect could flourish in perfection without freedom. It is worthy of remark, perhaps, that music appears, unlike other arts, to excel when the nobler faculties of the mind are either bewildered or restrained in their expression, as if indeed men sought refuge in melody for the suppression of their feelings. Thus Gluck and Grétry expressed the vague uneasiness of men's minds before the great revolution, and Paez, Paësiello, Cherubini, gave audible expression to the restlessness and unsatisfied state of society during the Empire. The progress of physical science does not appear to depend so much upon the accidental circumstances of an epoch as the more imaginative branches of intellectual labour, and therefore it need not excite surprise that they should not have suffered so much as the latter during the reign of the brutalizing despotism of Napoleon.

What was England doing in the meantime? how did the Arts progress under the shadow of her free constitution, and the protection of her laws? Alas! her sun soon set: and Reynolds Gainsboro', and Wilson were rapidly succeeded by such daubers as West, Opie, Northcote, Fuseli, Blake, and Farrington; whilst Chambers and Adams were succeeded by Soane, Wyattville, and Nash. This rapid decay, and the singular phases through which the arts have since passed in our own country, and on the Continent, will, we believe, be accounted for in a satisfactory manner, solely upon the supposition that the brilliant development of national taste depends upon the occurrence of what may be called a peculiar state of repose after an unnatural tension of the national intellect. During long periods of peace, this intellect, as it were, slumbers; during periods of intense excitement, either of war or of revolution, the softer and more humanizing pursuits of arts or of literature are neglected; but when nations turn from these feverish excitements, again to

occupy themselves exclusively with the development of their civilization, then the energy which was formerly concentrated on the life and death struggles passing around, can only find occupation in pursuits of the character offered by the arts, literature, or high commerce, for such energy must make to itself a wide and public field for its exertions. If the succeeding epoch of tranquillity be one of freedom, it is possible that the excellence in Art then achieved may be transmitted to other generations; but whatever brilliance these may attain in servitude, we believe that it will be found that they then have no root. The Fine Arts and poetry flourished under the earlier Cæsars, the Medici, and Louis XIV.; but when the men, educated before their time, had passed away, no successors worthy to bear their mantles arose after them, and both arts and literature soon decayed. There is in every exhibition of artistic excellence, applying that term to poetry and literature, somewhat of the law of *maxima* and *minima*; and it would be difficult to cite a country or epoch in which it prevailed during any lengthened period; yet, without pushing the application of our theory too far, we believe that it will be found that at all times a continuance of despotism has been fatal to Art, as it is to every other expression of human intellect, in its open, and undisguised form. Abstract or physical science, and the study of jurisprudence, do not appear to excite the fears and suspicions of absolute monarchs, so much as works of imagination; and it is by no means rare to find that the former branches of learning are cultivated with remarkable success, when the latter are neglected. But, eventually, the same law holds with scientific pursuits as with Art, and the nation which consents to be deprived of liberty, soon loses the minor glory, literary brilliance.

However this may be, the wonderful change which came over the whole of the Fine Arts of France subsequently to the destruction of the power of the first emperor, must always form a subject for deep reflection. The French school of the Republic and of the Empire had forgotten the quaint aphorism of Nicolle, "Que les anciens sont les anciens, et que nous sommes les gens d'aujourd'hui;" and they had sought their models, had drawn their inspiration, from states of society totally unlike those in which they lived and moved. Evidently a style, thus founded, could have no vitality when men were allowed to think for themselves, and to express their thoughts freely; we consequently find that at a very early period of the Restoration the literature of France began to assume a national and modern character, and that the painters and sculptors soon began in their turn to conform to the tone and temper of the society around them. The new field opened for the exercise and display of talent for

public affairs, by the introduction of the representative system, rapidly created a new school of political writers and debaters; the study of history and moral philosophy early participated in the benefit of the freedom thus obtained; and, finally, poetry and imaginative prose participated in the movement. It was, indeed, a glorious epoch for France which produced men of such commanding talents as Royer Collard, De Villele, De Chateaubriand, Montlosier, Peyronnet, Cousin, De Gerando, Guizot, Thiers, De Barante, Thierry, Fauriel, Mignet, Lammenais, De Bonald, De Villemain, Foy, Edgar Quinet, Armand Carrel, amongst its politicians, philosophers, and historians; such men as Beranger, Casimir de la Vigne, De Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Scribe, and Alexandre Dumas amongst its poets and dramatists. Nor can it be a matter of surprise that the intellectual movement thus excited should have manifested itself still further by the appearance of artists such as Horace Vernet, Ingres, Leopold Robert, Gericault, Eugene Delacroix, Paul de la Roche, Pradier, and David d'Angers. The great struggle took place about the end of the Restoration between the classical and the romantic schools—a struggle in which both parties, during the heat of the contest, carried their principles to a degree of exaggeration they themselves never intended in the commencement, but which in the end brought back alike politicians, authors, and artists to the study of humanity in its various manifestations of real actual life, instead of the study of the vague abstractions of the extinct nations of antiquity. As Englishmen, we may claim a considerable portion of the merit and the praise due for originating this movement, which appears to have inspired fresh vitality into the Arts recently so effete, although our own artists have been sadly deficient in the performance of their part of the struggle. Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth were, in fact, the leaders in the movement which caused men to turn aside from the periwig-pated classicality of the eighteenth century, or the tame imitations of antiquity which were the fashion early in the nineteenth century. Flaxman was the only really great artist we could boast of in the first twenty years of this wonderful moral revolution; and he, too, was more of an ancient Greek in his manner of thought than of the real actual world. But the first powerful and outward expression of the change which had come over men's minds during the struggle and the contest of the great social upheaval of Europe, by means of the propaganda and the wars of the French Republic and Empire, came from our island; and whether Wordsworth were describing a real woman or his model of the sex when he made her recommendations consist, after all, in the fact that she was—

“ A creature not too bright and good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles ! ”

he still, in those lines, traced a portrait of the beings most nearly and dearly connected with us, and gave the model for a style of description, for a style of Art, intimately associated with our purest, best, and most vitally active feelings.

Subsequently to the year 1830, the impulse given by the new romantic school has continued to make itself felt ; but, strange to say, the painters of France appear to have oscillated backwards of late, if we may borrow an illustration from physical science, to the classical school they were so nearly casting aside. Of the pictures in the Exposition of 1855, the prevailing character was decidedly that of a deficiency of actual, vital originality, and a tendency to adhere servilely to the traditions of schools, to imitate the style of the artists of former times. The two greatest of living French painters, Ary Scheffre and Paul de la Roche, did not send any of their works to the show, it is said, from political motives, which we honour and entirely sympathize with. Amongst those pictures to be seen, however, the general impression produced upon us was, that recently historical painting had sadly fallen from its high estate amongst our neighbours, notwithstanding, or perhaps, as M. Du Camp suggests, in consequence, of the vast sums of money lavished by the governments of Louis Philippe for its encouragement. High Art disappeared under the system of painting by the yard superficial adopted for the decoration of Versailles, and the infinite number of churches the respective ministers found it advisable or profitable to adorn. It was useless for the painters to waste their time under such circumstances in the endeavour to discover and embody the hidden feelings, the almost unsuspected aspirations of contemporary humanity. The consequence was, as Du Camp justly observes, that pictures were painted for churches by men who were totally incredulous of the scenes, doctrines, or faith they were employed to illustrate ; and the walls of Versailles were covered with (literally) acres of canvas in which the “ *trompe d'œil*,” the tricks, and the manual dexterity of Horace Vernet, Alaux, and Gudin rivalled successfully with those of the diorama painters, but in which there is a total deficiency of sentiment or high feeling for Art. Ary Scheffre's pictures in illustration of the Wilhelm Meister, and De la Roche's admirable representations of the scenes connected with our great Revolution against Charles the First, are, in our opinion, the most admirable works of the recent French school ; and they shone by their absence from the crowd of mediocrity

collected in the Exposition. It is not that we agree with the sweeping condemnation passed by M. Du Camp on many of the pictures. On the contrary, we believe that there were great skill and deep feeling to be observed in some of them; as, for instance, in the "Vierge à l'hostie" and "Le Martyre de St. Symphorien" of M. Ingrès, manifest and servile copies though they be of the style and handling of Raphael; and we also admired exceedingly the portraits of M. De Molé, of Cherubini, and of M. Bertin, by Ingrès, also, notwithstanding a considerable degree of stiffness of drawing and hardness of colouring. The same qualities were to be recognized in Eugène Delacroix's "Barque du Dante" and his "Boissy d'Anglais," objectionable though they might be in some respects on account of their unpleasant tone of colouring, and the exaggeration of the drawing. Decamp's pictures, "Les Singes Amateurs," "La Ronde de Smyrne," "Les Enfants à la Tortue," and "La Sortie de l'Ecole Turque," are inimitable specimens of their peculiar class; and we suspect that when Decamps regrets that the caprice of the public has condemned him exclusively to "*chevalet*" pictures, he mistakes his real vocation, for his success in that branch is so complete that it may be doubted whether it were not the one especially fitted for the exercise of his talents. The "Piloni" of M. Glaize is a work full of thought, and is remarkably well drawn; Couture's "Les Romains de la Décadence" is an ambitious, and, we think, a noble picture, somewhat defective in its colouring, and affected in the attitudes of the accessory figures; Cogniet's "Tintoret peignant sa Fille Morte" is full of sentiment and feeling, so much so, in fact, as to prevent our inquiring whether it had any defects; Müller's "Appel des Victimes de la Terreur" wants unity of composition, and is open to serious reproach on the score of the bad taste of many of the attitudes of the more conspicuous figures, but there is a breadth of touch and handling, a facility of composition, which, if they had been properly guided, would have enabled this artist to have taken a high rank in his calling. Even Horace Vernet's monstrous pictures are to us interesting, on account of their faithful representation of the scenes attempted to be handed down to posterity; they have a movement, a vitality, and an earnestness of purpose which makes us regret the more their very questionable taste.

If, however, the French historical painters have strayed from the narrow path of excellence, the "*genre*" painters in that country have of late years shown that they have more correctly appreciated the tendencies of their age. Alfred Johannot led the way to the introduction of a style which has since been adopted and perfected by Roqueplan, Fleury, Jacquand, Comte, Meissonnier,

Dias, and Bouvin; and which is principally characterized by a strict and even painful adherence to what M. Du Camp calls "archæological and minute details," although it is accompanied by careful study and correct drawing. Most cordially do we agree with the praise bestowed upon Trayer's "*Excès de Travail*," a fine pendant to Hood's "*Song of the Shirt*," the true tragedy of our times; upon Marchal's "*Retour du Bal Masqué*," a startling contrast to Elmore's "*Novice*" in the same Exposition, but both pointing the moral that we are not sent upon the earth to sacrifice our affections either to selfish indulgence or to exaggerated sentiments of devotion; upon Luminai's "*Dénicheur's de Mouettes*," as fresh and life like as Collin's best works; and upon Brion's "*Train de Bois sur le Rhin*." The school known as the Pompeian has to us a charm on account of the correctness of its design and the harmony of its colouring; but it is cold, lifeless, and somewhat affected; nor can we cite amongst the vast assemblage of pictures more than one of this school which has left any decided trace upon our memory. This is the picture by Hamon, "*Ce n'est pas Moi*," and it represents very gracefully a delightful scene of childhood.

But the French landscape painters have the most successfully broken through the trammels and traditions of the schools, and have made the most decided advance towards the introduction of a style of drawing and colouring in accordance with the tastes of the age and also in accordance with nature; for, however, we may at times wander from the strict rules of logic, or even of common sense, yet, now, men do earnestly strive to act in harmony with the eternal principles of nature, so that when we state that a class of artists are in accordance with the taste of their times, it is as though we had claimed for them the nobler praise. Troyon's "*Vallée de la Tonque*" and his "*Bœuf allant au Labeur*" are charming pictures, in which the effects of the Norman sky, and much of the "breezy call of incense breathing morn" are rendered with a truthfulness beyond praise. Rosa Bonheur's "*Labourage dans le Nivernais*" and her "*Fenaison d'Auvergne*" have the bold drawing, the solid handling, and, we must add, the thick, heavy colouring noticeable in her "*Horse Fair*," exhibited in London last spring. But Theodore Rousseau is, to our mind, the first of the French landscape painters, and may be cited as a model for his attention to general management and to truthfulness of detail, his clear atmospheric effects, the harmony of his tones, and the exquisite character of his aerial perspective. Had the romantic school only produced such an artist as Rousseau, it would have merited well of humanity and the Arts; but it has also called into notice some worthy colleagues in his fame, in the persons of Cabat and

Français, whose merits are of the same character as those we have attributed to Rousseau. It may be a little out of place to class the sea with the landscape painters, yet, as they occupy a very small place in the Exposition, or in public opinion, it may hardly be worth while to notice them separately, and this the more especially, inasmuch as Isabey's "Combat du Texel," Gudin's "L'Incendie du Kent," and Courdonan's "L'Embarquement des Zouaves à Alger pour la Crimée," were the only pictures of this description in the Exposition worthy of notice; and perhaps Isabey's picture was the only really fine work of Art amongst them. The portrait painters of the day in France are equally insignificant; for the best of them, Winterhalter, is more fitted to design the pictures for a "Magazin des Demoiselles" than to aspire to fame as an artist. Yet this man is passed about from court to court! After having represented Louis Philippe's and Queen Victoria's families done up in lace and flounces, top-boots and feathers, he is now engaged to represent the lovely women of Napoleon the Third's court in tame repetitions of his own early picture of the "Decameron," with all the glitter and flutter of fashionable modern costume. The fact is, that no mere portrait painter can, or could, ever paint a fine portrait; least of all can a fashionable portrait painter aspire to that merit. He is too constantly in contact with the deception and the insincerity of the froth of society to be able to appreciate truth of character; and he only can know how to represent our nature truly who is always on the watch to observe its manifestations under all its varying phases of joy or of woe. These remarks will apply with equal force to Edouard Dubuffe's portraits, for they are so fashionably refined that they are utterly destitute of character; this artist, however, has the merit of painting children in a style which reminds us of some of Lawrence's charming pictures of the same description, and, indeed, he has more than one point of resemblance with our former President of the Academy. Of the other portrait painters who sent works to this Exposition, we have only retained a distinct recollection of the productions of Madame Rougemont; these have a very charming feminine grace and much depth of feeling.

With respect to the modern French statuary we are compelled to arrive at nearly the same opinions as we have already expressed with respect to the present school of historical painting. The influence of the return to nature, which was the characteristic of the romantic movement, appears to have died out amongst the sculptors; and they have latterly returned to the tame, lifeless imitation of antiquity. David d'Angers and Barye may be considered to form exceptions to this remark; but

both Pradier and Etex have returned to the monotony of the schools. There is a clumsiness about David d'Angers statues which takes off materially from the effect of the painstaking and truthful study of detail, and the heartiness of feeling of the *ensemble* of his compositions. Barye's groups are too frittered, and have too much movement to entitle them to be ranked as works of high Art; but we admire in both these artists the desire to be of their own times, and to represent men and things such as they actually exist before our eyes. Truth covers a multitude of defects of taste; life, as we see and know it, interests us far more than the records of past generations; and, it is on account of their absence, that notwithstanding Pradier's grace and Etex's vigour, they do not appeal to our sympathies. Pradier, perhaps, was at heart a semi-pagan voluptuary; for it is only on that supposition that we can explain the zest with which he represented the Phrynés and other naked females he delighted in. Etex began with an exhibition of greater originality, as in the sculpture of the "Arc de l'Etoile;" but he, also, has abandoned the path he had once boldly ventured upon, and in so doing has been followed by too many of his colleagues. Some of the recent works of the revived classical school of sculpture, such as Cavalier's "*Pénélope endormie*," which, by the way, was not in the Exposition, are of surpassing merit; and, notwithstanding Du Camp's anathema, others, such as Jouffroy's "*Jeune Fille confiant son Secret à Vénus*," are graceful and elegant. Still our interests are hardly engaged, our sympathies hardly excited, by the representation of the characters or the scenes of mythology; even less are they excited by such false attempts as Etex has made to confound the cause of the poor and oppressed with the first murderer, Cain. French sculpture, after all, is neither better nor worse than the sculpture of the other nations of Europe; it has remained stationary in its development; nor, until critics compel the followers of this branch of Art to exert themselves to throw off the trammels of schools or of fashion, can we expect to see any notable improvement in it. So we are compelled to tolerate men like Marochetti, Nieuwerkerke, Clessinger, and Gayrard in France, and Wyatt and Westmacott in our own country, until the desire for a reform of sculpture, the wish to see it—as it ought to be really—the handmaid of history, shall be so universal as to compel sculptors themselves to endeavour to satisfy the requirements of society.

The very building which formed the most prominent object in the Exposition of 1855, we mean the large Hall upon the Champs Elysées, and the architectural drawings in the Fine Arts department, compel us, even now, to make some remarks upon the present state of architecture in France. This is very

peculiar and worthy of serious examination, because, in fact, architecture is more immediately connected with the daily wants and habits of men than any other branch of the Arts; and, being so, it is necessarily more immediately an indication of their thoughts and feelings. Now, it appears to us that, at the present time, French architecture may be more correctly described as being in a transition state, than by any other phrase. The study of Greek architecture never took root in France; pure Roman architecture was never copied there with the servile spirit observable in our own country, if we except the Madeleine. Vignola and the Cinque Cento school seem to have been the objects of study and the models for imitation of the modern French architects of the Restoration and the early part of Louis Philippe's reign; but, about the end of the latter period, a style was introduced by the Professors of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, which has completely modified the taste of the Parisian public, and which is now struggling to diffuse itself through the length and breadth of the land. The Bibliothèque St. Génévieve, the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, the new Salle des Ventes des Commissaires Priseurs, the new Bureaux du Timbre Impériale, may be cited as illustrations of the productions of this school, and it has run riot in the new houses of the Rue de Rivoli. Its representatives may be said to be Messrs. Duban, Labrousse, Vandoyer, Lassus, who have to some extent drawn attention from Messrs. Hittorf, Visconti, St. Amand, Isabelle, and others of only a few years' date, and have rendered abortive (very fortunately, we would add,) the attempt made by Viollet le Duc, Lenoir, and the Ecclesiologists to revive the architecture of the Middle Ages. The style now attempted to be introduced is to a certain extent, meritorious, because it seeks to identify itself with the feelings and the wants of the age, and to adapt itself to the materials it works with. But it is, to our minds, very objectionable, on account of the bad taste of the sculptured details introduced without reference to the general composition, of the flatness and want of relief of the *façades*, of the bad profiling of the mouldings, and of the want of balance (so to speak) in the openings and plain spaces. In their anxiety to avoid copying, the new school have foolishly neglected to retain the forms and proportions which have been hitherto universally adopted, because they were found to have been based upon laws of harmony and optics, and they have resorted to new dispositions of some details in manifest hostility to the laws of common sense. Yet the spirit which animates this school is in the main a correct one, and is, in fact, that which we have throughout contended for. They dare to thinkers, the originators of former styles did—

they think freely for themselves. They may make mistakes in the early portions of their career, but men of this calibre will certainly set themselves right when they find out the errors of their ways. In many of the cases we have mentioned, the architects of modern Paris have only set examples of what ought to be avoided; but it must always be a subject of interest and of great advantage to the student to trace the errors of men of original and undoubted genius. In the meantime, upon the whole, the state of architecture in France at the present day seems to us to be full of promise, though still to inspire anxiety.

Our notice of French Art has, like many other tales, lengthened when begun, and to such an extent, that we must defer to some future occasion the examination of the state of Arts in the rest of Europe. There is much to be said upon what is taking place in Belgium, Germany, and Italy, both in an artistic and a philosophical point of view. At present we conclude by saying that, evidently, society upon the Continent is in travail of some new birth, of some great change, to be externally expressed by political, moral, and artistic forms, as essentially different from those hitherto followed as were the new forms eliminated by the Christian, the feudal, and the *Renaissance* movements. We cannot tell yet the character or the tendencies of the new phase humanity is about to undergo; but, beyond question, to him who knows how to read the signs of the times something of this kind is preparing. If we may judge by what is taking place in France, it is to be hoped that the change will be favourable to the interest of the masses; and in Art to the diffusal of a pure, healthy taste—a return to the worship of nature rather than to the study of the past. There are shoals in the way, breakers a-head, and the prospects of human happiness and glory have ere now been shipwrecked under circumstances apparently far more favourable. "*Absit omen!*" May the vessel charged with our aspirations arrive safely in port!

Art. II.—*The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph, some time King of Spain.* Selected and Translated, with Explanatory Notes, from the "*Mémoires du Roi Joseph.*" London: John Murray.

Few men have occupied so conspicuous a place in the world's history as Napoleon Bonaparte, and it has fallen to the lot of few historic heroes to have had so many biographers. It might be thought, indeed, that after what has been written about him,

after we have had hundreds of volumes in which all that was remarkable in his career, and all that was note-worthy in his character have been unfolded, little, if anything, could be added to our knowledge of him. His history and his nature have been looked at and considered from almost every possible point of view. The panegyrist has well nigh exhausted his resources in his praise, and the detractor has heaped upon his memory a perfect mountain of obloquy; his battles, his policy, and his private relations, the strange, wild, world-shaking course he ran, and the days of weary exile he endured, ere death struck him down in his sterile home on a rock of the far-off sea, have all been again and again recorded. Yet, notwithstanding all that has been written, some additional light has at this late day been shed upon the character of the "Great Emperor." Hitherto we have contemplated him as he has been presented to us in the pages of the more or less partial or prejudiced biographer, or in those of the historian, to whom his public acts were, of course, the matters of chief regard; now, however, we are enabled to look at him as he is reflected to us in the mirror which he himself held up—to read, in short, his autobiography. It has been said that the man who writes the record of his own life is generally on good terms with himself, and cannot often be acquitted of self-delusion; but the truth of that record, which is, so to speak, an involuntary autobiography, can scarcely ever be suspected. And this is the character of the revelation of himself, which the hero of Austerlitz has left us in this long and deeply interesting series of confidential letters to his elder brother Joseph, the lawyer of Ajaccio, the Grand Elector of the Empire, the King of the Two Sicilies, and of Spain. The correspondence of one brother with another, designed, of course, to be strictly private, and naturally as familiar in its tone as it could be consistently with the character and position of the writer, must, it will be admitted, afford us a much clearer and closer view of personal traits than even the most careful observer or the most minute chronicler could have obtained. This series of letters, which may be said to embrace the whole of Napoleon's public career, has of necessity a relation chiefly to the affairs of the person to whom they were addressed, and their value consists, not so much in what they add to the history of events, as in the insight which they give us into the character of the most extraordinary man in modern history.

Joseph Bonaparte was, of all Napoleon's brothers, the one with whom he was most familiar; of all his relatives, he was, perhaps, the most faithful. Two years his senior, he was the earliest companion of the future Emperor, and when the star of Austerlitz had sunk, never, as it then seemed, to rise again,

and Napoleon was a fugitive in the land which will be for ever associated with the recollection of his glory, it was Joseph who proposed to share with him the dangers of an escape across the Atlantic. By the decree of the *Senatus-consultum*, the succession to the empire was to devolve upon Joseph, should Napoleon have no direct male heir. The Emperor thus stood in a closer relation to his elder brother than to any other member of his family, and although they had nothing in common, the interest which he took in all his affairs, even from an early period, is evinced in the letters of which we now propose to give some account.

In 1795 the Bonaparte family had their residence at Marseilles, and Joseph, who was then chiefly employed as a commissary of war, had married Mademoiselle Julie Clary, the daughter of a rich merchant of that city, with whom he obtained a considerable fortune. Napoleon had already acquired distinction at Toulon, but was living at Paris unemployed, and obviously without any prospect of immediate advancement. He had been regarded as a suspicious person, and, chagrined by the apparent blight of hopes excited by his early-won honours, he desired to leave France, and enter the service of the Sultan. Knowing that Joseph was possessed of some pecuniary resources, he seems to have employed a portion of his then ample leisure in looking out for a profitable investment for him in landed property. He writes to him about an estate which could be purchased at a sum much below its value, and sketches for him the aspect of things in Paris, when, in the summer of 1795, France had begun, in some measure, to recover from the shock of the Revolution. "We have heaped together all that can make life amusing and agreeable," he says; "reflection is banished. How is it possible to see the dark side of things, when the mind is constantly whirled about in this giddy vortex?" Nevertheless, he had accustomed himself to look at "the dark side of things," for in a few weeks after, while reminding Joseph of their close attachment to each other, and renewing his protestations of affection for him, he tells him that he has learned to look upon "life as a flimsy dream soon to be over," and breaks out into a declaration of thorough fatalism, pronouncing anxiety to be folly, and life to him a matter of little solicitude. He, however, makes frequent mention of Eugenie Desiree Clary, the younger sister of Joseph's wife, to whom, it is presumed, he was at this time engaged. We can scarcely acquit Napoleon from being influenced by mercenary motives in forming this engagement. He evidently regarded his brother as a fortunate man in making a marriage so advantageous as to place him in a position of independence, and was

doubtless desirous of following his example. He wrote to the young lady frequently, and, at her own request, sent her his portrait. In his letters to Joseph he sends his remembrances to her, and we are informed that, when the Clary family fled from France to Genoa, during the heat of the Revolution, he still kept up a correspondence with Eugenie, or Desiree, as she was generally called. It has been alleged by some (Ingersoll and Bourienne among others) that the engagement was broken off by the father of the young lady; but in his "Autobiography," Joseph leads us to infer that it was Napoleon who gave up the correspondence, "time and absence" having changed his views. It is clear enough that he entertained no very strong affection for his betrothed, who afterwards became the Queen of Sweden, for those passages in his letters in which she is alluded to betray none of the ardour of a lover. It seems probable that his sudden elevation, and the brilliant prospects which were opened up to him by the thirteenth Vendimaire, led him to entertain a far higher idea than that of making his fortune by marrying into a rich family. After that period, at least, no mention is made of Desiree.

Joseph's highest ambition, after his brother had swept away the insurgent mob in the streets of Paris, and had been appointed to the command in chief of the army, was to be made a consul, and Napoleon writes to him, stating that he had sent a large sum of money to his family, and was only waiting to serve him according to his wish. Something better than a consulship, however, was in store for Joseph, for, shortly after Napoleon had set out on the expedition to Italy, he was made minister to Parma, and ere two months had elapsed, he was sent to Rome as ambassador. There are some facts connected with the latter appointment which serve to place in striking prominence the unscrupulousness which, even at this time, characterized the policy of Napoleon. He was anxious that a revolution should be got up at Rome as speedily as possible, and, in 1797, an attempt was made to overthrow the papal government, but it was confined to the partisans of the French, and it only served to make Joseph's position uncomfortable and even dangerous. Napoleon had desired him, in the case of a revolution being got up, to declare the Roman people "under the protection of the French Republic." How striking is the analogy between this, and the French policy in relation to Rome in 1849. It was avowedly to protect the Roman people that the army of the French Republic was sent to the Eternal City, when it had been abandoned by the Pope to Mazzini and his colleagues in the Triumvirate. It was as mediators that the French marched against their brother republicans, and it was doubtless the recol-

lection of what had previously been the character of French policy which prompted the Romans to resist them. Napoleon's underhand means to obtain possession of Rome completely failed. The mine was sprung too soon, and it merely destroyed those who had prepared it. The whole odium fell on Joseph Bonaparte, and he tells us that, on his return to Paris, he found his brother much annoyed at the result of his embassy.

Among Napoleon's early friends was the representative Freron, who, it seems, had paid court to Pauline, the most beautiful of the Bonaparte family. This lady afterwards became the wife of General Leclerc, and, in one of Napoleon's letters, written while he was in Italy, we find the reason for the breaking off of her engagement with Freron. He had previously seen no objection to the match, but when times had changed with him, his opinions respecting the relations of his family also underwent a change. Accordingly we find him, in something like a tone of command, bidding Joseph arrange his sister's affairs. "I do not," he says, "intend Freron to marry her. Tell her so, and let him know it too." In this way he sets aside all other considerations save those of worldly or mere personal advantage. According to his own account, Napoleon's sojourn in Italy with Josephine was the happiest period of his life; but darker days were coming upon him. Josephine had repaired to Paris after his departure for Egypt, and on hearing tidings of her which irritated and pained him, he writes from Cairo, telling Joseph, "I have much domestic distress. Let me have on my arrival, a villa near Paris, or in Burgundy. I intend to shut myself up there. I am tired of human nature. I want solitude and isolation. Greatness fatigues me. Feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine glory is become flat. I have exhausted everything. I have no refuge but pure selfishness." These short and strong sentences were written in 1798; in a year after, the writer of them was reconciled to Josephine, was "once more happy," and, as first consul, stood undisputed master of France.

We pass over those facts of the Correspondence which relate to the events preceding the accession of Napoleon to the imperial dignity. His letters to Joseph are few and comparatively unimportant until he had decided upon seizing a kingdom for this meek and obedient brother. On the last day of 1805, he announces his intention to "take possession of the kingdom of Naples," names Joseph his lieutenant, charging him to set out for Naples and drive out "the treacherous court." A day or two after he says, "My will is that the Bourbons shall have ceased to reign at Naples. I intend to seat on that throne a prince of my own house. In the first place you, if it suits you. If not, another." At this date, Napoleon had drawn out a royal

programme for his family. The half of Europe was to be swayed by him through them. He arranged kingdoms and marriages with equal ease. The daughter of the elector of Bavaria, "a very pretty person," the conqueror condescended to say, had been demanded for Prince Eugene, another princess had been bespoke for Jerome, and a marriage had been arranged for Joseph's eldest daughter "with a small prince, who in time will become a great one."

Meanwhile, Joseph had seated himself upon the throne of Naples, and was doing what he could in his own mild, humane, and as Napoleon thought, blundering way, to govern that kingdom. His ideas of government were wholly at variance with those of his imperious brother, who had now no time for expressions of fraternal affections. He pleaded for time and moderate measures, but Napoleon issues his fiat thus: "Lay a contribution of 30,000,000 on the whole kingdom. Get money and make severe examples of the assassins. In a conquered country kindness is not humane." Joseph believed in the law of kindness, and began to persuade himself that he was really likely to secure the affection of his subjects, but Napoleon at once reminded him that he had no ground for such hopes. "Have you," he asks, "sufficient dependence to place on them in the event of my defeat?" He demands of him an account of how many estates he had confiscated, and how many rebels he had executed, exhorts him to shoot three of the ringleaders in every village, not sparing the priests, and insists that in this way alone he can hope to subdue the country. This system of burning, shooting, and confiscating, Napoleon expounds again and again with great energy, never losing an opportunity of informing Joseph that it is only by this course of conduct and by his influence that he can succeed. Remorseless, and destitute of any faith in those who were not kept down by the sword, the efforts of his more merciful brother to pacify the people over whom he exercised an uneasy sway, seem to have provoked him almost beyond endurance. He reiterates his complaints, writes letter after letter in a petulant tone, and directs Joseph how to defend himself against the people whom he had enjoined to hang by hundreds. His instructions on this point are curious, as showing what precautions he himself took, even while in the plenitude of his power. "You have not," he says, "been sufficiently acquainted with my private life to know how, even in France, I have always kept myself under the guard of my most trusty and oldest soldiers. . . No one should enter your room during the night except your aide-de-camp, who should sleep in the chamber that precedes your bedroom. Your door should be fastened inside, and you ought not to open it even to your aide-

de-camp till you have recognized his voice; he himself should not knock at your door till he has locked that of the room which he is in, to make sure of being alone and of being followed by no one. These precautions are important; they give no trouble, and the result is, that they inspire confidence, besides that they may really save your life." Such are the means requisite for the personal safety of a despotic sovereign. But Joseph was not constituted to be a despot. His throne was a thorny one, and he was neither bold enough nor unscrupulous enough to retain it. He did his utmost to imitate the speeches of his imperial brother, and talked of the attachment of his people, comparing it with that of the French for the person of Napoleon, but such bombastic effusions only drew ridicule upon him, and gave his dictator an opportunity of checking what he conceived to be unprofitable vanity.

After a struggle of a few months, Joseph received a hint that at no distant date he might be called upon to exchange the crown of the Two Sicilies for another. The first intimation of this was given him nearly a month before Spain was subjugated. In May, 1806, Napoleon wrote: "The nation, through the Supreme Council of Castile, asks me for a king. I design this crown for you." Joseph was fully alive to the difficulties of the new position into which he was thus thrust, and, a few days after his arrival in Spain, he complained that he had not a single partisan, and expressed his fear that the kindness of his nature might make him popular when kindness would be regarded as timidity. There is something almost ludicrous in the reply which Napoleon vouchsafed to his trembling brother: "Don't be uneasy—be happy," was his grimly ironical recommendation; and he followed it up by an order to "hang at Madrid a score of the worst characters," and to send a number to France for the galleys. Napoleon seems to have found it quite possible to enjoy himself while carrying out his system of conquest. His policy never interfered with his enjoyment for the time being. On the same day he announced his divorce from Josephine, he directed Berthier respecting the movement of troops in Spain. He hears that Salicetti's house at Rome had fallen and killed his children; and, while intimating the fact, he records his successful sport with the gun, having "killed twenty hares" at Mortefontaine. The lives of men were not of much greater consequence to him than the lives of hares, unless he needed them to serve his own purposes. He based his schemes of conquest on calculations which involved immense sacrifices of human life. It was by performing feats in military tactics—by dangerous marches at severe seasons—and by movements evincing wonderful decision and rapidity of thought, but involving terrible sufferings to his soldiers, that he achieved his greatest successes.

It is a mistake to suppose that his military system was either generous or wise. It has often been cited as an example of what could be done by the rapid promotion of mere talent to positions of responsibility; but, in truth, Napoleon did not really carry out the principle expressed in the trite axiom about putting the right man in the right place. His subordinates were mere machines; he alone had the originating genius. His best generals had not and could not have that high order of ability which is usually consistent only with an independence of spirit incompatible with his imperious despotism. Most of them were little better than mercenaries. They were as destitute of moral principle as he was, and his letters are full of complaints of their plundering predilections, their dishonesty, and their perfidy—even to him who had raised them from the lowest ranks. Their infidelity to him is a sad commentary on the selfish motives which led to their elevation. Berthier, the first of his marshals, Marmont, almost all his favoured officers, deserted him when he fell. He needed unscrupulous agents for the accomplishment of his designs; and if they were incited to plunder, he could not complain when they plundered for themselves, nor feel surprised that those whom he had taught to be treacherous should “better the instruction” when they had no longer any personal interest in serving him. And what we have said of his generals applies with equal truth to his ministers, with only a very few exceptions. Talleyrand, Fouché, Bourienne, and others were the creatures of his will only while that will was all-powerful. Did not they also turn and kick at the dying lion? Nor was this unnatural. Napoleon avowed his preference for men who were pliable as instruments over those who were upright and sagacious. “I look upon men of learning and brilliancy,” he said, “as coquettes; they are very well to live with for a time, and converse with, but we should no more think of taking the latter for our wives than the former for our ministers.”

The treacherous basis of Napoleon's system of procedure is fully revealed in his Correspondence regarding Spain. The insatiable demands of a war, in which the freedom of the whole of Europe was at stake, seem to have been too much even for his great military genius and daring expedients. His difficulties multiplied, and the grievous straits to which his troops were reduced made it but too apparent that he could not long maintain the position he had gained, and the advantages of which he had sacrificed to his policy of intimidation. Reluctant to believe in the disasters which fell thick and fast upon his armies, he seems to have judged of the probity of others by his own utter disregard for truth, and the power of endurance which his subordinates possessed by that fierce determination and recklessness with which he played at hazard for kingdoms, finding that

he had well nigh exhausted his resources. Eager to accomplish new enterprises, in the hope that by them he might conquer existing difficulties, he was obdurate to the opinions of his generals, who, though surrounded by obstacles which they could not surmount, were compelled to face them by the iron will of one who did not fully appreciate them. He made promises which he knew he could not perform by anything short of a miracle, and deluded others by a profession of intentions which he never designed to carry out.

We see all this in the letters which were written by Napoleon during the struggle in the Peninsula, which ended in the utter failure of his best officers; in the bitterness which characterizes his communications with Joseph, and in the complaints which he reiterated through Berthier and others, showing that when, to outward appearances, his power was greatest, the foundations of it had been sapped. We read, for example—"The army which is laying siege to Cadiz is in a state of complete destitution; their pay is nine months in arrear." And again, in a letter written in 1810, he says, "The money of France is exhausted—war must support war." It was this system of making war support war which rendered the conflict in Spain, the throne of which Napoleon had so dexterously, yet so treacherously seized, the beginning of the conqueror's downward career. The conquered and ravaged countries could not be made to yield sufficient resources for the maintenance of the invading hosts; and, while the enemy were making progress, the sinews of war in France were overstrained.

But notwithstanding the accumulation of all these elements of ruin, Napoleon's organizing power was extraordinary. The evidences which these letters afford of his attention to the most minute details of military administration, surpass everything which historians and biographers have hitherto recorded of him. Now he is deciding questions on which the lives of thousands depend; again, he recommends that a consignment of shoes and biscuits should be carefully examined. "Count the biscuits one by one," he writes; "the shoes ought to be made of stout leather; they cost me five and a half francs a-piece." The greatest events and the apparently most trivial incidents alike command his attention. "The returns of my armies," he informs his brother, "form the most agreeable parts of my library." They were the volumes in which he sought mental relaxation. He was the moving spring, in short, of one of the mightiest and most complex organizations which the human mind ever originated.

Joseph Bonaparte seems to have been supremely wretched during his stay in Spain. He had no hope of being reconciled

to his people; he had suspended his correspondence with Napoleon, whose reproofs, and contemptuous jibes had become intolerable. He was king only in name. His officers despised him and disregarded his authority, and the government was, in point of fact, carried on by Napoleon through his generals, who were continually sending reports calculated to injure him. Napoleon at last would not condescend to communicate with his brother at all, but directed others to reprove him. Here is a specimen of the remonstrances which he addressed through General Clarke; it is a very characteristic one:—

“I wish you to write to the King of Spain, to impress upon him that nothing can be more contrary to the rules of war, than to publish the strength of his army, either in orders of the day, in proclamations, or in newspapers; that when he has occasion to speak of his strength he ought to render it formidable by exaggeration, doubling or trebling his numbers; and that, on the other hand, when he mentions the strength of his enemy, he should diminish it by one-half or one-third; that *in war, moral force is everything*; that the king deviated from the principle when he said he had only 40,000 men, and the insurgents, 120,000. . . . In short, to give moral force to the enemy, is to take it from one’s self. . . . Constantly in my Italian campaigns, when I had only a handful of men, I exaggerated their numbers.”

When Napoleon returned from his ill-starred expedition to Russia, he found his armies driven out of Spain, and his brother living a life of quiet enjoyment at his country seat, only too happy, doubtless, to have been emancipated from the mock regality which had been to him a hard servitude. Ambition completely blinded Napoleon to the unfitness of his relatives for the positions in which he placed them. Joseph might, perhaps, have filled the consulship he sought with something like respectability, but he was obviously unfitted for any duty which required force of character. He sometimes put on the heroic, it is true, but his exhibitions in that way were too suggestive of a certain animal in the lion’s skin to be in any degree imposing. Thus, in one of his letters, written at the time that Paris was threatened, he spoke of meeting “death with resolution, as did the last emperor at Constantinople,” an effusion in the Cambyzes vein, which is simply ridiculous when we remember his predilections for the comfortable. Napoleon seems at last to have fully understood his brother’s weakness, for when the latter volunteered his services in 1814, he tells him, in a contemptuous style, that his letter is “far too clever for the state of my affairs;” and, bidding him retire to the obscurity of some country house near Paris, he adds, “you will live there quietly if I live; you will be killed or arrested if I

die. You will be useless to me, to our family, to your daughters, and to France; but you will do me no harm, and will not be in my way." The heartless selfishness expressed in these sentences shows us how thoroughly Napoleon's moral nature had been destroyed by the pursuit of ambition. This was all he had to say to the brother who had been his early companion and his firmest friend; one who, notwithstanding his comparative feebleness, was faithful amid the general faithlessness. The character of Napoleon, as it is exhibited in the volumes before us, particularly towards the close of his correspondence, is one devoid of feeling, one in which the intellect may be said to be the chief element, and to which the considerations of personal interest were the only law. All perceptions of abstract right and wrong seem to have been lost towards the close of his career. The dictates of conscience were ignored; the strength and clearness of mind to plan and to execute for mere selfish ends alone remained. Thus we find him avowing his intended perfidy, had the negotiations proposed in 1814 resulted in a treaty recognizing the territorial *status quo* of France previous to the Revolution. Such negotiations were prevented by his temporary successes, and elated by them, he says, "If I had signed on the terms of the ancient limits, I should have rushed to arms in two years, and I should have told the nation that I had signed, not a peace, but a capitulation." After such a declaration as this, it is impossible to over-estimate the importance to the world of the events which ended a career of falsehood.

In some of the latest letters of Napoleon in this collection, there are, it is true, some faint traces of human feeling, which come to us like gleams of light through the murky and lurid atmosphere in which he is revealed to us by the greater part of the Correspondence. The purest of these, perhaps, are seen in the mention he makes of his son, whose sad destiny he seems to have anticipated. It is difficult, certainly, to arrive at any just appreciation of the sentiments he expresses in reference to the young King of Rome, when thoughts of him and his prospects recur to him in the midst of his desperate fortunes. Charity leads us to believe, that it was the father, rather than the politician, who wrote to Joseph Bonaparte in 1814, when the allies were approaching Paris, acknowledging the receipt of some engravings representing the young heir of his falling house as praying for his father and for France. But when we come upon another letter in which Napoleon declares that he would rather that his son were killed than that he should be brought up as an Austrian prince, and writes for drawings of the boy represented in the uniform of the National Guard, we begin to doubt the genuineness of his affection, and to suppose that he

only looked to him as an instrument by whom he might retrieve his fortunes. Still we cannot but remember how keenly he felt the absence of his wife and child while in exile, and how bitterly he complained of the means taken to prevent them from joining him at Elba. That Marie Louise would have shared his broken fortunes, even had she been permitted, there is great reason to doubt. Her life subsequent to his fall, and, indeed, all the circumstances connected with their union, lead us to infer that her sensibilities were by no means keen, and that he knew her feelings towards him to be very different from those expressed in the last passionate letter which he received from Josephine in the solitude of his little island empire.

We have thus endeavoured to give some account of the remarkable letters in these volumes, so far as they serve to develop the character of Napoleon Bonaparte. The development is, we think, complete. The Correspondence exhibits to us the inner life of one in whom a stupendous intellectual energy was united to a moral nature of the lowest type—whose gigantic enterprises, conducted with a boldness, and a degree of success which placed the freedom of half the world in peril, originated out of the dictates of the merest selfishness, and whose utter disregard for all the principles which lie at the foundation of human happiness and national progress, when these stood in the way of his designs, rendered his existence incompatible with the peace of Europe. His career came to a natural end; his system of conquest, terrible as were its immediate effects, was self-destructive.

“ Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own ;
And borrowed from his enemies
Six feet of ground to lie upon.”

As if to link the history of the past with that of the present, and to suggest reflection on the marvellous power of this great conqueror's very name, we have at the close of these interesting volumes, a letter written to Joseph Bonaparte by the present Emperor of the French in 1837, after the abortive, and, as it then seemed, ridiculous affair at Strasburg. The Prince Louis Napoleon was living in obscurity at New York, when he made this appeal to his comfortable uncle Joseph, who seems to have been ashamed of the failure. He complained of the contempt with which he had been treated by his family, and expresses his confidence in the general sympathy, and his persuasion “that if the Emperor looks down on me, he approves me.” Strange, indeed, are the thoughts suggested by this letter. Let us hope that upon the writer of it the moral of the history to which it is appended will not be lost, and that it may hereafter serve to point a contrast rather than a parallel.

ART. III.—*The Gospel in Ezekiel*. Illustrated in a series of Discourses. By the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Edinburgh. 1856. Adam and Charles Black.

THE volume before us has special pretensions to an attentive perusal. It contains what may be presumed to be the best specimens of the pulpit eloquence of one of the most popular preachers in Scotland. It professes to expound one of the most interesting portions of Scripture, and to treat of the leading articles of our holy faith. In one and all these respects, then, it demands our serious attention. Nor can we long remain in doubt that the present is a remarkable book. It bears the traces of unmistakable popular talent, and presents the leading doctrines of the gospel in a form as attractive as it is original. But while giving to these sermons the meed of praise which is justly due to them, we cannot overlook their defects, the more so as they are common to most of the religious writers of the day.

The most prominent amongst the mistakes in many of our popular sermons and popular treatises on religious subjects is a tendency to sacrifice the subject-matter to the mode and manner in which it is to be presented. The desire to make the statements of the truth popular and attractive, seems almost to absorb every other consideration. Of this, in our opinion, vicious tendency, the sermons under review are a prominent instance. Illustration is heaped upon illustration, until the mind becomes almost bewildered, and little time or leisure is left for the serious consideration of those truths which it is the grand object of all religious teaching to explain and to impress upon the hearers. Not that we would confine all modes of presenting the gospel to one model, or overlook that natural diversity in the minds of preacher and hearers which demands a diversified treatment of the same subject. But whatever differences there be, it should always be remembered, that the grand aim of preaching is the instruction of the world and the edification of the church, by a presentation of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. All the helps which the researches of science, the deductions of a sound philosophy, or the paintings of a vivid imagination can afford, are only to be made subservient to that one great object.

We would not, indeed, have the reader imagine that our above remarks apply as so many exceptions to Dr. Guthrie's sermons. In many respects we admire them, and we believe that they will prove useful, at least, to that class which affects

to find nothing in religion deserving their attention. It may, indeed, be a legitimate question, how far sermons in general are meant to prove a lasting means of edification to the church. When flowing fresh from the lips of the preacher, and adapted to the present circumstances and wants of an audience, their effect is far different from that produced by their perusal in a printed form. We would even assert that, unless for the exposition of a special system, or the elucidation of a special subject, the sermons suited to one generation will, generally speaking, scarcely prove so to the following. While the truth always remains the same, the form in which it is presented must vary with the changing aspects of our intellectual, moral, and social condition.

But we have to do with Dr. Guthrie's sermons as a book for the present time, and to say whether in matter and manner it is suitable to its exigencies. No doubt their tone is evangelical and often impressive, but we feel that in them the grand object of preaching—the presentation of spiritual truth—is too often sacrificed to mere illustration. This, indeed, is the radical defect of the book. We grant that these illustrations are varied, impressive, rich, and often even gorgeous. Some passages are for delicacy of touch, for vividness of description, or for depth of pathos unsurpassed, so far as we know, in the language. But in the multitude of these illustrations, some—and especially those which appeal to the feelings, such as references to maternal love and care—recur too frequently; others are inappropriate, not bearing any palpable reference to the subject in hand, while a few are even sadly out of taste. We are aware that every preacher may treat a subject in his own peculiar way, while, at the same time, there are certain general rules, whose observance is equally demanded by theological and literary criticism. Thus we think, if a sermon is not purely textual, *i. e.*, an exposition of what the text contains, it should bring out prominently the leading principle or truth of the text, and endeavour to impress it upon the minds and hearts of the hearers. We cannot say that we have felt that this has been done by Dr. Guthrie. Of course, the reader will not expect that his exposition of Ezekiel should be textual, but he will probably look for more thought, both in quantity and quality, than he will find in the volume. At times it had almost occurred to us, that some of these sermons were all wings, and that there was no body left there, to fly. This remark applies chiefly to the first half of the volume. Towards the close, whether owing to the subject or to the author, we find more exposition of truth and less illustration. On some points, we have thought the views of the preacher meagre, if not un-

satisfactory. At other times, questions receive the go-by, which any serious mind will find it somewhat difficult to pass over so summarily. We refer here specially to the introduction and character of sin, to God's primitive justice, &c. We are not sure that right and scriptural views on these subjects are not of great practical importance. If they had not been so, the Bible would not have referred to them so frequently and so explicitly.

In short, what to many will appear the peculiar excellence of the volume, seems to us its leading defect. We are not, indeed, opposed to the use of figures and vivid illustrations in preaching. They have their province and important use. But let it be remembered, that it is that of an *accessory*, and not of a *principal*; that of assisting and ministering to an exposition of the truth, and not becoming prominent or all-engrossing. When the preacher has reached a high point, he may then describe the scene which he describes; he may impress by the force of imagination and illustration upon the heart the thought or truth which he has already opened to the mind, and thus secure the consent of the former along with the assent of the latter. To reverse this relation seems to us defective, both in a theological and literary point of view.

We would not, indeed, compare these sermons for a moment with the unmitigated pseudo-spiritual trash which some of the so-called popular preachers continuously inflict upon the religious world. In some respects, the tendencies of their productions are even pernicious to vital Christianity; they abound in pathetic common-places and vain efforts to be striking or unctuous, and they neither exhibit ability on the part of the preacher, nor do they appeal in the case of the hearers, either to the head or to the heart. On the other hand, Dr. Guthrie's sermons display a mind full of vivacity, freshness, vigour, and originality, and a heart in the right place, beating in sympathy with all that is good and elevated. The vices of the day are unsparingly exposed, and all the great questions which agitate the public mind, or engage Christian charity, are delicately, yet powerfully referred to. But after all, the distinctive claim of the volume to popularity—in short, what is distinctive about it—consists not in its massiveness of thought, nor in its force of argument, nor yet in its depth of spirituality, but in the variety and attractiveness of its illustrations. We have felt a want of prominence to simple, plain, connected, and thorough exposition of the subjects which these sermons profess to exhibit, but to which, in reality, they rather refer. Perhaps we have also felt somewhat disappointed that the title of the book should not more correctly describe its contents. By the "Gospel in

Ezekiel," the general reader would understand an exposition of his prophecies, while the volume under consideration professes to expound little more than sixteen verses of one of its chapters (xxxvi.).

But we will leave the reader to judge for himself, being convinced that this book is one which deserves to be, and will be, read by a large number in the religious world. For the benefit of those young preachers who may be tempted to imitate Dr. Guthrie, we may, however, observe that his style cannot be imitated, and that every attempt to do so would only prove a miserable failure, and a caricature of what in itself and at the best, seems to us a defect. We subjoin one or two quotations to show the beauty of Dr. Guthrie's style, adding, that we might almost indefinitely have multiplied them, as nearly every page contains some such specimen :—

"With the sabbath hills around us, far from the dust and din, the splendour and squalor of the city, we have sat on a rocky bank, to wonder at the varied and rich profusion with which God had clothed the scene. Nature, like Joseph, was dressed in a coat of many colours; lichens grey, black, and yellow, clad the rock; the glossy ivy, like a child of ambition, had planted its foot on the crag, and, hanging on by a hundred arms, had climbed to its stormy summit; mosses of hues surpassing all the colours of the loom, spread an elastic carpet round the gushing fountain; the wild thyme lent a bed to the weary, and its perfume to the air; heaths opened their blushing bosoms to the bee; the primrose, like modesty shrinking from observation, looked out from its leafy shade; at the foot of the weathered stone, the fern raised its plumes, and on its summit the foxglove rang its beautiful bells; while the birch bent to kiss the stream as it ran away laughing to hide itself in the lake below, or stretched out her arms to embrace the mountain ash and evergreen pine."

Again, at p. 46, we have a different but equally gorgeous description of nature, where the author means to show, that amidst its beauties, it would be difficult, if not impossible to recognize the consequences of the fall :—

"But (adds he), let us retrace our steps along the dusty road, from the broom where the little bird sings, and the moor where the lapwing screams her maternal fears, and the hill where the timid sheep faces the fox to die for her offspring, or the forest where the bear, with her cubs behind her, offers her shaggy bosom to the spear. Enter this town. Look at this mother as we saw her when sabbath bells rang worshippers to prayer, and God was calling sinners to the throne of mercy. Her back is against the church's wall; she has sunk on the cold pavement; her senses are steeped in drink, and on her lap—pitiful sight! lies, an emaciated, half-naked infant with the

chill, cold rain soaking its scanty rags, and lashing its pallid face. Is this God's handiwork? Is this the clay as it came from the potter's wheel? Was this the shape in which woman came from her Maker's hand? When Adam woke, was our mother, Eve, such as this, her daughter? If so, better he had never woke; it had been good for him to be alone."

Or, again, a few pages further, the guilt attaching to Gospel hearers is brought out by contrast with the plea of ignorance, which the heathens abroad or the heathens at home may set up:—

"This wretched, ragged child, the victim of cruelty and neglect, who leaves hunger and a bed of straw to stand at the bar of God, may lift up his head at that august tribunal, and stand on his defence with more certainty, both of justice and pity, than he has ever met here below. In cold and nakedness, in hunger and thirst, in rags and ignorance, he was left to wander our hard streets, and, among all the Christians of this city, there was not one kind hand to guide his naked feet to sabbath church or infant school. Poor wretch! the house of God was not for him; and now that he addresses one who will not refuse to hear him—child of misfortune—now may he say, merciful Lord! my mother taught me to steal, my father taught me to swear. How could I obey a Bible which I never learned to read? how could I believe in Thee whom no one taught me to know? Saviour of sinners, condemn me not; how was I to avoid sins against which I was never warned? I did not know what I did. Seizing Thy cross, I claim the benefit of its dying prayer, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

We conclude with another extract, which purposes to show the effects of a general reception of Christianity on such a city as Edinburgh:—

"Save these picturesque and old-fashioned tenements, the blue heavens above, that rocky citadel with its frowning batteries, yonder noble arm of the sea, and the same green fields, rich valleys and romantic crags of the everlasting hills around, all old things else would have passed away. Prisons, that now complain of crowded cells, would be found too large; and many churches, cold now with empty pews, would be found too small. The smouldering fever would, like an unfed fire, go out for want of fuel; and rank churchyards would grow green at Christmas for lack of their too frequent burials. The brutal features of dissipation would give place to an expression of intelligence and humanity; roses would blow on childhood's pallid cheek, and mothers' smiles would chase the sadness from many a poor sallow infant face. Then, under the patronage of religion and the sign of the Bible, the craft of the honest mechanic and the trade of the useful merchant would flourish, while the panderer to vice would fall into unpitied bankruptcy, and the voice of a vir-

tuous people would tell him to shut shop and be gone. Furniture would crowd these empty rooms; the rags, through whose loopholes poverty stared out upon a pitying world, would change into decent attire. Piety, descending like an angel from the skies, would come to these dwellings with a prophet's blessing; beneath her celestial feet happiness would spring up like summer flowers; plenty would pour her horn into the lap of poverty; there would be meal in every household barrel, and oil in every widow's cruse. Underneath the benign and blessed influences of religion, this wilderness would be glad; our city Ishmaelites would change into Israelites, and these moral deserts would rejoice and blossom like the rose."

From these extracts the reader will be able to gather for himself both the attractiveness of Dr. Guthrie's illustrations, and the peculiar effects which their continual recurrence in these sermons must produce.

Art. IV. — *Reformation of Juvenile Offenders*. Reigate. W. Allingham. 1850.

2. *Mettray et M. De Metz*. Tours. 1854.

3. *Report of the Philanthropic Farm School, Redhill, Surrey*. 1855.

THAT arch-satirist, the Dean of St. Patrick's, tells us that at Laputa, Captain Gulliver met with certain philosophers, who were occupied in a notable exercise; we must quote the passage for the sake of its grave irony. "Some had been," writes the voyager, "for eight years engaged upon the scheme of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. The beams were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in inclement summers." Our philosophers of the present day do not occupy themselves upon schemes so idle; but we can well imagine the ridicule with which, a century ago, some minds would have received the proposition of our philosophic philanthropists, who do not indeed extract sunbeams from cucumbers, but who gather a very large number of honest and excellent citizens from a crowd of convicted thieves. But so it is; whilst idler minds have been dreaming, and others have been engaged in the vain pleasures of the world; whilst the careless and licentious have declared, with Voltaire's Pangloss, that crime and guilt were perfectly necessary, that we could not exist without them and their attendant misery, "que dans ce meilleur des mondes possibles, les choses ne peuvent être autrement;" nobler beings have boldly tried to rectify the evil, and, undeterred by neglect, ridicule, want, or positive antagonism have at length

reached that goal which they had long perceived, but which was invisible to meaner eyes. They have been doubly recompensed. The measure, pressed down and running over, has been paid into their bosoms, for they have found their reward, not only in those who have been rescued from guilt, but also in the fact that society has at last tardily acknowledged their merits, and now, at this eleventh hour, seeks to imitate their deeds. The purpose of this paper is, therefore, as the reader will doubtless perceive, to follow the career of these philanthropists, and in our humble way, to awaken the minds of the public to a system of cure so admirably adapted to juvenile crime, and to a movement so thoroughly in accordance with the spirit of Christianity. As charity begins at home, we shall probably be excused if we turn our inquiries more in the direction of certain societies in England, than to that which, in age and efficiency, has preceded them in France.

The idea of reforming juvenile delinquents is not a new one, even in this country. The novelist Fielding, when justice of Westminster, often turned his thoughts towards the boy-thief, and with admirable humour, shows in one of his novels a post-boy, "who hath since been transported *for robbing a hen-roost*," as possessing much more practical Christianity than a whole coachful of genteel passengers. The eccentric but warm-hearted Jonas Hanway, to whom we are indebted for our gingham umbrellas, puts forward, more than once, in his "Cry for the Sweeping Boys," ideas of mercy towards these unfortunates, which have at length germinated and borne fruit.

In the year 1788, while Jonas was yet living, certain earnest and philanthropic men, amongst whom, to their honour, we may mention several of the aristocracy: the Duke of Leeds, first president of the society; the Earl of Hardwicke, the Duke of York, the Marquis of Westminster, Dr. Sims, and J. Angerstein, M.P., formed themselves into a society, for the purpose of doing some little towards checking the increase of juvenile crime; for they were alarmed at the numbers of children infesting the metropolis and its neighbourhood, who lived, and were trained to live, by begging, petty larceny, and robbery. The earliest reports of this interesting society give the following details of proceedings upon the first formation of the body:—

"A single child was first put to nurse, to which several more were added. When the number amounted to twelve, a small house at £10 per annum was hired, in a situation where more could easily be obtained, as they might be wanted. A matron was placed there to superintend the household concerns, and the government of the wards. Such of them as were capable were employed in knitting stockings, and weaving of lace and garters.

"A second house was soon hired; and presently a third; the number of wards was increased to twenty; and among them (the inmates, we presume) were several from ten to fourteen years old. The boys and girls were now separated. A shoemaker was placed in the second house; several of the elder boys began to learn this necessary branch of manufacture, and the seminary was soon supplied with shoes made within itself.

"In the third house was placed a tailor, having a certain number of wards under his tuition.

"In the fourth house was placed a carpenter, a place being hired adjoining the house to serve as a carpenter's shop; a small spot of garden ground was also taken, in which the boys should assist the gardener in their leisure hours.

"At the end of the second year, the school contained about fifty children of both sexes, divided as above described, into distinct families; each formed and managed as much as possible on the footing of a HOME, and each instructed in some branch of industry likely to be useful to them in after life, and to enable them to make provision against old age and infirmity."

So far all was correct and excellent; but soon after this a fatal mistake was committed. It has been found, not only in England, but wherever the system has been tried, that the form of home government, of being divided into families, is essential to success. It is natural that it should be so. We may trace the first seeds of crime, not only in high, but also in low life, to the want of the purifying influence of a home. The young fellow who, with his mothers and sisters, is a very good, pure, and obedient youth, but, perhaps, not very strong in his principles, or wise in his head, will often, when he emerges into life, and gets into the society of his office or counting-house companions, become impure and licentious.

The increasing number of the inmates, and a desire of cheaper government, induced the society to concentrate the school, and to associate the boys and girls respectively in greater numbers together. In order to do this, premises, lately occupied by the society, in St. George's Fields, then an open and thinly populated district, were taken, dormitories were built, and a manufactory established, in which the trades of tailor, shoemaker, letter-press and copper-plate printer, bookbinder and rope-maker, were carried on, for the instruction of the boys; while, in the female school, the girls were taught needle work, and the essentials of general service; the elder of them being employed in the laundry and kitchen.

But the want of the family institutions was severely felt. Measures were taken to separate boys who had been guilty of acts of vice and delinquency, from those innocent, but unfortunate, lads who had been thrown helpless on the world, and

thence into the hands of the society ; and with varying success, but always with the great satisfaction afforded by the knowledge that a very large per centage of these juveniles turned eventually into honest citizens, the society went on its way till the year 1806, when it obtained from the tardy legislature the important benefits of an Act of Incorporation, sanctioning its objects ; vesting its management in the president, vice-president, treasurer, and committee ; and authorizing the opening of its chapel for public worship in aid of its resources.

On this footing, therefore, the society continued till the year 1845, when it was resolved to discontinue the girls' school altogether, and to limit the agency of the society, as much as possible, to the reformation of penitent and destitute offenders ; and to retain those only so long as seemed necessary, apprenticing them out, or enabling them to emigrate after two or three years' probation, instead of keeping them in the establishment till adolescence.

In the years 1846, 1847, and 1848, the society (now recognized and conducted exclusively as a school of discipline for the correction and rescue of lads who had fallen into crime) received into its asylum in St. George's Fields, 82, 109, and 111 boys respectively, a rate of admission nearly four times greater than its previous arrangements admitted ; and it was during those years that the society, led by the example of the French institution at Mettray, formed the determination of moving from town, where only sedentary occupations could be carried on, to the country, where farming and agricultural pursuits could be practised. They were now, therefore, on the right track. Mirabeau, in his letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, in March, 1785, had told them plainly that the country was their natural ground. "Why are not," he writes, "hospitals and all institutions for the reception of the infirm, of foundlings, beggars, and lunatics, &c., removed from towns which they infect, *and which infect them*, to the country? . . . Children bred there can only be brought up to a trade, and for towns, while the sedentary occupations of trade kill the children, whose first want is to jump and run about."

The consequence of these reflections was, that in January, 1849, a farm of 133 acres, at Redhill, in the immediate vicinity of the Brighton and South Eastern Railways, was purchased ; and on the 30th of April, of the same year, Prince Albert honoured himself and the society by laying the foundation stone of an additional building, which contains a chapel, school-room, and two houses, each capable of receiving fifty-six boys and their superintendents.

It will be found that we have gone thus far into particulars not without reason. It is well that we know how long, and under what changes and difficulties the society has existed. It is indeed necessary, before we contemplate the effect that we should examine the cause. The effect is, that from the inmates of prisons, from lads convicted of crime in one or more instances; from young pickpockets, shoplifters, thieves, and burglars; from those who have experienced the treadmill and the whip; from every hundred of such jail-birds, we obtain nearly eighty (seventy-nine) honest men, excellent citizens, and good workmen! From those who were punished, shunned, and despised, whose very presence was deemed a curse, we have seventy-nine *per cent.* of creatures whose presence is reckoned a blessing, whose services are sought after, whose society, whose relationship is desired! Let us prove this in the following pages.

There is a crowd in a London street. A dirty, ragged, brazen-faced boy, weakly in body, sickly, pale and scrofulous, is being marched along by a policeman. His face is very pale, but bold, and clothed with a haggard determination, showing that to him this public exhibition is somewhat of a martyrdom; that his feelings have that antagonistic tone in them, which, if we may believe the philosophic American, hath in it something of the heroic. He is a pickpocket. He was caught *flagrante delicto*; the policeman has the handkerchief, and the indignant proprietor, the last of a long retinue, hurries after the thief. An acquaintance in the crowd recognizes the child, and makes a careless query as to "what is up." The boy replies, in a shrill voice, that "it's a gooser," by which symbolic language we are to understand, that he has been caught in the act, and that imprisonment is certain. A gaping crowd follows the chief actors in the little drama, till, arrived at the police-station, the constable gives a dexterous twist, and shoots the little offender into the stone-floored passage. In a few moments, so quick under certain circumstances are the movements of justice, the young thief stands in the dock, before the sitting magistrate. This personage, especially, if the office be at —, *does not believe in reformation*, is not very philosophic nor reflective, nor indeed Christian, and treats the boy as a noxious animal, which it were well to get rid of; but he must follow out the course of English law, he must tread the path marked out for him. He, therefore, in a stern voice, remarks that the boy is incorrigible, that he is a very clever thief, that he shows great talent in his dishonest trade, and, he at once, condemns him to trial at a higher tribunal, whence, the crime proved, the boy, known as an *old* offender (he is of the ripe age of eleven), is condemned to three

years' imprisonment. He hears it with indifference. The boy knew the penalty; it was a "gooser," and the grave admonitions of the judge are listened to as so much sham.

The kind chaplain of the prison to which the boy is condemned, is struck, as the magistrate was, by the tact, cleverness, and proficiency of the boy. He is moved to interest himself in his behalf, and as the lad likes the chaplain, he behaves so well, that he is sent, under government pardon, to the Reformatory School at Redhill, there to cease to do evil and to learn to do well. "*O fortunate puer!*" from that hour one dates his rise in virtue. Labour and religious influence, both alike unknown to little Tom Castaway, are employed to improve him. He is placed in one of the houses of the institution, of which there are six, on a farm of nearly 300 acres. His rags have long been discarded; his prison garb is taken from him; and, clad in a stout smock frock, strong boots, leather gaiters, and a round felt hat, he is made to rise at five in the summer, or at quarter to seven in the winter, and to proceed to the fields and work, regardless of rain or cold, like the labourers who direct him and his companions. By twelve o'clock in the day this kind of work, either with hoe, or drill, or shining spade, has given our hero such an appetite, that he is very ready for his dinner, be it what it may. Meat is allowed him on two days in each week, Sunday and Thursday; suet pudding is given on Tuesday and Friday, bread and cheese, or soup, on the other days. He is fed well, for he labours well. Bread, skim-milk, and oatmeal porridge comprise his breakfast; bread and butter, and milk and water his supper. He works hard till five. An hour is then allowed for supper and recreation; and then reading, writing, and arithmetic follows for an hour and a-half, and a hearty prayer concludes the day. At nine o'clock little Tom Castaway ascends to his dormitory, creeps into his little bed, and is fast asleep, let us hope, disturbed by no regretful dreams of London gin-palaces or of penny theatres. Let us look at him in his dormitory. It is a large, clean room, well ventilated, and filled with twelve or sixteen iron bedsteads, upon which other little Castaways are also fast asleep, between rough sheets, and underneath warm blankets. The monitor sleeps in a centre bed, and between two of these dormitories a master has a bed-room, with a little window, for purposes of supervision, opening into each.

Thus the time passes, one day being a repetition of the other, till Tom has lost his pale, thin look, and has got the better of his scrofulous habit. On each Saturday evening the whole school assembles in the large school-room to hear the reports of the masters, teachers, and monitors. The boys present themselves in their respective classes, and are, one by one, questioned

as to their work and conduct during the week. To the most deserving little rewards are adjudged, and certain privileges granted; but, on the other hand, quarrelling, idleness, or other misbehaviour is punished. And let us notice this: *boys are made to take a part*, as far as possible, *in judging and deciding on each complaint*. Thus, whilst thoroughly under control from others, a system of self-government is inculcated in the boys.

Following our imaginary little friend, Tom Castaway, who is but a type of the class, we will now see what he and his companions have to do. At present, to quote from a document in the handwriting of the excellent and Rev. Sydney Turner, chaplain of the school, there are at the institution 238 young souls, whose teachers are anxious to reform them, and whose Heavenly Father we know desires them to be brought unto Him. What employment have we to rescue these from idleness, and what method, to teach them their individual value, and the nobility of labour? The Principal will show us.

It is a wet day, towards the close of January in the present year, but the young agriculturists are at work. The rain ceases and the skies are bright over head, and you, with your kind conductor, determine to explore the Hill Farm. Stepping out of the chaplain's house, some of the finest scenery in England salutes you. An amphitheatre of hills rises round you, white chalk cliffs, rents in the garment of the earth, upon which the verdure grows not, are apparent here and there; a few cottages, and beyond them, a little town, with its thin garment of smoke slightly obscuring it; a gentle breeze arises, and in a moment the town stands plainly out in the clear atmosphere,—

“ Cum circumfusa repente
Scindit se nubes, et in æthera purgat apertum.”

Beyond it, the Redhill station is to be seen, and immediately before your eyes a puff of white vapour rises, and the train to Dover passes rapidly by you, the cutting being deep and concealed from you as you look forwards. You are on the farm. At about a quarter of a mile distant you will find the chief farm-house, an original homestead, wherein the head bailiff, the matron, and about thirty boys, under their supervision, dwell, and in various other parts of the farm, five other houses are found. The reason of this is, as we have stated in the commencement of this article, that a division into *families* was found essential to the progress of the young reformadoes, and thus we have the “Queen's House,” the “Prince's House,” the “Duke's House,” &c., the inmates of which emulate the others, *as families*, are indoctrinated with an *esprit de corps*, and find themselves the better through it. No doubt a philosopher

might urge that in governing thus, one takes advantage of the weakness of human nature, but he must remember that the school is an hospital, wherein boys are cured of moral diseases which they have contracted through the carelessness of society. As one "house" or family represents the other in every particular, we may at once describe this homestead, and never, let us say, was an old farm-house turned to a nobler purpose.

Entering the yard, you are met by a number of boys returning from some kind of agricultural labour. You are struck with their perfectly healthful appearance, with the splendid glow of their cheeks, the brightness of their eyes, their stout muscular forms. Can these be the street boys of London? Even so! There are half-a-dozen young fellows digging a drain, whilst an experienced countryman lays down the pipes. They have all the same healthy, bold look; they respectfully and affectionately greet the principal, and, with a good-humoured stare at yourself, proceed with their work. There is not the slightest rudeness nor boorishness about the boys. You enter the farm-yard and go into a cow-shed wherein forty-six fine milch cows are undergoing such a currying and cleansing from the boys that you doubt which enjoy it the most. Cows are not wont to have so much attention bestowed on them, but it is a pleasure to the lads, and as each "house" has the privilege of attending these animals in rotation, the kine are well looked after. Thence you proceed to the dairy, where in well arranged pans, new milk is standing, and the yesterday's supply is thick with rich cream. There is also a quantity of splendid butter ready to be fetched away, not enough, indeed, for that article is in great request with the surrounding gentry, and they cannot make sufficient. You must visit the piggery, where Chinese, Neapolitan, and pigs of mixed breed, spend their lives in sensualism and indulgence, till the butcher comes on the appointed day. There are stables, a bull, horses, ponies, and a very useful donkey, which latter appears to be a great favourite, and thrives under a careful grooming.

You enter one of the outhouses and are surprised to find a shoemaker's shop, wherein young artizans are hard at work making the shoes of the establishment. Some of these have an iron plate under the instep of the right boot; for a great deal of spade husbandry is done here, and thus the boots are saved. Above the shoemakers, work the tailors, an industrious and thoughtful class; and some of the boys prefer these trades to agriculture. At a little distance is the blacksmith's shop, wherein the tips and iron plates for the boots, the chains and iron rails, the gear of the carts, the locks and hinges of the doors, and the fastenings of the windows are made. Beyond

this farm-house on the right is the brick-field, wherein the boys work, and with a hearty good will, and have hitherto manufactured all the bricks necessary for sundry additional buildings. Let us see now what was accomplished in 1853 by these boys. In addition to cultivating a farm of 250 acres, and housing, &c., the various crops during that year, the lower portions of the farm were cleared and trenched; *two hundred thousand good bricks were made*; gas works were erected; a gardener's cottage built, two labourers' cottages repaired, a lodge erected at the entrance of the farm, a bath and other necessary conveniences commenced in connexion with the existing buildings, and a new house, calculated to hold about fifty boys, built on the farther side of the farm. We had forgotten to mention the carpenter's shop, in which all the woodwork of the farm is prepared, the doors, and even the windows and sashes of the new houses made, and creditably made too. Well may these young Castaways, under their excellent preceptors, listen to these stirring lines:—

“ Droop not, though *shame, sin*, and anguish are round thee,
Bravely fling off the cold chain, that hath bound thee :
Look at yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee ;
Rest not content in thy darkness a clod.
Work for some good—be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly.
Let thy good deeds be a prayer to thy God.”

Dismissing poetry—although in beholding a great movement like this the heart swells with the highest poetic feeling—let us look at certain statistics to see how these boys work. We shall afterwards have to examine the effect the discipline has upon them, and the monetary cost of each boy to the society, or state. We can only quote the returns for the year 1854, those of 1855 not being in our hands. The amount of work done in the

Tailor's shop, was	£509	5	4
Shoemaker's ditto	317	3	3
Sale of farm produce	340	1	11
Supplied to school, &c.	1027	11	4

And in addition to this, the amount of work done in the smith's and carpenter's shops was valued at about £400, and upwards of 300,000 bricks were made in the brick-field, so that the labour of the boys was by no means unproductive.

This labour is made, in an indirect as well as a direct way, an instrument of reward and reformation. Each boy's work is put down at a certain price, and from that certain sums are de-

ducted for board, &c., and of the residue some is deducted again for fines as a punishment, and the remainder placed to his account, over which he has a control, and which he sometimes disburses in little vanities, such as treacle, hair oil, &c.; and at other times, saves up till it amounts to a good sum, sufficient to take him on a visit to his parents or relations. Thus, we see, that although these boys are really criminal, yet a great amount of kindness is exercised towards them; and so far from being dragooned into goodness, very little but moral restraint is used towards them. To each house, indeed, there are three cells, wherein boys who have been guilty of grave faults are confined, on a bread and water diet; if (and amongst so many, sundry black sheep *will* be found) they are incorrigible, they are, for the sake of the others, expelled the school.

To illustrate the difficulties of this open and unwall'd establishment, we may state that up to the year 1854, in addition to twelve who deserted and were discharged, thirty-six others either endeavoured themselves, or were induced by their relatives, to leave the school: of these, eleven deserted twice. All of these lads were stopped on the road, or brought back by the police, or recovered from London; eight were punished on repetition of the offence by imprisonment in Wandsworth House of Correction, fourteen by whipping, the others by a short confinement on bread and water, as mentioned above. To account for the number, which out of upwards of seven hundred and thirty boys is not very large—for we must remember that the account extends over four years—we may reflect, that some accept the offer of conditional pardon, and admission into the school, *for the sole purpose of absconding as soon as they can*. Others, for the purpose of spending their time under sentence in a school instead of a prison; and these expect to be discharged when their “time is up;” that is, when their original sentence is expired. Some, when visiting their friends, are persuaded to abscond; others from a quarrel with, or ill-usage by their fellows; and some from a foolish impulse, of which they heartily repent, and prove that repentance by afterwards working hardily and doing well; and when we contemplate the fact of boys thus running away from the greatest boon which can be offered them, we must remember that these young people are criminal though young; that they have to be cured of not only the habit of thieving, but of idleness, restlessness, hatred of continued labour, or of any labour at all, of a total blindness of heart, and godlessness of mind, of love of cheap and exciting pleasures—of deep-rooted prejudices against anything like prayer, of habits of indecency and profanity, which have become sweet to their demoralized minds.

When the cells spoken of have been empty for three months successively, the "house," to which they are attached can, and does, claim a treat—a tea and cake *soirée*, with singing, &c. One house has exercised this claim three times running; another twice. But to show the difference between separate families, or "houses," and those which are joined, we may note that those two wherein a large number of boys, ninety, congregate, and which are close together, scarcely ever claim this privilege, and that a very efficient teacher (Mr. Braidy) resigned his office from disappointment in the effect of his labours, and probably from seeing the schools which were separated, so far beyond his own in efficiency.

To return to the inspection. It is now nearly dinner-time, twelve o'clock, and the boys are flocking in. You enter one of the schools, and about thirty boys seat themselves quickly before their basins of excellent soup and bread. A grace is said by the master, or the chaplain, and the lads fall to; health and a keen appetite do the work of sauce, and in a few minutes every basin is empty. A short pause takes place; a thanksgiving is put up to God, and the boys again depart for a short recreation. You join, after this is over, a working party of lads, and proceed to a brook on the farm, which they are now engaged in deepening and straitening. An intelligent labourer superintends the work, and the boys work with a hearty good will, under the strengthening effect of their teacher labouring with them. Lower down a basin has been cut out and formed, wherein, in summer time, the lads are delighted to bathe and swim.

Let us go home again to the schools. In one, the raised benches of which serve also for dinner tables, an earnest and devoted master is teaching certain youths to read. Strict silence is preserved. If in questioning any of the boys upon the lesson, one of the class does not answer, the next (who can) stretches forth his hand as a signal, and answers for him. The boys are generally lively, quick-looking lads, and show a due share of proficiency. By the side of this class, a boy, of the age of twelve years, is teaching another class of boys arithmetic. As we proceed from the school-room, we find in the passage several trunks belonging to lads who are about to emigrate to Natal. These young emigrants are, of course, some of the best lads in the schools. Their trunks are filled with excellent and efficient clothing, with their Bibles and Prayer-books, and with a small supply of paper for letters, to which we shall have to refer.

On the walls of the school-rooms are hung lists of names, which correspond with the *tables d'honneur* at Mettray, and which are composed of the names of those boys who have for

three months gained an immunity from all punishment. Many of these names have been there for some time; and, again, as at Mettray, the erasure of a name is considered a severe disgrace; its continuance an honour. We pass up the stairs, which are being cleaned by one of the pupils, in a manner which would do honour to a London housemaid, to the dormitories; witness there the capital ventilation and cleanliness, and then return to the chaplain's house, highly pleased with our visit. Whilst noticing the luxuriant shrubs in the garden, the dwarf hollies, the laurels, and the flowering arbutus, we are struck with the fact that each of these trees bears a label of wood, and on it is written the name of a boy, and the date of his leaving the school. "It is a harmless superstition," says our kind guide, in explanation; "the boys fancy that as their trees flourish, so they do. It endears them to the spot, and we have them continually writing to ask after their tree, and some of them coming, even from America and Australia, to look at them, when they again visit us and the school." This is a little incident; but knowing the human heart, after we hear it, we have much faith in the true repentance of those boys; and, after all, why should not a reformed boy cherish a tree, as well as Henry VIII., or Louis Philippe, or Queen Victoria, plant one?

Let us now look to the working of this school, slightly also glancing at that of Mettray. At the latter there are 625 boys, superintended by sixty-two agents or teachers. At the Redhill Philanthropic Farm School, which we have been visiting, we have 238 boys, superintended by one chaplain, five masters, one bailiff, (with wives), matron, cook, baker, porter, one assistant-labourer, three needle women, and dairy-woman, who, counting the women, amount only to twenty-two persons; the per centage of teachers being much larger at Mettray. The annual cost per head at the various reformatories would be about £29 15s. at Redhill; at Mettray, £16 per annum per head; at Parkhurst, about £19. But it must be remembered that Mettray is situated in a "cheaper" country, and that it has been established for a much longer period, and is fully in work. The great principal of Mettray, M. De Metz, reckons that out of every hundred of his pupils, *ninety* are reformed, and turn good citizens; but we must again reflect that at Mettray they are not all criminals, but some are those whose parents have deserted them, or will not work; at Redhill, Mr. Sydney Turner has as yet only reformed *seventy-nine* per cent., but hopes shortly, with the aid of the Bible, which they have not at Mettray, to return a much higher per centage; and in consideration of this lower number, we must understand that, *par exemple*, of those who were admitted in 1853, twenty-seven had been *once* previously, twenty-three

had been twice, and fifty-four had been thrice, or more than thrice convicted; and, moreover, many of these boys were of a respectable class of life, and had turned *con amore* to vice.

The family system is found to be a *sine quâ non* at Mettray. These families are, as at Redhill, located in houses, inscribed with the names of certain towns, or of the givers: there is the "Maison de Paris," "De la Veuve Hébert," "De Poitiers," "D'Orleans," "De Limoges," &c.; and one is called the "Maison de Marie," in which the youngest children are placed. There are fifteen of these houses; at Redhill we have but six. Singing and music forms part of the system, which is *mutatis mutandis*, nearly identical with our own, at Mettray; we have singing only at Redhill; at the French institution many of the lads are brought up as soldiers; with us, unless they enlist of their own accord, none. The same kindness seems to distinguish the principals of each. M. De Metz walked amongst his 625 children, patting their heads, and smiling and talking; Mr. Turner is like a father, rather than a master, to all his boys; and we can adduce proof that they love him. The fruits of M. De Metz's labours may be thus stated: Up to January, 1854, 953 boys had gone out into the world; of these, 774 have quite reformed, and have maintained good characters; 58 are passably good; 18 have disappeared, and 103 have relapsed into vice; 387 had turned to agriculture; 282 were artizans, and 284 soldiers: of the latter, one has received the badge of the Legion of Honour; 9 become commissioned, and 17 non-commissioned officers.

Now let us turn to our own institution. From April, 1849, to December, 1855, there have been 874 boys admitted. Of these we may number—

Emigrants	377
Working in England	163
Deserted or expelled	96
	<hr/>
	636
In school at present	238
	<hr/>
	874

And we may judge of the quality of the boys from the following classification of those who were admitted during 1855:—

Convicts—London prisons	106
County ditto	88
Millbank (<i>transports</i>)	23
Payment of friends, &c. . . .	16
	<hr/>
	178

We may also note, using our figures for the last time, that of the pupils, full 50 per cent. are Irish; either *pur sang*, or of Irish extraction; a fact which does not say well for the effects of the union upon England; but which, nevertheless, might have stood upon record had that event never taken place.

Let us now refer, before closing this article, to the letters of the boys themselves, to their situations and positions in after-life, in order to see that this most excellent and truly philanthropic movement works well; that its effects are not merely evanescent; and that it is the duty of the government of a Christian land to support and adopt the means of reformation which it has proved and tried; first, remembering that two-thirds of the enormous amount of crime committed throughout Great Britain every year is perpetrated by juveniles; that three years ago, Daniel Whittle Harvey, the City Commissioner of Police, congratulated the City of London that he had *reduced* the calculated loss (within the City) by pickpockets to the community to £20 per day; that, calculating the metropolis and suburbs at ten times the size of the City, £200 per day, not counting small amounts, must be lost in the metropolis alone; that that amount, and probably as much again, is to be reckoned as the plunder of pickpockets, of whom seven-eighths undoubtedly are boys, trained for the purpose. In addition to this, hundreds of boys, pupils of elder thieves, are engaged in various nefarious practices, and bring home daily much money to taskmasters, whose knowledge is vice, and whose science is robbery. Looking at matters from this light, such institutions as those of Mettray and Redhill become at once utilitarian and necessary, as well as philanthropic and Christian. Again, let us calculate the enormous gain which accrues to the country from one good and honestly laborious man in contra-distinction to the evil done by the same man as a thief. As the one, he recreates his own food and supports his family; as the other, he is, as it were, *fruges consumere natus*, and preys upon the labours of others.

When Redhill Philanthropic Farm was first built, the inhabitants of Reigate were very much opposed to it, and were angry at its originators for "bringing a parcel of London thieves" amongst them. Now the feeling is quite the other way, and as at Tours, so at Reigate, the people are quite willing to employ them; but let us refer to their own letters as proof of their well-being.

The *Fredericton Journal* (New Brunswick) notices that certain prizes have been paid to the four best boys from the Philanthropic Society, who have resided in the colony for eighteen months without one stain on their character; and says, "That

the boys are trained to every species of farm labour; and that, notwithstanding the ungenerous agitation made some time ago, the greater number of those here have made valuable servants." A boy from the same town writes to Mr. Turner, to say that his master "was asking me about a boy. I told him that I thought I could get him a smart boy fitting for a tradesman, if you could send him out one; my master is an honest man. I will assure you that he will be kindly treated, for he will be working under my eye; the trade which I am working at is a wheelright, and if he be a smart boy, it will be all the better for himself, and more credit for the school." The boy then gives a modest account of his good fortune, and writes: "Do not, sir, think that I have forgot all the past, for I remember when I was cast on the world, if I had not come under your guardian (*sic*) certainly *sum* trouble would have befallen me; do not think your taulking was lost in vain upon me, for well I remember the care you showed us, often have I thought upon your words when I have been lying on my bed." He then goes on to give an account of some of the young reformadoes in the colony. One of them, Monahan, showed an inclination to do evil, and seduced an innocent girl; whereupon the writer, Harding, tells him that if he did not marry her, "he should made his nuckles acquainted with his head; and I told him to go up the country and fetch down the girl, and I stood up with them, and they were married." "The biggest of the boys," continues this young hero, "comes to me for advice when they are in a little trouble;" and he concludes with a significant sentence; "and if you send the boy, send him early in the spring, and, sir, we have Irish boys enough; let him be an Englishman if possible."

There are dozens upon dozens of such letters. Here is one of them written in January, 1854:—

"DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter, and was glad to hear from you. I hope the Certificates of my Character gave you and all who saw them perfect satisfaction.

"Monahan and myself has chosen each of us 100 acres of land; it is situated about nine miles from Fredericton.

"We wish to know whether the Committee thinks proper to help start us in the world: if not, will they please be generous enough to advance us a few pounds untill such times as *we can and will pay them manfully*. If I remember right, there were some gentlemen who promised to do something for us, providing that we lived three years and so forth in our first place. I must confess that neither of us did that. Nor you will not get one out of ten that will do it, because other boys, and even men, laugh at them for working for the fourth of the wages that they were getting, and saying it was the like of us that would ruin their Country. It is well known that Englishmen are too strong in the head to take with such slurs as these.

"But however I can say this much of myself, if I did not live three years in one place, I can show written certificates of my personal character from the third day I came to the Country up to the present day, and I know there are some of my countrymen, Farm School Fellows, that can do the same: so if we are no credit to the Philanthropic Society, we certainly are no disgrace."

And another gives this curious and romantic account of himself and of the manner in which he obtained a wife:—

"Sir, i ham marrade and got a good Yankey wife. She is a very good and kind hearted girl, and I ham Proud to find that shee is, and I am proud of her. She is a Baptist and goes to Meeting every Sunday. Sir, if you can, find a London girl to beat my Yankee girl.

"I went to her parents house to work last March; I work there till May, and they treated me as there Son, and I thought as much of there Daughter as I should of my own sister. One night in May she ast me to drive her to Evening School, which I did and proud of the offer. There were some Dutch Boys there in wich two of them said some Bad words to her, on wich she went out of the Meeting and the two Dutch Boys follerd her; I thought nothing the matter till about tenn minnets after, in wich I heard a voice crying for help, and calling my name; I run to see what was the matter; the too boys had her down, and the rings and money and gold locket wich she wore; I run and struck the too Boys, and one shot a pistol, the Bal lodg in my arm. that is how I got her love. the old man said I should marry his daughter when I was 21 years of age, but we could not stand it so long as that. So we run away and got marred, and went back to the old man and woman, and they gave us 5 hundred dollers to begin with; and he will give us his farm when he dies.

"So no more from your humble servant.

(Signed.) "MR. and MRS. BURRELL.

"Please ancer this lettter By the return of post."

But we have further proof that these boys do well. An American farmer, in a characteristic letter, demands "ten boys at once," and on Mr. Turner's reply, sends the following rejoinder:—

"Ohio, March, 1853.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—You write you probably cannot send me ten boys at once: you say you have to send some boys to Canada and New Brunswick; you also wish to be well certified that my application is a *bonâ fide* one; this caution is certainly right, as the destiny of the lads depends greatly on where they are sent. I have travelled over 9 of the States, and I believe Ohio is the most moral, intelligent, and wealthy of all I have seen. I am a native of Virginia, have emigrated to Ohio, and lived here eleven years.

"The States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois vary but little in soil, climate, and production. They are indeed the giants of the West

"We are industrious, virtuous, brave, and free. We have district Schools in every Township; all free to rich and poor. The teachers are paid out of the public Treasury. We have no tyrants here as in the Slave States, South of us. The people of this wonderful Valley have never bowed the knee, except to the Almighty.

"You write, if you ever come to the States, you would come to Ohio: this I think you would never regret: all the boys I have seen from your School would be glad to see you here. James Williams, and Peter Doran, and George Burl all send their best respects to you. Peter and James live with me. James Williams was taken to your School by his Aunt Wintes, perhaps you will remember him by her. If you can only send two, three, or four boys, it will be just as well. Send me English Boys if possible: I have generally found them the best. I keep sheep and would be glad of a Shepherd.

"I believe I gave you Railroad directions; if you send the boys, some one in York should go with them to the York and Erie Railroad, and get them tickets to C, Ohio; then it is only seventy-five miles by Railroad to B Please send the boys as early as possible, we have a great deal of work here in the Spring. Ohio has not half enough of help. All the boys you have or may send here will never lack employment, or good wages and plenty to eat. Famine and distress have never been known here. Canada and Brunswick are cold desolate regions in comparison of this. I will be glad to hear from you often, and will have the boys write to you. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain

"Your friend as ever,

"(Signed) T. C. B.

"Rev. Sydney Turner."

We need not extract any more; surely these letters are proofs enough without encumbering the article with repetitions. One more only will we quote, for it consists of a proof which we hold particularly dear. One of these young lads, a pupil of the school, entered the ranks of that noble band, the City Missionaries. He writes, or rather wrote, continually to Mr. Turner; and his last letter commences thus, and registers the pang, which, as a boy, he felt upon hearing the remark of the Reigate gentleman (?) he chronicles:—

"14th Aug., 1854.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I cannot let the present opportunity pass without returning my thanks for the kindness and attention I received from you. While stopping at the Farm, thoughts of the past entered my mind—thankfulness to the Author of all goodness for his mercies towards me, in keeping me from many evil ways, and in making himself known to me by his Son. Truly may I say with the Apostle 'By grace I am what I am.' And in my case I may say, 'He raised the poor out of the dust and lifteth the beggar from the dunghill, that he may make him inherit the throne of Glory.'

"In looking at the work you have accomplished in five years, it

was to me a matter of surprise when I remember the difficulties that were in your way, particularly the prejudices that was in the minds of the inhabitants of Reigate; well do I remember the remark that fell from a gentleman when the first stone was laid, he said it was disgraceful of the gentleman who sold his Estate to rear a Colony of London Thieves; and his remarks upon the young men who were present, were not the most favourable; but thanks be to the Lord, he has ordered things differently."

Differently, indeed! The writer of the above, whose letters always breathed the most sincere affection for all who had been concerned in rescuing him from sin, hath since ceased to be classed as a "London thief;" he has been called to his rest, dying, as the minister of the parish informed us, of "over-fatigue and continued exertion in the mission he had undertaken."

The highest authority hath assured us that there is much "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth;" surely there must be also many blessings resting on the heads of those who *conduct* those sinners to repentance, especially when they are sinning *children*—children whom He loves, and desires that they may be brought unto Him.

We have adduced, we believe, sufficient proofs of the efficacy of these reformatory institutions as regards boy-crime. Let us add that the country is beginning to awaken to a sense of their value. In Sussex, Kent, Northamptonshire, and Yorkshire, meetings have been held, urging the adoption of county reformatories. Some of the speakers at these meetings suggested that in time of war these young fellows should, as in France, be turned into soldiers; others were for making them agriculturists solely, for what with constant emigration and war, we want men. *Men* at all hazards, but good and well principled men above all. The example of the Redhill Institution was quoted at all these meetings. And let us hope that we shall soon have some independent and Christian member of the British Parliament urging the adoption of that excellent law of France, from which we append an extract:—

"Article 4.—Young offenders sentenced to an imprisonment of more than six months, and not exceeding two years, and young offenders acquitted as having been guilty, but as having acted 'without discernment,' are to be sent to a penitentiary colony; there to be brought up in association under strict rules of discipline; being employed in works of husbandry, and in the branches of industry connected with it: they are also to receive elementary instruction:

"Article 6.—During the two years after the publication of this law, such individuals, or societies, as may be willing to establish penitentiary colonies for young offenders, shall apply formally to the Minister of the Interior, for his authorization, producing the plans, statutes, regulations, and other required documents.

"The minister shall be enabled to contract with such of these establishments as are authorized for the care and the instruction of a fixed number of young prisoners.

"If, at the expiration of the two years, the whole number of these young offenders have not been placed in private establishments, then other colonies for that purpose shall be established at the expense of government."

And we feel assured that there will be much to rejoice at throughout all England, and that we shall be the gainers, not only in a religious, but also in a monetary point of view, when a similar law is passed in England, and when our rulers and magistrates, hitherto so obdurate, will take these young Ishmaels out of the slough of crime and ignorance, and lead them, through various gradations, to that saving knowledge which will assure them that vice is, after all, the worst of folly; and that it may be said, as truly of honesty as the Psalmist does of a higher kind of wisdom, that, both to the state and the reformed citizen—"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honour." (Prov. iii. 16.)

ART. V. — *The Philosophy of Reproduction.* By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.A.S.

PHYSIOLOGY is the basis of all knowledge but that which is revealed, and revelation itself is in keeping with the nature of things, but especially with the body and mind of man, as influenced by their earthly relationships. Revelation addresses itself to man as a derived being, a creature descended from a specific and peculiar parentage, both as a living body and a living soul. And all nature addresses man in the same manner, as the most highly endowed and the most highly responsible of earthly existences. Hence the importance of physiological knowledge, that is, the knowledge of God's laws in relation to our own earthly life and natural functions. From the inspired record of the first man's skill in discerning and discriminating the varied forms of life, and thus appropriately naming them, also from his business as the cultivator of God's garden, both in regard to beauty and to sustenance (Gen. 2—9), it may fairly be inferred that our grand parent was fully informed concerning the laws of life in relation to the body as well as the mind; and the loss of this knowledge was no small part of the curse that fell upon him and his offspring, in consequence of breaking the moral law, or God's express command. The tree of knowledge had, in fact, been forbidden to man until Christ came, because

none but Christians can have the right spirit to take the fruit of that tree and use it to God's glory. Christians have the key of science. They know how to look and what to look for, since they know the interest and unity of God in man; they look for consistency in God's works, and find the knowledge of those works alike confirming to faith and enlightening to reason. They have thrown open the gate-way to all knowledge, and if they do not use their privileges aright (that is, in a Christian spirit), the enemy will take advantage of their remissness, and by diffusing physical knowledge while denying the faith, magnify the presumption of the scoffer and the infidel, who will always pervert all truth to the purposes of pride and domination. All knowledge is safe to a Christian, and to him only. How very few of our good friends trouble themselves about the laws of physiology, and bodily life, and derivation; but taking the New Testament as the guide of their real life they are safe. There are others, far more numerous, who being neither Jews nor Christians, and holding neither the decalogue of Moses nor the love-law of Christ as their rule of life, positively obey no law but that of their own lusts, and thus are constantly warring against other souls as well as their own. This they do in spite of their natural affections. They are promoting disease and death amongst their children and their neighbours, from mere ignorance of the laws that regulate the very inferior life of the mere animal man. And as to the morality and religion of such persons, since principles are out of the question, and the Divine law is a hidden treasure to them, their morals are regulated by their natural likings, and their worship by their wishes.

Such were our reflections after rapidly perusing the work before us. This work, however, is not on physiology in general, but only on a small though very important part of physiology, and on a subject, in fact, which some good people—not wise—would too scrupulously scruple to read. Such works wisely read are calculated to promote the moral elevation of the student, because they indicate, with unmistakable force, not only that there is an eternal omnipotent power at work in all things, but also that the law of that power is benevolent and orderly; and, therefore, that that power is no abstraction, but a benevolent being, and a just being also, for there is no deviation in accommodation to those who break His laws, but suffering and death as directly result from the breach of natural as from that of moral law. This being, by the law of nature, is regulating the multiplication of the families of mankind according to their observance of the laws of nature. And there is righteousness in those laws, because they are founded on undeviating benevolence, which is righteousness.

Hence the knowledge of this part of physiology helps to balance the mind of the student by fixing the attention on the facts of God's hand, as long as His hand is recognized. Young souls that are fed by words, words only, may become verbal scholars, but, alas! how dry and barren are such souls until taught, by suffering, to look into the true things that relate to the body and the soul. It is elderly persons who mostly read popular physiology. If, however, diversity in all that is wonderful naturally suits the young and inquiring mind, then such facts as the microscope, in the hands of science, reveals are precisely such as the youthful intellect would find most beautiful, sublime, and instructive; and we see no reason why young persons should not learn the philosophy of reproduction as presented in such works as that of Dr. Mann. Here we find material life in its minutest apparent beginnings, the real beginnings being always in the invisible world, and far beyond the reach of the microscope. The work commences with the largest and highest view of the subject, that is, in relation to the multiplication of the human race, especially the British people. Such a fact as the following ought to convince us that the Creator is the Reproducer:—

"Taking the eighteen millions of people of England as they stood in 1851, and assuming that one thousand a day are to be regularly withdrawn from their ranks by the hand of death, that another thousand a day are to separate themselves by a voluntary exodus, and that the numbers are nevertheless to be steadily preserved at the stated amount, there remains the curious fact, that some industrious and ingenious power is constantly at work, turning out, daily, two thousand individuals, complete and perfect in their various corporeal and mental appointments, for the replenishment and support of British society. Now this economical process of sustenance goes on, week after week, and year after year, quite independently of any intentional exertion of human agency for the accomplishment of the purpose. Until recently, very little was known regarding the occult operation of the creative work."

The purpose of Dr. Mann's full little volume is to elucidate the occult operations referred to. We see not why there should be no direct assertion that the work is that of God's will, still evolving man from dust as at first. To speak of "*some* industrious and ingenious power at work," to such an end is not pleasing to a Christian mind, for God is revealed to us by name, and it is no cant, and no taking that name in vain, reverently to mention it in relation to a work that is altogether divine.

The writer proceeds to peep through the microscope at the life-vesicle, which he too playfully calls "a certain humble and unobtrusive little member of society." This life-vesicle is, in

fact, the most wonderful evidence of Divine power within the range of our assisted sight, and the very *primordium* of material and created existence. God's finger alone is seen in it, and we ought to worship in thinking of it. This vesicular being or microscopic bladder, having life in itself, is capable of feeding on whatever suitable material may be brought into contact with it and also of reproducing its own likeness from within itself. Dr. Mann traces it through many of its marvellous varieties and modes, as the foundation of living existence from man to mites. Such works demand prepared and thoughtful readers; and they reward thinkers by exciting more thought, and it may be higher thoughts than they bring to the perusal. The subject is, perhaps, above all others, adapted to Paley's mode of treatment, as a matter of so-called Natural Theology, and we cannot but think that Dr. Mann might have pointed from life to the Life-giver with advantage to his work. It is not enough to say of the life-vesicle, or life-vehicle—it is “a worthy individual present wherever vitality dwells,” and that “this omnipresent pigmy assumes a great variety of external appearances,” though “in his most attenuated form twenty millions could be comfortably accommodated on a farthing.” There is an Omnipresent One whose touch moulds worlds and atoms into spheres; and why into spheres full of life but that we may own Him as the centre and circumference of all existence, and the rest and the bond of our own being? The Christian sees inwards and outwards beyond all other men, for he knows Him who was born like ourselves to connect the dust of this life with the boundlessness of Deity, making eternity the property of humanity, through union with a germ that could not “see corruption.” This germ was and is the centre of eternity with regard to man, for “the seed of the woman” has brought the finite and the infinite together, and united the Divine nature with the human. Hence man in his highest and ultimate development, when made perfect, becomes, through the in-dwelling Spirit, the eternal temple of God, whence power goes forth, according to the law of holiness and love, to govern all things.

We add but one remark as a guard against mistake concerning our author's words on development:—

“Thus man himself, as has been seen, begins life as a single vesicle. This vesicle adds brood after brood of vesicles to its progeny, enlarging the constituted mass thereby. In due time the vesicles get variously modified and arranged, and organ after organ is successively planned and framed. Within three or four weeks of the first division of the germ-vesicle, the foundation of the eyes, the limbs, and the spinal cord is laid; but the general outline of structure is only that of a lowly worm. If, at that time, the creature

were separated from the fostering frame of the parent, and could maintain independent life, it would indeed be nothing more than a worm, however much it might grow."—P. 131.

These words might lead to a very false notion of development, as they seem to favour the theory that the germ-vesicle of one creature might, under favourable circumstances, be developed into the form of some other creature, according to the ingenious perversions and mistakes of the "Vestiges of Creation." As if to avoid referring to the hand Divine, our author makes the living vesicle act for itself in adding brood to brood of its own likeness; and organ after organ is *successively planned* and framed by the vesicles *getting* variously arranged. This reads as if it were thought that the germ and development of man were not planned before their production, or as if the human germ might by accident be developed into the veri-similitude of any inferior being. A germ may, indeed, be arrested in its development, but the germ of one living creature can never be developed into the perfect form of any other. The germ of a worm becomes a worm; and the germ of a man, a man. *If* it could maintain an independent existence at its wormlike stage. If, indeed! But it cannot; and there never was even the general outline of a worm in any stage of human development; for when it was in mere shape somewhat vermiform, it still had in it the *foundation* of every sense, and of limbs, and brain, and spinal cord in keeping with a rational being. In short, the whole plenitude of facts concerning germ-vesicles is an argument and a demonstration that the development theory, which would trace man from monads, either through frogs or apes, is a beautiful enormity. The history, hope, and faith of man—all being God's work in man—say that humanity has especial relation to the Divine Being, both in form and spirit, origin and end.

- ART. VI.—*Tracts on Liberty of Conscience and Persecution: 1614—1661.* Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, with an Historical Introduction, by E. B. Underhill. London. 1846.
2. *The Records of a Church of Christ Meeting in Broadmead, Bristol: 1640—1687.* Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, with an Historical Introduction, by E. B. Underhill. London. 1847.
 3. *The Pilgrim's Progress.* By John Bunyan. Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, with an Introduction, by George Offor. London. 1847.
 4. *The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience discussed, and Mr. Cotton's Letter examined and answered.* By Roger

- Williams. Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, by Edward Bean Underhill. London. 1848.
5. *The Necessitie of Separation from the Church of England proved by the Nonconformists' Principles.* By John Canne, Pastor of the Ancient English Church at Amsterdam. Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, by the Rev. C. Stovel. London. 1849.
 6. *A Martyrology of the Churches of Christ commonly called Baptists, during the era of the Reformation.* Translated from the Dutch of P. J. Van Braght. Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, by Edward Bean Underhill. Vol. 1. London. 1850.
 7. The same work, Vol. 2. London. 1853.
 8. *A Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles.* By C. M. Du Veil, D.D. Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, with an Introduction, by the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D. London. 1851.
 9. *Records of the Churches of Christ gathered at Fenstanton, Warboys, and Hexham: 1644—1720.* Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, by Edward Bean Underhill. London. 1854.
 10. *Confessions of Faith, and other Public Documents, illustrative of the History of the Baptist Churches of England in the Seventeenth Century.* Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, by Edward Bean Underhill. London. 1854.

WE ought long ago to have introduced to the attention of our readers the series of works placed at the head of this article; but this having, in no spirit of intentional neglect, been omitted, we must repair our fault as best we may, by a kindly though late notice of them.

A feeling has long pervaded the branches of the great religious body in England, that among the works of the fathers and founders of their respective communities there lay many writings of great illustrative and historical value, well worthy of being rescued from the oblivion with which, for all but men of antiquarian research, they are threatened, and yet scarcely of popular interest enough to warrant their being thrown by speculative publishers into the literary market. This feeling ultimately embodied itself in a practical shape, and gave origin to several societies, who made it their object to reproduce by subscription, works for which there could not be anticipated a remunerative sale. Among the earliest, was the *Parker Society*, at Oxford, whose attention was directed to the literature of the Church of England; and following in their steps, though at a respectful distance, we have had among the Congregational Nonconformists, the *Wycliffe Society*, and among the Baptists, the *Hanserd Knollys Society*. This last society, of which and its labours we have now more particularly to speak, was formed in the year 1845, and it has received from the denomination to which it more particularly appealed, so cordial a support that it

has been enabled to publish ten octavo volumes, some of them including a considerable number of smaller tracts. Not only the Baptist denomination, but a much wider circle, are deeply indebted to them for their activity and zeal, and especially to Mr. Edward Underhill, now well-known as one of the Secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, who has brought to this work an amount of information, and has thrown himself into it with a genuine enthusiasm, entitling him to the highest praise.

It is of course impossible for us to do anything like justice to so many different works within the compass of a single article; but we shall endeavour, by such brief notices as are competent to us, to give our readers a general idea of their nature and contents.

The series of volumes about to be published by the Hanserd Knollys Society, was fitly introduced by an Historical Introduction, giving a brief but condensed and lucid sketch of the religious history of England during the period included between the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and containing notices of the Puritans, the Brownists, the Baptists, and the Independents.* We give an extract from this Introduction, in which Mr. Underhill, the editor, gives his view of the time and manner in which the sentiments characteristic of the Baptist body made their appearance at the time of the Reformation.

“The Reformation had scarcely boasted an existence of five years, when, from the midst of its adherents, men arose who declared it to be insufficient.’ Their proceedings at once awakened the most virulent opposition and bitter complaint. The chief weapon of the reformers was most unexpectedly employed against themselves; their professed scriptural teaching came to be examined by the test they had so successfully applied to the dogmas of Rome, and scripture authority to be urged by men whom universities had not nourished, nor academical honours graced, for practices and truths to some extent destructive of the position which had been taken by the followers of Luther, Zuingli, and Calvin.

“The Church of God must be a community of holy men.

“Faith is the result of divine tuition alone, and cannot be compelled by fire or sword.

“A rite which has neither the sanction nor command of the Lord Jesus Christ, or his apostles, must not be admitted among the ordinances of the Lord’s house.

“Secular potentates have neither place nor dominion in the kingdom of Him who is the *blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords*. As there is but *one Lord*, so is there but *one Lawgiver* in the church, Jesus Christ.

“Such were some of those principles, the enunciation of which

* This historical introduction occupies part of two volumes—the “Tracts on Liberty of Conscience,” and the “Broadmead Records.”

called forth a torrent of abuse and persecution upon the head of the Baptists. They were regarded as the Pariah sect among religious communities, and no outrage upon truth or justice was left uncommitted to crush them."—*Tracts on Liberty of Conscience*, p. vii.

It was natural that the revivers of early Baptist literature in England should begin with a collection of tracts on Liberty of Conscience. It is a lasting honour to the Baptist body, and one which, while the Council of the Hanserd Knollys Society have not hesitated to assume, no candid man acquainted with the facts of history will be reluctant to acknowledge, that they first asserted in England the right of every man to worship God as his conscience dictates. Accordingly, the volume which stands at the head of our list, contains a reprint of seven tracts, some of them very scarce, and comprehending "the earliest writings extant in our language on this deeply important subject." The first of these is entitled "Religion's Peace, or a Plea for Liberty of Conscience, long since presented to King James, and the High Court of Parliament then sitting, by Leonard Busher, citizen of London, and printed in the year 1614." This was followed in 1615 by an interesting tract entitled "Persecution for Religion Judged and Condemned," an edition of which was put forth by the late Rev. Joseph Ivimey, shortly before his death, under the erroneous impression that it was the earliest publication on the subject. The other tracts in this volume have the following titles:—

"A most humble supplication of many of the king's most loyal subjects, ready to testify all civil obedience by the oath of allegiance, or otherwise, and that of conscience, who are persecuted only for differing in religion, contrary to divine and human testimonies. Printed 1620.

"The necessitie of toleration in matters of religion; or certain questions propounded to the synod, tending to prove that corporall punishments ought not to be inflicted upon such as hold errors in religion; and that in matters of religion, men ought not to be compelled, but have liberty and freedom. By Samuel Richardson. London: printed in the year of Jubilee, 1647.

"The humble petition and representation of moral, peaceable, and innocent subjects, called by the name of Anabaptists, inhabitants of the county of Kent, and now prisoners in the gaol of Maidstone, for the testimony of a good conscience. Together with their free and faithful acknowledgment of the king's authority and dignity in civil things, over all manner of persons, ecclesiastical and civil, within his majesty's dominions. With their reasons, meriting the king's protection in their civil and spiritual rights, equal with other his majesty's obedient subjects. Humbly offered to the king's majesty, and the consideration of our fellow brethren and subjects. London: printed 1660.

"A plea for toleration of opinions and persuasions in matters of religion differing from the Church of England. Grounded upon good authority of scripture, and the practice of the primitive times. Showing the unreasonableness of prescribing to other men's faith, and the evil of persecuting differing opinions. Humbly presented to the king's most excellent majesty, by John Sturghion, a member of the Baptized people. London: printed 1661.

"Sion's groans for the distressed, or some endeavours to prevent innocent blood," &c. 1661.

These are all excellent tracts, and their republication is a valuable service to Nonconformist literature.

On the same topic, we have in a separate volume a treatise of the celebrated Roger Williams, intituled, "The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience, discussed in a conference between Truth and Peace, who, in all tender affection, present to the High Court of Parliament (as the result of their discourse), these (amongst other passages) of highest consideration." This treatise was written while its author was obtaining the charter for Rhode Island, and was published in England in 1644. Though bearing some marks of haste, it is highly worthy of the celebrity of its author.

In connexion with the subject of religious liberty, and presenting, as it does, another phase of it, we may advert in the next place to John Canne's treatise on the Necessity of Separation. The first position assumed by English Nonconformists was naturally that of demanding a reformation in the Church of England, not that of effecting a separation from it. Of Ames, Parker, Bradshaw, and others, Mr. Stovel says, "It was without any intention to forsake the church that they took part with Puritans, and pleaded for reformation; but, in the course of the controversy it came to be pleaded against them that the principles they laid down led to separation, and that, to be consistent, they ought no longer to commune with the Church of England. This, Dr. Ames and his associates strongly denied, and at this point the argument was taken up by John Canne, who in the first instance had himself not seceded ('the ancient church at Amsterdam,' of which he was pastor, being in fact a part of the Church of England), but who demonstrated by irrefragable reasoning, that from the principles of Nonconformists, separation ought to follow." This is a noble treatise, as discreet as it is convincing. It was printed at Amsterdam in 1634, and could have made its appearance in England only as a prohibited book.

Two of the volumes in the series now before us are devoted to the publication of manuscript records, containing extended accounts of the proceedings of several early Baptist churches. One of these is the church in Broadmead, Bristol, which dates

its origin from the year 1640, and of which the history is here given to the year 1687. It is, as the editor justly says, a "singularly interesting and unique picture of the formation, growth, and persecutions" of a church of Christ of the congregational order, and of the then nascent usages which, in forms more or less modified, have perpetuated themselves in churches of the same order to the present period. The organization of this church was effected by the celebrated John Canne, who between 1634 and 1640 must have become, not only a separatist, but a Baptist. A few pious persons being associated for prayer and mutual edification, but being totally ignorant of church order, Mr. Canne paid them a visit, of which we have the following account:—

"And at that juncture of time the providence of God brought to this city one Mr. Canne, a *baptized* man; it was that Mr. Canne that made notes and references upon the Bible. He was a man very eminent in his day for godliness, and for reformation in religion, having great understanding in the way of the Lord.

"When Mrs. Hazzard heard that he was come to town, she went to the Dolphin Inn, and fetched him to her house, and entertained him all the time he stayed in the city; who helped them very much in the Lord, he being a man skilful in gospel order. Like unto Aquila, he taught them the way of the Lord more perfectly, and settled them in church order, and shewed them the difference betwixt the church of Christ and Antichrist, and left with them a printed book treating of the same, and divers printed papers to that purpose. So that by this instrument, Mr. Canne, the Lord did confirm and settle them; showing them how they should join together, and take in members. And he exhorted them to wait upon God together, and to expect the presence of God with those gifts they had, and to depart from those ministers that did not come out of Antichristian worship. And when he had stayed some time in the city he departed."—*Broadmead Records*, pp. 18, 19.

An interesting example of the theological learning found among the early English Baptists, is presented to us in the "Literal Explanation of the Acts of the Apostles," by Dr. Du Veil. This writer was of Jewish parentage, and was highly educated in rabbinical lore. Deriving from a careful study of the prophets a conviction that Jesus was the Christ, he early renounced Judaism; an act for which he nearly suffered the loss of his life at the hands of his enraged father. Roman Catholicism being the first form of Christianity that presented itself to him, he passed over to it; and he became distinguished, both as a preacher and an author, in the Gallican churches, receiving the diploma of doctor in divinity from the university of Anjou. Put forward in a public controversy with the Huguenots, his

studies convinced him of the fundamental truth of Protestantism, and he fled from the wrath of his popish friends, first into Holland, and then into England. Having, in some manner unknown, become acquainted with some of the most celebrated English divines, he was admitted into orders in the English church. He now (in 1679 and 1680) published two expository works, which acquired great celebrity,—“A Literal Explanation of Solomon’s Song,” and “A Literal Explanation of the Minor Prophets.” The Bishop of London, in particular, was so much gratified with the latter of these two works, that he encouraged the author in his studious pursuits by giving him the free use of his library. Here Du Veil met with some writings of the English Baptists, which he profitably read; and in the bishop’s household, moreover, he met with a servant maid of the Baptist persuasion, by whose instrumentality he had an interview with that distinguished Baptist, Mr. Hanserd Knollys. The result was that he adopted Baptist sentiments, and became a member of the church under the Rev. John Gosnold. It was subsequently to this period that he produced his “Literal Explanation of the Acts of the Apostles;” a commentary certainly not without its value now, but of very great value for the age in which it appeared. It is learned without a display of learning, soundly critical, yet scriptural and simple. “Subsequent commentators,” says Dr. Cox, “have, perhaps, in one form or another, and one after another, given most of the criticisms to be found in this volume; but it is to be remembered that our author led the way, and it would not be easy to trace them in other writings in such rich and varied combination.”

A more popular remnant of the religious literature of the early Baptists is afforded us by a reprint of the great work of the immortal dreamer, Bunyan. This, of course, is not given us for the sake of the work itself, which has been reprinted so many thousands of times, and is at so cheap a rate in everybody’s hands, but for the sake of the editorial matter which it was found possible to add to it. In their choice of an editor the Council of the Hanserd Knollys Society were certainly very fortunate; no man living, perhaps, possessing more than Mr. Offor, either of the information or the enthusiasm which his work required. We extract the following account of this edition from the advertisement:—

“The edition now presented to the Society is carefully corrected from Bunyan’s first copy, which is followed literally in the orthography, capitals, italics, and punctuation. Every omission or alteration that the author made during his life is noted, as well as the edition in which such alteration first appeared. Where the author in the second part refers to the first, his figures are retained, but a

reference is added to this edition in parentheses. All the original woodcuts are accurately copied by that very excellent and worthy artist, Mr. Thomas Gilks, of Fenchurch Buildings. Every reference has been proved; and where there appeared an evident typographical error, it is corrected; but in all such cases the alteration is noted at the foot of the page. Restored to its original state, the reader will find that the colloquial Saxon-English used by John Bunyan is by far the best medium through which his narrative can be told.

"The great popular error with regard to this extraordinary book has been a notion that no unlettered man, from his own resources, however fertile, could have written it; more especially while shut up in a prison. Let every reader impartially examine the evidence produced in the Introduction, proving that the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was written in prison, and that no sentence or idea was borrowed in its composition; coming to this conclusion, then must he be deeply affected with the consideration that divine teaching, aided by the Bible alone, performed that which all previous human learning, however profound, had been unable to accomplish. We may safely conclude that all the author's trials, and sufferings, and deep experience, were intended to fit him for this important work, which no man, fettered with conventional or educational trammels, could have effected."—*Bunyan*, p. vi.

The Introduction constitutes nearly one-half the volume, and, we must say, does the highest credit to the research and acuteness of Mr. Ofor. Not only on the question where the "Pilgrim" was written, but on the connected question, was Bunyan assisted in writing it, he does full justice to his theme. Under the latter head he examines upwards of forty works, more or less, in subject or in title, similar to Bunyan's, and establishes for him, irrefragably we think, a claim to perfect originality.

Not the least interesting of the volumes now before us is that devoted to the "Confessions of Faith" at various times put forth by the English Baptist community. Of these there are no less than six, which we shall enumerate in the order in which they appeared.

1. "A Declaration of Faith of English People remaining at Amsterdam, in Holland." Printed 1611.

2. "A Confession of Faith of Seven Congregations or Churches of Christ in London, which are commonly (but unjustly) called Anabaptists. Published for the vindication of the truth, and information of the ignorant; likewise for the taking off of those aspersions which are frequently, both in pulpit and in print, unjustly cast upon them." Printed 1646.

3. "A Confession of Faith of several Churches of Christ in the County of Somerset, and in some counties near adjacent." Printed 1656.

4. "A Brief Confession or Declaration of Faith, set forth by many
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of us who are (falsely) called Anabaptists, to inform all men (in these dayes of scandal and reproach) of our innocent belief and practice; for which we are not only resolved to suffer persecution to the loss of our goods, but also of life itself, rather than decline the same. Subscribed by certain Elders, Deacons, and Brethren, met at London, in the first month (called March, 1660), in the behalf of themselves and many others unto whom they belong, and in several counties of this nation, who are of the same faith with us." Printed 1660.

5. "An Orthodox Creed, or a Protestant Confession of Faith, &c., &c., being an Essay to confirm all true Protestants in the Fundamental Articles of the Christian Religion, against the Errors and Heresies of Rome." 1678.

6. "A Confession of Faith put forth by the Elders and Brethren of many Congregations of Christians (baptized upon profession of their faith) in London and the Country. With an Appendix concerning Baptism." 1688.

The following general remarks on these important and interesting documents we take from the Introductory Notice by Mr. Underhill :—

"The Confessions, while generally agreeing in matters of chief theological concernment and church polity, express the opinions of the two parties into which the Baptists were divided, and now known as General and Particular Baptists; sometimes in their own name alone, and sometimes in conjunction with the Independents. From the days of Augustine and Pelagius, the church of Christ has had within itself diversities of sentiment on the doctrines of election, the extent of Christ's death, effectual grace, and the perseverance of the saints. These have reproduced themselves in every age and in every community, and were, perhaps, never more warmly contested than in the Puritan period of English history. They then received, according to the view taken, the designations of Calvinism and Arminianism, which have ever since been attached to them. And though not strictly applicable in all the cases in which they are used, yet are they convenient terms to intimate the class of opinions to which any particular theological sentiment belongs.

"To the Arminian, or General Baptist class, belong the Confessions of 1611, 1660, and 1678. To the Calvinist, or Particular Baptist class, belong the Confessions of 1646, 1656, and 1688.

"The Confessions of this volume were not creeds compulsorily imposed on the members or churches of the Baptist body. Speaking strictly, they were apologies, taking the form of confessions or avowals as the most convenient way of informing adversaries of the matter of their faith. No one was required or bound to subscribe to them, and if adopted by any church as the expression of its sentiments, all others were left free, and even a considerable latitude of judgment allowed in the bosom of the church itself. They originated in the false accusations, the calumnies, and misrepresentations of ~~them~~ they were not framed to procure unity among the churches that

accepted them. They sought to reflect the existing harmony of sentiment, and the scriptural orthodoxy of the communities whose pastors signed them; they left the phantom of uniformity to the unavailing search of an establishment."—*Confessions*, pp. v., vi.

"The Confession of 1646 was first published in the year 1644. The rapid growth of Baptists at this time called forth every weapon of offence against them. No heresy was too gross to attribute to them, no practice too wicked to find assertors that it existed amongst them. One writer, who seeks in the history of the German Anabaptists an armoury of crimes by which to assail them, thus sums up their offences: 'I expect some will say, with John of Leyden, that if the word of God were lost they might soon supply it with another. . . . That regenerate men cannot sin is the very doctrine of the Anabaptists; to take the communion where there is a profane person is to take with his profaneness; that the Lord's Prayer was never taught to be said, &c.; that distinction of parishes is antichristian; that ministers of God's word should rule both the spiritual and temporal; that all human laws must be abolished, and all policies of states must be taken out of the word of God, and all differences judged out of the word of God only: all these are scions of that stock of Anabaptism that was transplanted out of Holland in the year 1535, when two ships, laden with Anabaptists, fled into England, after they had missed the enterprise of Amsterdam.

"To these doctrines you may join their practice. The seditious pamphlets, the tumultuous rising of rude multitudes threatening blood and destruction; the preaching of the cobblers, feltmakers, tailors, grooms, and women; the choosing of any place for God's service but the church; the night-meetings of naked men and women; the licentiousness of spiritual marriages without any legal form,—these things, if they be not looked into, will bring us in time to community of wives, community of goods, and destruction of all.'

"Such were the misrepresentations and calumnies this confession was intended to deny and refute. That we should find them reiterated in the pages of a Featly and an Edwards is no surprise."—*Ibid.*, pp. vii., viii.

"Still there can be no doubt, from the rapid increase of Baptist churches, and the public employment of many Baptists in the army and offices of government, that this apology satisfied reasonable men, and removed much prejudice. Two more editions followed, in 1651 and 1652; and an edition was also printed at Leith in 1653, by a small company of Baptists who appear to have been attached to the army then in Scotland."—*Ibid.*, pp. ix., x.

"The next Confession, that of the year 1660, contains in brief space the views of our General Baptist brethren. Forbidden to assemble for the worship of God, their dwellings unjustly invaded by the emissaries of the law, and obtaining no redress from the local authorities, they resolved to appeal to the King, Charles II., who but a few months before, in order to obtain the crown, had promised liberty of worship to all. Accordingly, they drew up a narrative

of their sufferings in an address to his Majesty; which, by the interest of an honourable member of parliament, their messengers obtained an opportunity of delivering into the hand of Charles II., on July 26th, 1660. Mr. Grantham and Mr. Joseph Wright were the messengers: the one a young man, scarce twenty-six years of age, but an active evangelist in Lincolnshire; the other, pastor of the church at Westby. At the same time the Confession was presented to the sovereign, which had been composed in the spring of the year. It has often been reprinted since, in various forms, under the sanction of general assemblies and associations."—*Ibid.*, pp. xi., xii.

"In the year 1677 was published the first edition of a Confession, which has ever since been regarded as a just exposition of the sentiments of the Calvinistic Baptists. It was 'put forth by the elders and brethren of many congregations of Christians (baptized upon profession of their faith) in London and the country;' but without any names appended. The preface, which is also given in the subsequent editions, sufficiently explains its object. Following in the steps of the Independents, its compilers generally adopt word for word the language of the Confession published by the Assembly of Divines in the days of the Commonwealth, only departing from it or supplementing its statements as their peculiar views required."—*Ibid.*, p. xiii.

Of substantially the same character as these Confessions of Faith, although of more limited import, were some other public documents issued by the English Baptists at that time, as called for by the malignant abuse which, for political purposes, was heaped upon them, and adapted, as far as truth and reason might prevail, to counteract it. A collection of these documents is appended to the Confessions, and their general nature may be understood from the title of the first of them, which runs thus:—

"A declaration by congregational societies in and about the City of London; as well of those called Anabaptists as others. In way of vindication of themselves. Touching, 1. Liberty. 2. Magistracy. 3. Propriety (property). 4. Polygamie. Wherein their judgments concerning the particulars mentioned are tendered to consideration, to prevent misunderstanding." 1647.

The last of the works now on our table carries us beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, and takes us back nearly three hundred years. It is a martyrology of the churches of Christ commonly called Baptists during the era of the Reformation. The point of view from which the work is to be regarded is thus stated by the editor:—

"Among the minor parties that attract the reader's attention in studying the rise and progress of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, the Anabaptists must receive a prominent place. He will

find their existence regarded as a fearful omen of evil, and their appearance in any land the signal for civil and ecclesiastical hate. Although multitudes under that name of reproach endured the most excruciating tortures for their belief, and suffered the most agonizing of deaths, professing themselves to be servants of the Son of God, no record of these horrible scenes can be found in the Christian martyrologies of the time, whether Papal or Protestant. By common consent, they are excluded from the category of martyrs: or if perchance a stray name be inscribed in the registers of the reformed, the religious belief of the honoured individual is carefully concealed on those points that were obnoxious to the orthodoxy established by Luther, Zuingle, or Calvin.

"The following pages will discover the true character of these reproached, despised, hated, and persecuted people. The deep interest of the various narratives lies in the proof they exhibit, that although branded by Rome as heretics, and by Protestants as rebels, the Anabaptists possessed a living and glowing piety, an ardent attachment to the doctrines of the gospel, a firm and abiding trust in God, and a simple reliance on the Christ crucified. If the charge of heresy, brought by the Church of Rome against all Protestants, must be regarded by every student of the Bible as simply meaning a want of conformity to her dogmas, not one whit more value can be attached to the accusations of rebellion and sedition brought by Protestants against the Anabaptists. Heresy at Rome was sedition at Wittemberg. In the one case an obnoxious truth was held in opposition to the ecclesiastical, in the other to secular authority; the crime in either case was the same."—*Martyrology*, vol. i. pp. v., vi.

Mr. Underhill then proceeds to give a minute and interesting account of the manner in which the materials were supplied which are thus preserved, and of the laborious researches by which he has personally verified many of the facts. The work owes its ultimate form to Tieleman Jans Van Braght, a teacher of the Mennonite community in Dordrecht, who devoted himself to the improvement and enlargement of a martyrology already become a household book, and valued next to the Bible. His first edition appeared at Dordrecht in 1660, under the following title: "The bloody theatre of the Baptists and defenceless Christians who suffered and were put to death for the testimony of Jesus, their Saviour, from the time of Christ to these our times, together with a description of Holy Baptism and other parts of God's worship practised during those ages; comprehended in two books, being an enlargement of preceding martyrologies, extracted from many trustworthy chronicles, memorials, testimonies, &c.—By T. J. V. B."

It is the second of the two books into which the work is divided which is here presented to the English public, as translated

by the late Rev. Benjamin Millard, of Wigan. The two volumes thus occupied possess the full interest of an evangelical martyr-ology of the highest order, and place the Baptist martyrs of the Reformation—"the earliest martyrs of the Reformation were Baptists"—in their proper place among the noble band of witnesses for Christ.

"Its chiefest value, at the present time, consists in the rectification it affords of the partial and prejudiced statements with which common histories abound. The assertions of hostile parties have been taken without any qualification whatever, and copied by one and another along the stream of historic literature, without question or investigation. The editor is not aware of a single English author who has critically examined the original sources of information, nor until the somewhat recent work of Hast, did any such exist in Germany. The affecting story of their sufferings, conflicts, and death, brings these Baptists before us in all the beauty and simplicity of truth. The inward spring of their actions is laid bare, and its power displayed in circumstances that test to the uttermost the honesty and purity of purpose of the men who are encompassed by them."—*Martyrology*, p. vii.

In concluding our notice of the highly interesting and valuable series of works which we have passed under review, we can only renew our expression of thanks to the Council of the Hanserd Knollys Society for their publication. They naturally possess a more especial interest for ministers and members of the Baptist denomination, but they have a real interest too for a far wider circle; since they place in the hands of many, and render easy of access, rare, and in some cases original documents, illustrative in an important degree of the religious history of their country and of the world.

ART. VI.—*Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers: to which is added Porsoniana.* London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1856.

2. *The Quarterly Review*, No. CXCIV. Article "Table Talk."

AMONG the many methods of reproducing distinguished men to the acquaintance of posterity, that of reporting their conversation is, perhaps, the most satisfactory. The more stately biographers of an earlier age resemble those colossal statues in which our fellow countrymen are exhibited as Roman Senators in toga and sandals, while the less artificial method initiated by Boswell, and in the present day almost universal, resembles the

statue of the size of life, and clad in the costume which was familiar to every acquaintance. Some of these inartificial biographies have recently enchained the interest of the reading public. The "Life and Correspondence of Sidney Smith," the vivacious "Diary of Thomas Moore," the "Memoirs of Mackintosh," and the like, have forestalled the "Table Talk of Samuel Rogers;" and, covering the same period, and introducing to a great extent the same characters upon the stage, have necessarily eclipsed its interest. Nevertheless, every admirer of wit and genius, of literary accomplishment, and of high art, will plunge with eagerness into this diffuse, but scanty, volume. The historical interval which it embraces is almost patriarchal. Mr. Rogers talks of Napoleon, General Washington, Burke, Pitt and Fox, Paley, Cowper and Gibbon, as middle-aged men would speak of Mr. Canning, or the Duke of Wellington. Indeed, his reminiscences extend much farther back. "I have several times," he says, "talked to a very aged boatman on the Thames, who recollected Mr. Alexander Pope. This boatman, when a lad, had frequently assisted his father in rowing Pope up and down the river. On such occasions, Pope generally sat in a sedan chair." This will be the less surprising when it is recollected, that Mr. Rogers lived to the age of ninety-two, and had spent the whole of that long life in the society of public and celebrated men. It has been alleged against Mr. Rogers since his death, that his censoriousness was a chief characteristic of his conversation; that he spoke with bitterness of almost all his acquaintances, indeed, that his disposition was waspish, and even malignant. We believe this statement to be most exaggerated, if not altogether untrue. We have carefully read and analyzed in this journal, three or four of those literary memoirs in which Mr. Rogers is as frequently the subject of conversation as the speaker. In these works we have never met with the slightest confirmation of this posthumous reproach. As little is it corroborated by the volume before us, while a gentleman who was for many years his constant associate, has assured us, that though Mr. Rogers was occasionally sarcastic in his observations, the charge to which we refer is in the main altogether unfounded.

The subject of this volume cannot, we think, be regarded as a great conversationist. He had neither the reflection of Johnson, the eloquence of Burke, nor the wit of Sheridan, Moore, and a host of others who figure among his acquaintances in these pages; but he was a most accomplished gossip, an elegant critic of art, and, in his later years, the literary patriarch of his country.

While accepting this volume, with which a few hours will

bring the reader perfectly acquainted, as an interesting addition to the current literature of the day, we cannot help observing, that a large proportion of it is exceedingly flimsy, dealing in personal anecdotes, which, together with those to whom they relate, might be forgotten without any great loss to the world; while the notices of the conversations of Sir James Mackintosh, and many of the most distinguished men whose society was enjoyed by the wealthy *litterateur*, sadly disappoint us by their meagreness. The last forty pages of the volume are devoted to what are called Porsoniana. What connexion these can have with the biography of Rogers it is difficult to imagine, and their introduction savours strongly of book-making. They are the mere gossip of the late Mr. Maltby, from whom we have ourselves heard many anecdotes far more interesting than those with which the editor has supplemented his volume. In noticing this work, we shall spare our readers the tedium of reading any disquisitions of our own, and merely present a current notice of the most entertaining portion of its contents. We will commence with an anecdote of Lord Byron, which singularly illustrates the intellectual and moral levity which may consort with high poetic genius:—

“That same day, after dinner, I walked in the garden with Byron. At the window of a neighbouring house was a young woman holding a child in her arms; Byron nodded to her with a smile, and then turning to me, said, ‘that child is mine.’ In the evening we (*i. e.* Byron, Shelley, Trewlaney, and I), rode out from Pisa to a neighbouring farm; and there a pistol was put into my hand for shooting at a mark (a favourite amusement of Byron), but I declined trying my skill with it. The farmer-keeper’s daughter was very pretty, and had her arms covered with bracelets, the gift of Byron, who did not fail to let me know she was one of his many loves. I went with him to see the Campo Santa, at Pisa; it was shown to us by a man who had two handsome daughters; Byron told me that he had in vain paid his addresses to the elder daughter, but that he was on the most intimate terms with the other. Probably there was not one syllable of truth in all this, for he always had the weakness of wishing to be thought much worse than he really was.

“Byron, like Sir Walter Scott, was without any feeling for the fine arts. He accompanied me to the Pitti Palace at Florence; but soon growing tired of looking at the pictures, he sat down in a corner, and when I called out to him ‘what a noble Andrea del Sarto!’ the only answer I received, was his muttering a passage from the Vicar of Wakefield. “Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a cognoscento so very suddenly, when he and Hobhouse were standing before the Parthenon, the latter said, ‘Well this is surely very grand.’ Byron replied, ‘very like the Mansion House.’” Pp. 236—238.

Another anecdote presents the great poet in a far more

ridiculous light. His lordship is dining at the house of Mr. Rogers, with Moore and Campbell:—

“When we sat down to dinner, I asked Byron if he would take soup? ‘No, he never took soup!’ Would he take some fish? ‘No, he never took fish!’ Presently I asked if he would eat some mutton? ‘No, he never ate mutton.’ I then asked if he would take a glass of wine? ‘No, he never tasted wine.’ It was now necessary to inquire what he *did* eat and drink, and the answer was, ‘Nothing but hard biscuits and soda water.’ Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda water were at hand, and he dined upon potatoes bruised down on his plate, and drenched with vinegar. My guests stayed till very late, discussing the merits of Walter Scott and Johanna Baillie. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, I said to him ‘How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?’ He replied, ‘Just as long as you continue to notice it.’ I did not then know what I now know to be a fact, that Byron, after leaving my house, had gone to a club in St. James’s Street, and eaten a hearty meat supper.”—Pp. 228, 229.

Sir Walter Scott, as a friend of Mr. Rogers, is introduced of course. We have already in our notices of the spurious novel of “*Moredun*,” and of Lord John Russell’s “*Diary and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Moore*,” expatiated on the difficulties which must be admitted to interfere with the belief that Sir Walter was really the author of the romances which now bear his name. The following anecdote comes in corroboration of our views. Mr. Rogers says:—

“After dining at my house, Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott, accompanied me to a party given by Lady Jersey; we met Sheridan there, who put the question to Scott in express terms. ‘Pray, Mr. Scott, did you, or did you not write *Waverley*?’ Scott replied, ‘*On my honour* I did not.’ Now, though Scott may perhaps be justified for returning an answer in the negative, I cannot think that he is to be excused for strengthening it with ‘*on my honour*.’” —Pp. 193.

We do not attach much value to Mr. Rogers’s distinction between a positive affirmation and the addition of a *quasi*-oath “*on my honour*,” but we cannot help suggesting that the testimony of any man may fairly be received with distrust who has repeatedly and solemnly declared the affirmative and the negative of the same proposition, when the truth must have been actually within his knowledge.

Mr. Rogers’s notices of Fox, with whom he was exceedingly intimate, are very unsatisfactory. One or two anecdotes, however, are worth extracting. Of his oratory, a characteristic, though not a very reverent remark of Professor Porson, is re-

corded. Porson said that "Pitt carefully considered his sentences before he uttered them, but that Fox threw himself into the middle of his, and left it to God Almighty to get him out again." We believe that it was Burke who said of Fox that he was a man made to be loved. Lord John Russell's Memorials of him (as yet incomplete) have furnished to us the opportunity of noticing those follies of his life—we refer especially to his gambling—which, unattested by such unquestionable evidence, would be altogether incredible. Mr. Rogers records some striking proofs of the estimation and affection in which he was held, even by his political opponents. "Pitt, too," he says, "had the highest respect for Fox. One night, after Fox had been speaking, a noble lord coming out of the house with Pitt, began to abuse Fox's speech. 'Don't disparage it,' said Pitt, 'nobody could have made it but himself.' 'In 1792,' he adds, 'the Duke of Portland called a meeting of the Whigs at Burlington House, to consider the propriety of their supporting the proclamation against seditious writings and democratical conspiracies. Francis, Duke of Bedford, went there; on entering the room, he said to the Duke of Portland, 'Is Mr. Fox here?' 'No.' 'Has he been invited?' 'No.' 'Then,' replied the Duke of Bedford, 'I must wish you all good morning,' and immediately withdrew." Another instance is given of the fond affection with which he was regarded by his friends. "How fondly the surviving friends of Fox cherished his memory! Many years after his death I was at a fête given by the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick House; Sir Robert Adair and I wandered about the apartments, up and down stairs. 'In which room did Fox expire?' asked Adair. I replied, 'In this very room.' Immediately Adair burst into tears with a vehemence of grief such as I hardly ever saw exhibited by a man."

We proceed to notice the criticisms on modern poets, from one who was unquestionably entitled to rank among them. On Gray's poems, every stanza of which he professed himself able to repeat verbatim, he makes some passing criticisms which deserve attention. The Ode on a distant prospect of Eaton College appears to have furnished him with the chief subjects both for admiration and criticism. He censures the lines

"Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;"

adding, "We cannot be said to possess hope."

We may observe that Gray might have pleaded, in justification, the authorized translation of the language of Paul, in

which, by a common grammatical figure, hope is substituted for its object:—"But hope that is seen is not hope for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?"

Mr. Rogers also notes, as a defect, that the word "shade" occurs three times in the first eleven lines of this Ode. But it seems to us remarkable that in commenting on the defects of Gray's composition, especially in this Ode, he should not have noticed the false logic in the two closing lines.

"No more. Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

Here ignorance is made the opposite of wisdom, whereas the sense requires as the antithesis, knowledge, or rather, in this instance, a prescience of the future events of life. This error, however, in our opinion, is as nothing when compared with the closing stanzas of Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, in which we confess we have never been able to discover the slightest meaning. After eulogizing successively Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden, Gray closes with the following lines:—

"Oh lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion
That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues unborrowed of the sun,—
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate—
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great."

What is to be made of this mysterious paragraph? If any individual is referred to, who can it possibly be that fulfils such singular conditions?—who, being beyond the limits of a vulgar fate, that is, of a state of mediocrity, is in the next line placed just in that position, namely, above one condition and below another. A French translator of this last line, supplies the word *poets* after the epithet good, leaving the adjective great to shift for itself at the mercy of any substantive that may happen to come that way. If, on the other hand, no individual poet is indicated, why this particularity of description, for of modern poets, we do not know one to whom it could apply. It is remarkable, we say, that Mr. Rogers, who could repeat by heart all Gray's scanty, but elaborate contributions to our poetical lite-

ature, should have omitted all notice of this singular passage; especially inasmuch as he bears, particularly in his observations on Pope, so bold a testimony against the mystics who have recently flitted about in the twilight hour of our modern imaginative literature, and gained the suffrage of the thoughtless and the shadow of a name. Perhaps if these lines should meet the eye of some contributor to the "Notes and Queries," he will oblige the literary world by translating the passage into logical and expository prose. In the absence of this legitimate test, we must content ourselves, in reply to any inquiry as to its meaning, with the answer of Shakspeare's grave-digger, in Hamlet, "Mass, I can't tell."

A critical analysis of such a volume as this now before us, must necessarily partake of the desultory character of the volume itself. It consists for the most part of personal anecdotes, and from these we shall now present a collection of the most interesting. The records of Lord Erskine, with whom, as with almost everybody else, Mr. Rogers was acquainted, are very disproportionate in their extent to the importance of the character, and this remark equally applies to Pitt, Fox, Burke, and to most of the men of that day, of whose private history we desire to increase our comparatively scanty knowledge. Two anecdotes of Erskine are amusing:—

"When Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed—'Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with.' To all letters soliciting his 'subscription' to anything, Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz.,—"Sir, I feel much honoured by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—myself your very obedient servant," &c. Pp. 55.

Of Coleridge, Mr. Rogers, says:—

"He was a marvellous talker; one morning when Hookham Frere also breakfasted with me, Coleridge talked for three hours without interruption about poetry, and so admirably, that I wish every word he uttered had been written down. But sometimes his harangues were quite unintelligible, not only to myself but to others. Wordsworth and I called upon him one forenoon when he was in a lodging at Pall Mall; he talked uninterruptedly for about two hours, during which Wordsworth listened to him with profound attention, every now and then nodding his head as if in assent. On quitting the lodging I said to Wordsworth, 'Well, for my own part, I could not make head or tail of Coleridge's oration; pray did you understand it?' 'Not one syllable of it,' was Wordsworth's reply." Pp. 203.

Of the late Sir Robert Peel, Rogers says:—

"Sir Robert Peel, in one of his communicative moods, told me that when he was a boy, his father used to say to him, 'Bob, you dog, if you are not prime minister some day I'll disinherit you.' I mentioned this to Sir Robert's sister, Mrs. Dawson, who assured me that she had often heard her father use those very words." Pp. 248.

Two or three anecdotes of the late Duke of Wellington, and his great opponent, will be read with interest:—

"One day when George the Fourth was talking about his youthful exploits, he mentioned, with particular satisfaction, that he had made a body of troops charge down the Devil's Dyke (near Brighton). Upon which the Duke of Wellington merely observed to him, 'Very steep, sir.'"

It has been said that George the Fourth boasted of other feats in "the Duke's" presence,—among others of his having been present at the Battle of Waterloo! and that the Duke, on being appealed to to confirm histories so exciting, would reply, "*I have heard your Majesty say so before.*"

"Of the Duke's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood gave me this instance. He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him, and said, 'It will soon be all over with us.'—'Very well,' answered the duke, 'then I shall not take off my boots.'"

"I'll tell you an anecdote of Napoleon, which I had from Talleyrand. 'Napoleon,' said T., 'was at Boulogne with the Army of England, when he received intelligence that the Austrians, under Mack, were at Ulm. "If it had been mine to place them," exclaimed Napoleon, "I should have placed them there." In a moment the army was on the march, and he at Paris. I attended him to Strasburg. We were there at the house of the Prefet, and no one in the room but ourselves, when Napoleon was suddenly seized with a fit. Foaming at the mouth, he cried "*Fermez la porte!*" and then lay senseless on the floor. I bolted the door. Presently, Berthier knocked. "*On ne peut pas entrer.*" Afterwards, the Empress knocked; to whom I addressed the same words. Now, what a situation would mine have been, if Napoleon had died! But he recovered in about half an hour. Next morning, by daybreak, he was in his carriage; and within sixty hours the Austrian army had capitulated.' . . . 'Did Napoleon shave himself?' I inquired. 'Yes,' answered Talleyrand, 'but very slowly, and conversing during the operation. He used to say that kings by birth were shaved by others, but that he who has made himself *roi* shaves himself.'"

The anecdotes of Professor Porson are comparatively uninteresting; not a small portion of them are simple records of his outrageous intemperance. One letter however deserves preser-

vation. It affords not the only proof contained in this volume that Porson, with all his vices, was greatly superior in honesty to the multitude who rush into the church as into a snug berth or into a lottery, or to that other multitude, who enter it by swearing their belief to that which it is the main object of their feeble ministry to oppose;—if, indeed, such a ministry can be said to have any object at all. Porson's letter on being informed of the vacancy of the Regius Professorship of Greek at Cambridge is as follows:—

“SIR,

“When I first received the favour of your letter, I must own that I felt rather vexation and chagrin than hope and satisfaction. I had looked upon myself so completely as an outcast from Alma Mater, that I had made up my mind to have no further connexion with the place. The prospect you held out to me gave me more uneasiness than pleasure. When I was younger than I now am, and my disposition more sanguine than it is at present, I was in daily expectation of Mr. Cooke's resignation, and I flattered myself with the hope of succeeding to the honour he was going to quit. As hope and ambition are great castle builders, I had laid a scheme, partly as I was writing, to think for the joint credit, partly for the mutual advantage of myself and the university. I had projected a plan of reading lectures, and I persuaded myself that I should easily obtain a grace permitting me to exact a certain sum from every one who attended. But seven years waiting will tire out the most patient temper; and all my ambition of this sort was long ago laid asleep. The sudden news of the vacant professorship put me in mind of poor Jacob, who having served seven years in hopes of being rewarded with Rachael, awoke, and behold it was Leah!

“Such, sir, I confess were the first ideas that took possession of my mind, but after a little reflection, I resolved to refer a matter of this importance to my friends. This circumstance has caused the delay for which I ought before now to have apologized. My friends unanimously exhorted me to embrace the good fortune which they conceived to be within my grasp. Their advice, therefore, joined to the expectation I had entertained of doing some small good by my exertions in the employment, together with the pardonable vanity which the honour annexed to the office inspired, determined me, and I was on the point of troubling you, sir, and the other electors with notice of my intentions to profess myself a candidate, when an objection, which had escaped me in the hurry of my thoughts, now occurred to my recollection.

“The same reason which hindered me from keeping my fellowship by the method you obligingly pointed out to me, would, I am greatly afraid, prevent me from being Greek Professor. Whatever concern this may give me for myself, it gives me none for the public. I trust there are at least twenty or thirty in the university equally able and willing to undertake the office, many possessed of talents superior to mine, and all of a more complying conscience. This I speak upon

the supposition that the next Greek Professor will be compelled to read lectures, but if the place remains a sinecure, the number of qualified persons will be greatly increased. And, though it were even granted that my industry and attention might possibly produce some benefit to the interests of learning, and the credit of the university, that trifling gain would be as much exceeded by keeping the professorship a sinecure and bestowing it on a sound believer as temporal considerations are outweighed by spiritual, having only a strong persuasion, not an absolute certainty, that such a subscription is required of the professor elect. If I am mistaken, I hereby offer myself as a candidate; but if I am right in my opinion, I shall beg of you to order my name to be erased from the boards, and I shall esteem it a favour conferred on, Sir,

"Your obliged humble servant,

"R. PORSON.

"Essex Court, Temple, 6th October, 1792."

Of Sydney Smith Mr. Rogers's notices are surprisingly scanty, considering the frequency of their intercourse. We cannot account for the paucity of anecdotes of him in this volume which might have been enriched with so many. One characteristic laconism of Sydney will amuse his admirers. "When his physician advised him to 'take a walk upon an empty stomach,' Smith asked, 'Upon whose?'" Mr. Rogers favours us with only one other anecdote of Sydney Smith, which is worth repeating:—

"At one time, when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, high up, in order to show off the pictures. I asked Smith how he liked that plan. 'Not at all,' he replied; 'above there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

We find one other witticism which might very plausibly have been passed off as Smith's, had the editor's lax veracity have tolerated such an act of false affiliation: "I once observed to a Scotch lady," says Mr. Rogers, "how desirable it was in any danger *to have presence of mind*. 'I had rather,' she rejoined, '*have absence of body*.'"

We have thus briefly presented to the reader the cream of this volume. We cannot say that we consider any part of it as tedious reading, but we must confess to surprise, that a man who for seventy years associated with all the most distinguished men of his time (and he had one or two gossiping breakfast parties per week), should have furnished such slight notices of the private history of his times. We are tempted to suspect that personal antipathies must account for the absence of some names from this volume which we had anticipated to find in its pages, associated with some interesting details of their character and conversation.

- Art. VIII.—*Class Book of Botany: being an Introduction to the Study of the Vegetable Kingdom.* By J. H. Balfour, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. In Two Parts. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black, 1853—5.
2. *Annales des Sciences Naturelles, comprenant la Zoologie, la Botanique, l'Anatomie et la Physiologie comparée des deux Règnes et l'histoire des corps organisés végétales.* Par. M.M. Milne-Edwards, Ad. Brongniart, et J. DuRoi. Fourth Series, Vols. I., II., III. and IV. Paris: Victor Masson. 1854—5.
3. *A Comparative View of the more important Stages of Development of some of the higher Cryptogams and the Phanerogamia.* By Charles Jenner. Transactions of the Botanical Society, Vol. V. Edinburgh. 1856.
4. *Principles of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Vegetable Cell.* By Hugo von Mohl, Professor of Botany in the University of Tubingen. Translated (with the Author's Permission) by Arthur Henfrey, F.R.S., Professor of Botany, King's College, London. London: John Van Vorst. 1852.
5. *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science, and Transactions of the Microscopical Society of London.* Edited by Edwin Lankester, M.D., and George Bush, F.R.C.S.E. New Series. Vols. I., II., III., IV. London: Samuel Highley. 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856.
6. *The Anatomy of Plants; with an Idea of a Philosophical History of Plants; and several other Lectures read before the Royal Society.* By Nehemiah Grew, M.D., &c. Printed by W. Rawlins, for Andrew Miller. 1682. Folio, pp. 304.
7. *The Temperature of the Seasons, and its influence on Inorganic Objects and on Animals.* By John Fleming, D.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy, New College, Edinburgh. Johnstone and Innes, Edinburgh. London. 1851.
8. *On the Connexion between the Morphological and Chemical Characters of Plants.* By J. E. Smith. Proceedings of Botanical Society of Edinburgh, of 1856. February, 1856.

Two hundred years ago "I, the most Sacred Majesty Charles II., Sir Christopher Wren, P.R.S., and other curious gentlemen," members of the Royal Society of London, were suddenly startled from their propriety by the announcement of Nehemiah Grew:—

"That there is a great deal of life within a plant, little less admirable, than within an animal, well as an animal, is composed of several parts; and the plant is called its bowels. That every part of the plant is full of life, containing

divers kind of liquors. That even a plant lives partly upon air, for the reception whereof it hath those parts which are answerable to lungs. So that a plant is, as it were, an animal in quires; as an animal is a plant, or rather several plants bound up into one volume.

"Again, that all the said organs, bowels, or other parts, are as artificially made; and for their place and number, as punctually set together as all the mathematick lines of a flower or face. That the staple of the stuff is so exquisitely fine, that no silk-worm is able to draw anything near so small a thread. So that one who walks about with the meanest stick, holds a piece of Nature's handicraft which far surpasses the most elaborate woof or needle-work in the world.

"That by all these means the ascent of the sap, the distribution of the air, the confection of several sorts of liquors, as lymphas, milks, oyls, balsames, with other parts of vegetation, are all contrived and brought about in a mechanical way. In sum, your Majesty will find that we are come ashore into a new world, whereof we see no end.

"It may be that some will say into another Utopia. Yet not I, but Nature, speaketh these things."—*Grew's Anatomy, &c., of Plants*, Epistle Dedicatory, pp. 3, 4.

The laborious investigations, whose general results are thus curtly indicated by their author, may be regarded as the first attempt to inquire into the structural phenomena of plants, and although we are now amused at their numerous errors, they formed a bold step in advance in the middle of the seventeenth century, when naturalists of established reputation gravely brought up the authority of Aristotle to prove that sheep had two toes, and other equally abstruse philosophical problems, which their own observations had not penetrated. Grew's researches might well have drawn attention to the subject, and induced further investigation; but then, as in later times, botanists must, we fear, have enjoyed that low measure of intellectual capacity which an eminent authority accords to them.

There was, however, one great obstacle to the advancement of vegetable anatomy and physiology in the imperfection of optical instruments. The great advances that have been made of late years in this department of knowledge, and for which we are in great measure indebted to men still living among us, are mainly due to the assiduity with which improvements in the microscope have been developed; for this is the instrument (more important than any other to philosophy at its present stage) whereby we may hope to place the natural sciences in a worthy position. This day it is doing for the science of life what the telescope has done for astronomy; and inasmuch as knowledge of vital phenomena of life is of higher concern than that of the conditions and laws of dead matter, so much more important to man will be the results. The idle toy of former

years has become the great tool of intellectual progress. "About the time of the invention of the telescope," says Dr. Chalmers, "another instrument was formed which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness, which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope; but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of His attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of His glory."

Daily outpourings of the press indicate the energy and zeal with which vegetable anatomists and physiologists are labouring to extend the boundaries of their science. We wish that their results were in a more presentable form—in a form better calculated to engage the sympathies of the general public. But those who, in the van of science, seek out new paths of truth, are like the first wanderers in a primeval forest,—they show the way for a future civilization, contented themselves to wander alone and unheeded.

We must permit the list of works at the head of this article to indicate to the scientific student the sources of information on some of the more important researches of the last year or two, and will proceed to discuss briefly one or two phases in the plants' life, which, not being of an exclusively technical character, seem to merit more general attention.

At the outset we are met with the question, *what is a plant?* and to this question it is perhaps more needful to give some

heed than many readers may imagine, for the point has not yet been satisfactorily determined. Animals and plants in their higher forms, indeed, present distinctions sufficiently obvious; so much so, that the difficulty would rather seem to be to find points of resemblance than of difference; but in the simpler organisms forming the lower links in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, it is very difficult to trace real differences, so that the two kingdoms seem to merge into each other. The external forms of the lower organisms, such as diatomaceæ, are so very distinct both from what we usually regard as animals and plants, that this affords no means of distinction. In like manner, the lower forms of vegetation are capable of locomotion, an endowment which cannot, therefore, be regarded as evidence of animal nature; while the repetition of the cellulose and starch structures of plants in certain animal tissues, equally debar the naturalist from founding any chemical distinction between the two kingdoms.

"All researches into the limits between animals and plants lead, as Schmidt remarks, to the conclusion, 'that from man to the primary animal and vegetable cell there exists no gap in the realization of a general idea upon which nature, as a whole is based. There is no abrupt transition from one kingdom to another, but an insensible gradation. The spire or germ of the *Vaucheria clarata*, one of the algae, with its vibrating filaments, seems to resemble the young medusa, and the embryonic cell of the swimming ascidian, . . . in the former we have the higher stage of development of the plant, in the latter the simple form of the animal.'"—*Balfour's Class Book of Botany*, pp. 2, 3.

While animals are endowed with organs of locomotion and other means, giving them great powers of selecting their food, vegetables, are, on the other hand, at least in their higher forms, stationary organisms, dependent for their nutrient supplies upon the earth and air immediately around them. Even plants, however, have certain powers of selecting from the substances presented to the absorbent surfaces of their roots, although these are not always sufficient to prevent the absorption of injurious matters. The animal feeds on food (plants and flesh) already organized, and ultimately restores its elements to the earth and air; the vegetable, on the contrary, derives its elements from the earth and air, and transforms mineral into organized matters.

The peopling of the world by two classes of antagonistic organisms—plants and animals—is one of the most beautiful arrangements in nature, and gives rise to some of the most important phenomena with which the philosopher has to deal.

The distribution of plants and of animals over the globe follows nearly the same law; it is only in rare and exceptional cases where they are not associated together, for they not only both depend upon like conditions of climate and soil, but they insensibly minister to each other's wants. The animal, in every breath, exhales a gas (carbonic acid), not only unsuitable for being again taken into the lungs, but highly poisonous, so that the very act of life vitiates the atmosphere, and tends to extinguish all animal life. The plant, an animate, but insensate thing, is ready with its thousand mouths on each of its thousand leaves to inhale the vitiated air, abstract the carbon for the building up of its own wooden framework, and give back the (to it useless) oxygen to purify the atmosphere, and render it wholesome to the animal creation. Could anything be more beautiful than this? each playing its harmonious part on the stage of organic life, so as to serve its own and its neighbours' ends.

This purifying action of the plant on the air we breathe, is, indeed, one of the most familiar facts of chemical science, and has been well illustrated in its sanitary bearings. Five hundred experiments led Ingenhousz to the following results: Plants possess the power of giving off oxygen; this operation commences some time after the sun has risen above the horizon, is more or less vigorous, according to the clearness of the day and the exposure of the plant to sunshine, and is suspended during the night, so that plants continually in the shade deteriorate the air; under proper exposure, leaves, stems, and green branches, purify the air, acrid and poisonous plants acting in this respect in the same way as the most salutary; the pure air (oxygen) proceeds chiefly from the lower surface of the leaf, young leaves do not furnish so much as those that have acquired full vigour, and some plants yield purer air than others, aquatics excelling all others in this respect.

An interesting illustration of the mutual dependence of the animal and vegetable kingdoms is afforded in the "Parlour Aquarium," a domestic habitation for fishes, mollusca, and aquatic plants; and this is, in fact, the principle upon which the whole arrangement is made to depend: "The fish in its respiration consumes the oxygen held in solution by the water, as atmospheric air furnishes carbonic acid, feeds on the insects and young snails, and excretes material well adapted as a rich vegetable food. The plant by its respiration consumes the carbonic acid produced by the fish, appropriating the carbon to the construction of its tissues, and liberates the oxygen in its gaseous state to sustain the healthy functions of the animal life, at the same time that it feeds on the rejected matter, which has fulfilled its purposes in the nourishment of

the fish and snail, and preserves the water constantly in a clean and healthy condition. The slimy snail, finding its proper nutriment in the decomposing vegetable matter, and minute confervoid growth, prevents their accumulation, and, by its vital powers converts what would otherwise act as a poison into a rich and fruitful nutriment, again to constitute a pabulum for vegetable life, while it also acts the important part of purveyor, (or rather prey) to its finny neighbour." The marine vivaria at Regent's Park are a modification of the same invention.

The reason why the decomposing action of aquatic plants proceeds more rapidly than that of land ones is, that the latter have all their organs invested in an epidermis or skin, which is wanting in the former, whose tissues therefore present a greater exposed surface; this is the case, at least, in all those aquatic plants whose leaves are submerged.

The land plants are, however, furnished with mouths or breathing pores (stomata) in their skin, which provide for the admission of air and the transpiration of fluids.

Botanists have made some interesting calculations of the number of these mouths on a square inch of surface of different plants, the general result of which is, that their size, number, and arrangement are strictly in accordance with the requirements of the plant, and the circumstances to which it is subjected. In most plant they chiefly occur on the under surface of the leaf, and this is especially the case in many evergreen shrubs, which are thereby enabled to benefit by the moist exhalations from the soil and herbage beneath, without suffering from a scorching sun. But in some plants this law is reversed, and the reason of this is usually obvious enough, and presents a most beautiful adaptation of the structure of the plant to its habits of life. Thus, water-lilies and other plants whose leaves float on the surface of water, or lie flat on the soil, have no mouths on their under surface, but are supplied with an increased number on their upper surface, which alone is exposed to the action of the atmosphere. While attending the recent meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, we made some curious observations on the number of mouths on the upper surface of the royal water-lily, then flowering beautifully in the Glasgow Garden; these gave the following results: each mouth of the royal flower measured the nine-hundred-and-sixtieth part of an inch in diameter; one square inch of surface contained 139,843 of these mouths; and one ordinary sized *leaf* of this gigantic plant, with a surface of 1850.08 square inches, contained upwards of twenty-five millions of mouths (25,720,937), or nearly as many as are possessed by the whole British subjects of her Majesty. Such facts indicate that if plants are not prepared to swallow solid food, like higher

beings, they are, at least, amply provided with the means of abstracting from ambient elements the materials required for building up their structures.

If, in addition to the useful appendage of a mouth, we were to hint that plants also wore a *beard*, we fear our reader would be apt, involuntarily, to stroke his chin and exclaim, what next? and next? But such is, in reality, the fact. An evergreen shrub, called oleander, which is sparingly distributed along the shores of the Mediterranean, more abundant on Lebanon, and common in many parts of India, has its mouths carefully protected by closely-set, incurved hairs, which regulate evaporation, and probably collect moisture from the atmosphere. And this plant (which is so much prized for its beautiful flowers, although its wood has often poisoned gallant troops, when used as skewers in camp cooking), is not the only bearded plant; the dry-leaved banksias and other abnormal plants which form the Australian forests, are abundantly provided with the barbate appendage, without which, indeed, their leaves probably could not endure the excessive droughts to which they are subjected.

While botanists can tell us (in words not too plain indeed), the manner in which the plant increases its size, and gives birth to its various parts and products,—while they can explain the actions which give rise to these phenomena, there are certain other facts, of not less interest to the general observer of nature, which they *cannot* explain. These are the periodic phenomena, and the movements, of flowering plants. We all know, as well as botanists can tell us, that the snowdrop expands its pale blossoms in the month of February, that the “pale primrose,” and the “sweet violet,” wait for the gentler breezes of March and April, while “the rose is but a summer flower,” the dahlia, an autumn one, and the Christmas rose a product of cold December weather. Now when we are told that each plant requires, for the production of its flowers, a certain amount of light and heat, our knowledge is but very little advanced; the way in which these forces act is still a mystery. Certain it is, however, that each flower has its appointed time, and persons residing in the country will find that a record of the flowering of plants will afford, not only an agreeable occupation in registering an interesting series of phenomena, but will afford a precise indication of the character of the season as it affects the husbandman, and will further open up many important questions relating to the influence of external agents and circumstances upon plants.

Besides this seasonal flowering, however, there is another no less curious. It is the diurnal flowering of plants: for we find that certain flowers always open at certain hours of the day, and as punctually close again.

"On entering a garden at noon during a bright sunshine, an ordinary observer may perceive many of the flowers fully expanded, and leaning towards the source of light and heat, in such a way as to enjoy the full influences of the invigorating rays. Other flowers, however, may be observed in an opposite condition, with their petals variously approximating, so as to prevent the solar rays from falling directly upon them. Some of these flowers had exhibited an expanded state at an earlier part of the day, as the common yellow goatsbeard, which opens its flowers early in the morning, but closes them towards mid-day, except in cloudy weather—a character which has procured for it the title of '*Go-to-bed-at-noon*.' Other plants delay the opening of their flowers even to sunset, as the evening primrose. Many parts not only close their flowers on the approach of evening, but hang down their heads when the sun does not shine. This drooping is not 'caused by the weight of the flowers, for the fruit in most of them is much heavier, and yet stands erect on the very same stalk.' The papilionaceous flowers (to which the pea belongs) in general spread their wings in fine weather, admitting the sun and air to the parts within, whereas many of them not only close their petals, but also derive additional protection from the green leaves of the plant folding closely about them."—*Fleming's Temperature of the Seasons*, pp. 50, 51.

This regularity in the opening and closing of certain flowers has led to the construction of what is called the FLORAL CLOCK, each hour of the day being indicated by the opening or closing of a certain flower. The following is the horological calendar formed on this principle by Linnæus:—

	Hours at which Flowers open.
Yellow goatsbeard	3—5 A.M.
Smooth hawksbeard	4—5 "
Wild succory	5 "
Dandelion	5—6 "
Spotted catsear	6 "
Sow thistles	6—7 "
Water lilies	7 "
Small Cape marigold	7 "
Scarlet pimpernel	8 "
Field marigold	9 "
Ice plant	9—10 "
Sandworts	9—10 "
Knotted figwort	10—11 "
Common Star of Bethlehem	11 "
Many figworts	12 NOON.
Afternoon squill	2 P.M.
Marvel of Peru	5 "
Sad pelargonium	6 "
Night-flowering catchfly	8—9 "
Night-flowering Cereus	10 "

Jean Paul Richter carries the idea further, and constructs a human clock on the same principle :—

"I believe the Flower-clock of Linnæus, in Upsal, whose wheels are the sun and earth, and whose index figures are flowers, of which one always awakens and opens later than another, was what secretly suggested my conception of the human clock. I formerly occupied two chambers in Scheeraw, in the middle of the market-place : from the front-room, I overlooked the whole market-place and the royal buildings, and from the back one the botanical garden. Whoever now dwells in these two rooms possesses an excellent harmony, arranged to his hand, between the flower-clock in the garden and the human-clock in the market-place. At three o'clock in the morning, the yellow meadow goatsbeard opens,¹ and bides awake, and the stable-boy begins to rattle, and feed the horses beneath the lodger. At four o'clock, the little hawkweed awakes, choristers going to the cathedral, who are clocks with chimes, and the bakers. At five, kitchen-maids, dairy-maids, and butter-cups awake. At six, the sow-thistle and cooks. At seven o'clock, many of the lady's-maids are awake in the palace, the chicory in my botanical garden, and some tradesmen. At eight o'clock, all the colleges awake, and the little yellow mouse-ear. At nine o'clock, the female nobility already begin to stir, and the marigold ; and even many young ladies who have come from the country on a visit, begin to look out of their windows. Between ten and eleven o'clock, the court ladies, and the whole staff of lords of the bedchamber, the green colewort, and the alpine dandelion, and the reader of the princess, rouse themselves out of their morning sleep ; and the whole palace, considering that the morning sun gleams so brightly to-day from the lofty sky through the coloured silk curtains, curtails a little of its slumber. At twelve o'clock, the prince, at one, his wife and the carnation, have their eyes open in their flower-vase. What awakes late in the afternoon, at four o'clock, is only the red hawkweed, and the night watchman, as cuckoo clock, and these two only tell the time as evening clocks and noon clocks. From the hot eyes of the unfortunate man who, like the jalap plant, first opens them at five o'clock, we will turn our own in pity aside. It is a rich man who has taken the jalap, and who only exchanges the fever fancies of being griped with hot pincers for waking gripes. I could never know when it was two o'clock, because at that time, together with a thousand other stout gentlemen, and the yellow mouse-ear, I always fell asleep, but at three o'clock in the afternoon, and three in the morning, I awoke as regularly as though I was a repeater. Thus we mortals may be a flower-clock for higher beings, when our flower-leaves close on our last bed ; or sand clocks, when the sand of our life is so run down that it is renewed in the other world, or picture-clocks, because, when our death-bell here below strikes and rings, our image steps forth from its case into the next world. On each event of the kind, when seventy years of human life have passed away, they may perhaps say, 'What ! another hour already gone ! how the time flies !'"—*Balfour's Phyto-Theology*, pp. 141—3.

- ART. IX. — *Poems*. By Walter R. Cassels. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856.
2. *Man in Paradise; a Poem in Six Books: with Lyrical Poems*. By John Edmund Reade. London: Longman and Co. 1856.
3. *The Mystic and other Poems*. By Philip James Bailey, Author of "Festus." London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.

IN the annals of poetic literature, the present age will be regarded by posterity as stamped with that mediocrity of genius which Horace tells us that neither the gods nor men can tolerate. The greater luminaries of the past generation have set; the very stars have waned; and as far as this department of literature is concerned, we are left in that twilight hour in which we only long for the morning. In addition to this, the last of the luminaries has left, for the guidance of his successors, only a meteoric and delusive haze. We must attribute to the school founded by Mr. Wordsworth the present vicious condition of our poetic literature. Against the vices of that school we have repeatedly protested. It was the school of mysticism, and its adherents have only succeeded in copying and exaggerating the peculiarities and errors of the founder. He laid down the principle, that everything was a suitable subject for poetry, and he exemplifies this in his writings from metaphysics to leech-gathering; from the board of diplomacy to the high chair in the nursery. The consequence is, that no small proportion of his writings are silly, and a large proportion unintelligible. His present successor in the laurels conferred by the crown inherits both his defects; the undiscernibility of an idea in his larger poems, and in his minor ones, such poetic beauties as

"Stand off, or else my skipping rope,
Will hit you in the eye."

Well did Mr. Rogers say, "People are now so fond of the *obscure* in poetry, that they can perceive no *deep thinking* in that darling man Pope, because he always expressed himself with such admirable clearness."

These observations are naturally suggested by the volumes before us. The most daring of them is that of Mr. Reade. He has attempted the theme of the *Paradise Lost*, and we cannot but think that he has conspicuously failed. In every page we seem to meet the shade of Milton with an expression between a frown and a smile. The contrast between the "*Paradise Lost*" and Mr. Reade's "*Man in Paradise*," is absolutely painful, and yet it obtrudes itself incessantly upon us. We will take a single instance from the opening of the fourth book:—

"He scarce had ended, speech begun in sighs,
 And closed, when slowly grew before them, shaped
 As from interwoven air, a substant form,
 Human, but of dimension undefined;
 What seemed a halo crowned his brows, as shed
 From star remote; advancing on the twain,
 The shadow of his august presence fell,
 On Adam's front, projected till he stood
 In darkness, bright day flashing round him still;
 His eyes shot from profoundest azure depths
 Uncertain light, where searching visions found
 No resting place; his voice was as the low
 And doubtful sound of distant waterfalls,
 Or forest leaves while questioning audibly
 The felt and coming storm.

'Sole son of earth!

I am the doubt, self nourished, in thee born;
 I made even thy reflexion visible,
 Of the one spiritual life produced;
 As thou, am I, which was when thou wert not,
 That, when to thy original dust consigned
 Shall mould and animate sublimer forms
 Treading upon thy grave and monument;
 Formless wert thou, apportionate of space,
 Which is the generative air, sole fount
 And emanation of vitality,
 River-like, flowing through forms infinite.' "

In the first paragraph quoted the reader will be reminded by the words, "What seemed a halo crowned his brows" of the passage in Milton descriptive of death:—

"What seemed its head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Which Mr. Burke cites as a grand example "of the obscure contributing to the sublime." A comparison of the august passage in which these lines occur, with the quotation we have made from Mr. Reade, will satisfy the reader as to the wisdom displayed by the latter in adopting the theme of that great bard, who "passed the flaming bounds of space and time."

One other passage has been quoted by the critics with admiration, which, without passing an opinion about its merits, we leave to the judgment of the reader. As to the latter paragraph we commend it to the study of the curious, in the hope that they may detect some meaning in it, which, we confess, we fail to perceive.

"Solemn Earth silently responded me!
 The tongueless slowly turned, and turning, showed

New revelations, as from depths unseen
 Created forms developed. I beheld
 The emanation and the flowing forth
 Of the expanding beautiful; not born,
 As fondly dreamed by bards of elder time,
 From Aphroditic foam of crisped waves,
 Or mirroring the universal Pan,
 But from the deep inwoven harmonies
 Of life-expression, hue and form revealed.
 The deeps amid engirding hills reposed;
 From skyey peaks, enwreathed with chalice flowers,
 Founts bounded forth like strong youth in its course,
 Enlarging in matured and settled streams,
 Along whose banks unfolded Paradise.
 Infinite Air, o'erarching the terrene,
 Quivered with effluent motion, vibrating
 With luminiferous life; within whose breast
 Light vapours drifted like the thistle-down,
 Soundlessly o'er the wastes of heaven. Winds
 Upheaved the cloud-waves, through their depths revealed
 The galaxied star-sands.

Silently while Earth
 Rose slowly, turning on her upraised side,
 As vaporous incense steals upon the air,
 A vast and undulating vale outspread,
 Where the great rivers of the rolling Earth,
 Like potentates, in confluence met. I gazed
 On that rich garden banking the full stream
 In sinuous gradation, opening forms
 Of beauty steeped in gorgeous hues of light;
 Colour that, like a mighty Angel, breathed
 Enamoured o'er them, trees and lustrous flowers
 Translucent in her eyes.

With Mr. Bailey's "Mystic," on the same grounds, we are compelled to speak with still greater dissatisfaction. That he has considerable powers of imagination is unquestionable; but he belongs to the vicious school we have indicated, and would seem to have no facility of intellectual delineation. His poems remind us of the extreme pictures of Turner. We seem to be gazing on a dense haze, painted with beautiful incadescent hues, but assuming no perceptible forms, like an aurora borealis, seen from a too distant and inconvenient point of view. We peruse his paragraphs, and grope as if with microscopes for a meaning. And in studying his book for criticism, we feel like an analytical chemist, torturing all sorts of tissues with all sorts of tests, to discover the latent atom of a long deposited poison. We could cite pages after pages to illustrate the justice of this criticism; but we spare our readers the tedium of such a pro-

cess. Porson closed an eulogy upon the writings of Gibbon, with the observation that it would be an admirable exercise for a student to translate a page of it into English; and, on the same principle, we would propose it, as an exercise for a scholarship, to translate a page of Mr. Bailey's "Mystic" into intelligible prose. Where, however, we can discover a meaning, we think it bears out our criticism as to the imaginative powers of the author. we will give the following lines as an example:—

"The angels made the solid earth; its rocks
Chaotic and amorphous, petrified fire
Granitic, volitic sand, and lime;
Igneous and aquatic beds of stone
Upheaving or collapsing, seemed in him
The awful sport of some Titanian arm,
Whose elbow, jogged by earthquakes, urged the pole."—P. 69.

But in addition to the labour which Mr. Bailey imposes upon his readers of finding a clue to the labyrinths of his sentences, he uses words which are admirably adapted to the purpose of concealing his ideas, such, for example, as "hypæthral," "epopt," "anticlinal," "re-habilitated," and a hundred other terms equally significant and edifying to the general reader.

Mr. Cassell's poems do not, perhaps, deserve in full the condemnation which we have felt bound to pass upon the productions of Mr. Reade and Mr. Bailey; but we must confess that we read through page after page of his stanzas without gaining a single distinct idea. Will he suffer us to recommend him to study Milton, and even to take a dose of Pope and Dryden as an occasional tonic? We will give one passage which is, perhaps, the most favourable as a specimen of his poetical genius which the volume before us affords.

"Not love her! 'Tis as yesterday the time
When first my love stole fainting to her ear,
In deep scarce-worded murmurs of desire.
'Twas evening, and above the weary land
Silence lay dreaming in a golden hush;
The summer's sunset yellow'd in the wheat,
And the ripe year, with harvest promise full,
Slept on the wavy slopes and verdant leas,
Like one who through long hours of toil at last
Sees the glad work accomplish'd, and in peace
Flings him along the meadows to repose;
Below, the bells of even faintly chimed,
And sent their hymnal music up the breeze
To where I stood, half-praying, by her side.
Then all my words and thoughts that came and went
Waving about the secret of my love, .

Like billows plashing on a silent shore,
 All at one gush flow'd from me o'er her heart
 And broke the banks of silence; then my love
 Sank through her liquid eyes to read her soul,
 Like diver that through waving water-floods
 Seeketh the priceless pearl that lies below,
 And there found life—found joy for evermore:
 It is as yesterday that time to me,—
 Sweet time, when love entwines the locks of life
 With fragrant blossoms, like a one-hour's bride,
 And claspeth summer with soft-pleading arms,
 That she, though ne'er so eager to be gone,
 Still tarries smiling for a last embrace,
 And drops her hoarded flowers upon the way:
 It is as yesterday—my love the same—
 The love that led me through all heavy tasks,
 All lonely watchings by the midnight lamp,
 To win the fame that still might shine on her."

—Pp. 12, 13.

Another extract it is perhaps due to the author to give upon the flight of "Birds of Passage," though we confess we look in vain for anything that reminds us of the exquisite lines of Mrs. Barbauld on the same poetical theme in which in describing the instinctive swiftness of their flight, she says that they—

"Pursue the circling sun's indulgent ray,
 Chase the swift seasons, and o'ertake the day."

The passage to which we have referred is as follows:—

"The day wears out, and the starry night
 Hushes the world to sleep, to sleep;
 The dew shower falls in the still moonlight,
 And none wake now, save those who weep;
 But rustling on through the starry night,
 Like a band of spirits, the passage birds flee,
 Cleaving the darkness above the sea.
 Swift and straight as an arrow's flight,
 Is the wind their guide through the trackless sky?
 For here there's no land-mark to travel by.
 The first faint streak of the morning glows,
 Like the feeble blush on the budding rose;
 And in long grey lines the clouds divide,
 And march away with retreating night,
 Whilst the bright gleams of victorious sight.
 Follow them goldenly far and wide,
 And when the mists have all passed away,
 And left the heavens serene and clear,
 As an eye that has never shed a tear,
 And the universe basks in the smile of day.

Dreary and still, and the sleepy breeze,
 Lazily moves o'er the glassy seas;
 The passage birds flit o'er the disc of noon,
 Like shadows across a mirror's face,
 For now their journey wanes apace.
 And the realms of summer they'll enter soon.
 The land looms far through the waters blue,
 The land of promise, the land of rest,
 Through cloud and storm they have travell'd true.
 And joy thrills now in each throbbing breast,
 Down they sink with a wheeling flight,
 Whilst the song of birds comes floating high,
 And they pass the lark in the sunny sky;
 But down without pausing, down they fly,
 Their travel is over, their summer shines bright."

— Pp. 135, 136.

To each of the writers whose poems have constituted the subject of this brief review, we venture to recommend the study of the poets who flourished before the commencement of the present century. That the recent school of poetry should last for the admiration and the imitation of posterity is in our judgment plainly impossible. To appropriate the witticism of Professor Porson, on Southey's "Madoc,"—"They will be read when Shakspeare and Milton are forgotten." We can admire their word-painting, we can estimate the ingenuity of their Germanized word-building, but their opiate flights are beyond our comprehension. A volume of them might be condensed into a few pages, impregnated with poetry and common sense, and we desiderate the hap'orth of bread to all this unconsionable quantity of sack, and very poor sack too.

Brief Notices.

A Constitutional History of Jersey. By Charles Le Quesne, Esq., Jurat of the Royal Court and Member of the States. Longmans: 1856.

WE should probably mislead our readers if we described this work as one of general interest, but we should, on the other hand, be unjust alike to the author and his subject, if we ascribed a merely local or purely professional importance to the "Constitutional History of Jersey." To those who peruse rather than study the chronicles of the past, who are guided by curiosity and satisfied with trifles—who

seek amusement for their leisure and materials out of which imagination may weave a romance,—we say assuredly this book is not for you. But for that large and increasing class who prefer the pearl in the depths to the perishing beauty of the tinted bubble on the surface, and are willing to plunge for their treasure,—to those who look upon history with a practical eye, desiring to know how governments, laws, privileges, customs, systems, fashions grew to their present form and stature, in order that they may bear a wise part in the conduct of public affairs, or form healthy judgments on political questions,—we need scarcely point out the importance of any work which professes to elucidate the practical development of social, civil, and ecclesiastical institutions which still exist and, in a greater or less degree, call for the interference of gentle and prudent reform. We say the importance of any work which *professes* these objects; because, in subjects of this nature, the inclination to write is almost synonymous with the ability to say something new, something decided, even if it be afterwards proved erroneous; and as the circle of readers is small, and in all probability highly informed as well as strongly prejudiced in favour of certain general theories, there is nothing to tempt a man to write unless he is conscious of a special vocation arising from taste matured by long reading, or from circumstances of position, which place him at an advantage in respect of some particular departments. Mr. Le Quesne has brought to his congenial task many of the first requisites for the composition of a history which is designed to attract the serious study of those whom it more immediately concerns, as well as to illustrate the gradual rise of that singular assemblage of principles and precedents, known as the British Constitution. Patience in research is conspicuous in this volume, and the value of such patience is plainly seen in the clear results obtained. Not content with mere reference, as the occasions of his subject may require, to the documentary archives of the past, he appears to have plunged into their mouldy recesses, with the view of mastering all that has been said and done before attempting a synopsis of the institutions and characteristic politics of his native island. Diligence in research, however, is not a sufficient qualification, it is indispensable and praiseworthy, but apart from the genius of method and an eye trained to discern the really useful, it is sure to be needlessly laborious and may result in rubbish. Mr. Le Quesne has evidently acquired the art of extracting the pith and substance from the mass of crude history, and it would appear from this work itself, that he has acquired it by an extensive and profound acquaintance with the most eminent commentators of France and England on general jurisprudence, the historic development of common law, and the huge unwieldy bulk of statutes in both countries, unwieldy especially as regards England. Combined with extensive legal knowledge, we discover about as much of liberal ardour and of the spirit of reform as can fairly be expected in one who, from the direction of his historical studies, as well as from his high official position and strong patriotic associations, is naturally enamoured of old institutions, splendid from their very isolation, revered for the protection they have afforded to

popular liberties and personal rights; and although such as the Englishman proper might propose to set aside as effete, are yet equal to the strain of public opinion in Jersey, and deeply-rooted enough to bear partial amendment and to defy sweeping reforms. The peculiar relations of the Channel Islands with the Duchy of Normandy, and thus with the descendants of the conqueror on the throne of England, present an anomaly of a very interesting character. Up to the present hour, they form an appanage to the English crown, rather than part and parcel of the British dominions. Probably their intrinsic insignificance, together with their distance from the main island of the empire, prevented them from obtaining a full participation in what we are pleased to consider the blessings of our parliamentary freedom, while their great importance as frontier ports in time of war secured for them just that amount of benignancy on the part of the king in council which was required to keep them loyal, just so much respect for their peculiar privileges and immemorial rights, as rendered them indifferent to the forms of self-government, under which alone an Englishman feels safe and honoured. That the islanders have been altogether secluded from the manifold influences which have told so powerfully on English institutions it would be wrong to affirm, but that they have contrived very well with their internal government and external dependence on the king in council, to secure the substance of liberty and to keep step in the grand progress of nations shows, we think, that valuable as are the very bones and figure of our constitution, they are only of secondary or accidental importance after all. The isolation of Jersey and Guernsey is not owing exclusively to geographical position, but even more to the jealousy of the inhabitants themselves. It may be that long ages ago, there were as many people in Jersey as Jersey well knew what to do with; however that may be, there is an hereditary dislike of foreigners, and in all past times on record, regulations against the permanent residence of others than natives have been of the most stringent character. Foreigners are disqualified from holding real property in the island of Jersey, and the right of ordering them out of the island, is still possessed and sanctioned, and exercised too, by the lieutenant-governor; and so late as the code of 1771, it was enacted, that strangers should not be allowed to dwell in the island, nor to marry native women without the permission of the governor. One point of general interest is to be found in the unusual preservation of many of the old Norman observances, and of several almost unmodified feudal customs. Again, the language still spoken, though long unwritten, and therefore presumably inelegant (although Dr. Valpy, who was a Jersey man, delighted in his native tongue), is still highly interesting to the philologist on several grounds, but mainly as being the Norman French through which a large proportion of the Latin words incorporated with the English have been introduced into our daily speech. The ecclesiastical history is also interesting on special grounds. No early as the first year of Henry V., the priories and religious houses were destroyed, so that what we are accustomed to consider as one of the principal external facts of the Reformation

had a precedent in the history of Jersey. These priories were dependent upon greater monasteries in France; and it was manifestly undesirable that the king's subjects should have as their rectoral superiors the open and bitter enemies of the king. Perhaps this violent revolution in church property prepared the minds of the islanders to receive the actual Reformation, which they seemed to have done at once, and all but unanimously, or was this owing to their excessive loyalty? From the circumstance of difference in language, the zealous reformers of the English church were unable to undertake the details of the Reformation in these islands. The French Protestants were of the Geneva school (most hateful to our Tudor powers that were), but there was no help for it. The Presbyterian form of discipline was introduced, sanctioned even by Elizabeth and James, though the latter did either cause or avail himself of an expressed wish to grant a change to the episcopal form of church government. Presbyterianism became unpopular from its carping interference with social and domestic life; and, besides, there was always a difficulty in supplying the pulpits as they became vacant. Mr. Le Quesne remarks, and it is certainly worthy of remark, in connexion with, and in contrast to the impatience of the Presbyterian discipline, that the islanders have ever been desirous of regarding the affairs of life as connected with religion,—all duties as religious duties,—all privileges as flowing from religion. The elections took place on Sundays, after divine service, in the porch of the church, and until 1844, the guns of the militia artillery were stored at the west end of the respective parish churches. The island was formerly under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Coutances, and even after the Reformation, his nominal authority was recognized in documents issuing from the council of the sovereign. It is now a part of the diocese of Winchester, and has long been so, though, for a century or two, there was no such thing as episcopal confirmation, and only very lately was the surplice introduced, while even at the present day, there are several differences in the conduct of public worship, which are traceable to the Calvinistic *régime*, or at any rate mark the long, substantial independence of the island in ecclesiastical matters. The peculiar position of the Channel Islands is no where seen so strongly as in the great contest between the parliament and the crown of England. It is to be borne in mind, that even now an act of parliament has no force in these islands, except they are specially named, and unless it be transmitted by the queen in council for registration by the states. In other words, the only English authority recognized in the islands is that of the sovereign in council. The constitutional relations between Charles and Jersey were totally different from those which existed between the throne and the parliament of England. The latter relations, Charles violated, the former he conserved and most faithfully maintained. On constitutional grounds, therefore, no cause could be shown why Jersey should throw off its time-honoured allegiance to the throne. A large and zealous faction did, however, adopt the parliamentary side early in the quarrel, though their motive was so palpably one of personal animosity against the governor, Sir Philip de Carteret, that even

Prynne, who was then a prisoner in the island, gave them no countenance whatever, and this great man not only publicly defended the governor, but exerted his influence successfully to prevent the articles of accusation from being brought before the House of Commons in 1642. After the death of Charles the First, Jersey proclaimed his son, and until subdued by the parliamentary fleet, it remained faithful to the crown. The Presbyterian leaven was found to be far more powerful than had been supposed, and was sufficiently great to secure a large measure of support to the cause of the parliament. Oliver Cromwell violated the constitution of the island, but it was only under necessity, and with the reserve clause which made the violation exceptional, and on the whole, he treated the royalists with much greater leniency than Carteret had shown to the parliamentarians. At the same time, the annals show that the actual military government of the island was grievous in the extreme. We would gladly attempt some account of the legislative and judicial peculiarities of Jersey, could we do so in such a way as to interest our readers without passing the limits of a notice. This is out of the question, and those who desire acquaintance with the singular *imperium in imperio* of the Channel Isles must consult the volume before us, which they will find replete with explanations on all topics of the kind. We may just allude to the states, which are composed of the bailiff as *ex officio* president, twelve jurats, twelve rectors, and twelve constables. There is no regular session, but the bailiff convenes at his own option, or on the request of the jurats, the consent of the governor being previously obtained. The assembly has a right to pass provisional regulations for three years, if not contrary to established law. The bailiff and governor have a vote, which is nearly equivalent to a veto, but they must give their reasons to the secretary of state. For the better superintendence of the affairs of internal government, the states have appointed from their body permanent committees for special objects. It should be said that the jurats are popularly elected, but for life, and cannot resign without the royal permission. They have no emoluments. We take leave of the work of Mr. Le Quesne with the observation that it is far more interesting than it looks, for it certainly gave us the impression at first that it ought to be extraordinarily sound and useful to compensate for its dry appearance. It is both sound and useful and very interesting withal.

Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation. By Josiah Conder. Prepared for Publication by the Author. London: Snow.

A FEELING of reverence, akin to that with which we look upon the face of the dead, comes over the mind when we open a book written by one who has just gone from amongst us to his better home. This will be felt by numbers as they read the volume before us. Mr. Conder's name will awaken many and various associations; to some it is the name of the endeared personal friend; to some, that of the

untiring and influential Christian editor; to others, that of the poet, whose strains have been their medium of worship; and to not a few, it is one of the charmed names connected with their earliest efforts of thought, for how often, by minds whose speculations in the regions of the spiritual were just awakening, have the two poems forming the beautiful "Reverie" been read with inexpressible delight, as embodying thoughts, vaguely felt, but which could as yet find no utterance. To this class there is something peculiarly solemn in the thought, that he who held their hand when they first looked down into the mysteries of the spiritual world, is now gone to fathom those mysteries. We hail this publication as, in part at least, a new contribution to religious meditation and public psalmody. Only two months have elapsed since it was our pleasant task to welcome a similar contribution in the admirable volume for which we are indebted to Mr. Lynch, and we shall rejoice in the appearance of many more, provided they are as excellent as are both these, for we consider religion the best inspiration of poetry, and poetry the fittest robe for religion. The volume consists of versions of the psalms, in which closeness of rendering and great simplicity are prominent excellences; hymns of praise and adoration; collects in verse; hymns founded on passages of Holy Scripture; and, lastly, a few hymns by Mrs. Josiah Conder, fully worthy of their place with those of her gifted and lamented husband. In reading the book, we have been struck chiefly with the large proportion it contains of hymns, including psalms, of praise; hymns truly joyful and anthem-like, and, therefore, a rich addition to our stores for public worship—a happy preparation must their composition have been for their author's present employ! We regard the collects as a beautiful sign; how entirely unbiassed by sectarian narrowness in the opposition he so consistently maintained to certain church principles, must the writer have been who could linger over the prayers of the denomination he opposed, until they became moulded in his mind into the poetic form. We are indebted to Mr. Conder for several sacramental hymns, no slight gift to the Church of Christ, for in that highest and most sacred of all her services, there are surely feelings awakened which would bear more varied expression than they find in the few beautiful hymns at present in use. We can well understand the reverent feeling which gives the book to the public in the precise form which the author contemplated, but we think such reverence need not prevent, in the next edition, the insertion of an index of first lines. We hope, also, that a collection of Mr. Conder's secular poems will appear. We have lost Mr. Conder from the church on earth, yet not altogether so. These hymns, the echo of his thoughts and aspirations while here, will long be heard amongst us. If there is anything worth in what we call an earthly immortality, surely, in its highest and purest form, it is his whose hymns continue, generation after generation, to furnish utterance for Christian worshippers in their solemn services. The preacher's voice becomes silent, its tones are long remembered and cherished with deep affection by his hearers, but when these too have passed

to that blessed region, whither his ministrations helped to guide them, his earthly life may be said to have ceased. It is the poet of the sanctuary who continues to live, as his songs still animate the worship of children's children.

Annals of Christian Martyrdom. By the Author of the *Lives of the Popes*, pp. 384. London: The Religious Tract Society.

2. *Memoirs of deeply tried Christians*, pp. 320. By the Rev. James Gardner, A.M., M.D. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1856.

WE have coupled these books together, in consequence of the similarity of their general character and tendency. They conduct the reader through shaded, and sometimes gloomy, paths; but they elucidate the power to bear the heaviest afflictions which true piety confers, and, at the same time, the "sweet uses" of pain and sorrow in deepening and enriching the soil of personal religion. The volume first named is divided into two parts; the former narrating the persecutions of the Christians under the Jews, A.D. 33—62, and under Imperial Rome, from the Emperor Nero, A.D. 64, to the Diocletian persecution, A.D. 303—311; and the latter describes those which occurred during the middle ages, commencing with Julian the Apostate, A.D. 360, and terminating with the history of the protesting martyrs in Bohemia and Italy, A.D. 1408—1498. The book evinces a great amount of research, and is written in a style at once unpretending and elegant. Dr. Gardner's volume is confined to the biography, and especially to the spiritual history of private Christians. Most of them are either Scottish or American, many of them females, and scarcely any known to us before, even by name. It is pervaded by a deeply pious spirit, and will, doubtless, be read with profit by many.

A New History of England, Civil, Political and Ecclesiastical. By G. S. Poulton. London: Freeman. 1855.

IF history is ever to be regarded as an old almanack, it must chiefly deserve that designation through the prejudice, rather than the ignorance of the historian; hitherto we have had no history of our own country, written under the inspiration of religious freedom. Hence, little is known by our rising youth of the heroic acts and sufferings of those of our dissenting forefathers, who perished in the trenches before the fortresses of bigotry and superstition, or "whose ashes flew, no marble tells us whither." The volume before us proposes to supply this deficiency. It is the only work which deserves the name of a history of England, which is comprised in a single volume. It evinces much diligent research, but, like many other works which come under our notice, shows the absence of a literary revision. Had the manuscript passed through the hands of a good scholar and a practised writer, it would have been a valuable contribution to our historical literature.

Foxglove Bells: A Book of Sonnets. By T. Westwood. London: Gilbert, Brothers, Gracechurch Street.

THIS is a very pleasant little volume. The title—allusive to Wordsworth's Introductory Sonnet—prepossesses the reader favourably, carrying him, as it does, to the mountain-side, and filling his ear with the summer music of the bees. And the sonnets themselves will not disappoint him; many of them are very beautiful, alike in thought and expression. For sweetness of sentiment, the series entitled "A Heart Record," which closes the volume, can scarcely be excelled. And the eighteenth sonnet, commencing with the lines—

"I asked a Sceptic what he longed for most;
The tears stood in his eyes although he smiled,
'For the free faith and trust of a young child!'"

is touchingly true in feeling and in figure. Occasionally in passing through the volume, we come upon a sonnet which wants the one well-worked-out thought, for which we always look as necessary to the true sonnet. But the greatest fault we see in the book is, that five sonnets are wasted on the description of a procession in honour of the virgin, and that without the expression of a single sentiment in disapproval of the idolatry. We may, when our religious feelings stand at a low mark, read with patience some description of an old pagan procession, for, independently of the effect of distance in time, we know so well that "the idol is nothing," that we can put aside all thought of the design of the ceremony, and look merely at the picture it presents. But it is different with the case before us. The virgin is a real person, having a close connection with the records and facts of Christianity, and, therefore, the idolatrous worship affects us more closely, and its description awakens feelings of disapprobation and disgust instead of pleasure. Mr. Westwood was, doubtless, allured into the mistake of writing thus by his love of the picturesque, but the poet may find abundance of that element of art in the scenes of nature and in secular life; let him not approach the precincts of the Christian Temple, save with high moral purpose. With the exception we have indicated, the tendency of the book is as satisfactory as its form is pleasing.

Notes on the Late Expedition against the Russian Settlements in Eastern Siberia; and of a Visit to Japan, and to the Shores of Tartary, and of the Sea of Okhotsk. By Captain Bernard Whittingham, Royal Engineers. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

CAPTAIN WHITTINGHAM claims no higher designation for this work than that of "rough notes," deriving their chief interest from the comparatively unknown character of the regions which they describe. His pictures of Japan are vivid and novel, and the information he

gives respecting the coasts of Russia bordering on the gulf of Tartary and the Northern Pacific are full of political, and especially of commercial interest. The defensive skill and energy of the Russians are strikingly represented in various parts of the volume, of which the following description of the harbour of Aian may be taken as a specimen: "It is a shallow and narrow inlet, broken by projecting points, or rocks, into three small basins—the exterior being a roadstead, and the innermost only fit for steamers and small vessels; indeed the whole aspect of the harbour resembled more an artist's study of Highland lake scenery than the proud emporium of Siberian trade, for the defence of which all the resources of Russian engineering had been lavished! The latter was represented by three alight earthen batteries *en banquette*, which a steam corvette ought to have silenced successively in a quarter of an hour if the neighbouring heights had not been occupied; and yet it was before similar batteries constructed by the Russian seamen of a frigate and a transport, designed by naval officers, and built under their superintendence, that the Allied squadron suffered the ignominious repulse of Petropaulski! No wonder," he adds, "that the Russians are proud! The war found the professions dedicated to war, ready for war; and whether at Sebastopol, or at the extremities of the empire in the East, professional talents and command were found combined; whilst Cronstadt has defied menace, and Sveabourg has only been bombarded at a distance. Dare any English officer of reputation prophesy the same of Gibraltar or of Malta? The enemy has taught us a lesson. We trust that professional bigotry will allow us to benefit by it."—Pp. 136, 137.

Vagabond Life in Mexico. By Gabriel Fený, for seven years resident in that country. London: Blackwood. 1856.

2. *Mexico and its Religion, with Incidents of Travel in that Country during parts of the years 1851, 52, 53, 54; and Historical Notices of Events connected with Places Visited.* By Robert A. Wilson. With Illustrations. London: Sampson, Low, Son and Co. 1856.

THESE two works comprise in combination all that general readers would care to know of Mexico. The volume first-named presents chiefly the adventures of travel, and the most obvious phenomena of nature and society. It contains few or no reflections, and is little else than a volume of the lightest gossip. The next named work is a production of a totally different class and a much higher order of merit. The author is an American gentleman, and it is dedicated to the "American Party of the United States." It contains not a little carefully written history, and a good deal of important mining and statistical information. It is written with much care, in a clear unpretending style, and is a valuable contribution to the class of literature to which it belongs.

Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah, Vol. III. By Richard F. Burton. London: Longmans. 1856.

THIS third and final volume of Mr. Burton's elaborate work has succeeded its predecessors at some little interval. It is devoted almost entirely to a description of Meccah, and contains a great deal of curious information as to the habits and customs of the Arabs. Still we seem, in perusing its pages, to be toiling over a sandy desert. There is a sense of dreary flatness and monotony in the manners, superstitions, and follies of the people; and we feel tempted to ask ourselves why so much labour and expense have been bestowed on a work devoted to a subject so little instructive. The maps and pictorial illustrations are very well executed, and a copious and minute index of the contents of the three volumes forms the conclusion.

Review of the Month.

PARLIAMENT WAS OPENED BY HER MAJESTY IN PERSON, ON THE 31ST OF JANUARY, and rarely has such an event been looked forward to with more universal interest, or a royal speech anticipated with more curiosity and impatience. The subject of peace or war, to which this anxiety was mainly directed, is disposed of in the following passage: "Since the close of the last session of Parliament, the arms of the Allies have achieved a signal and important success. Sebastopol, the great stronghold of Russia in the Black Sea, has yielded to the persevering constancy and to the daring bravery of the allied forces. The naval and military preparations for the ensuing year have necessarily occupied my serious attention; but while determined to omit no effort which could give vigour to the operations of the war, I have deemed it my duty not to decline any overtures which might reasonably afford a prospect of a safe and honourable peace. Accordingly, when the Emperor of Austria lately offered to myself and my august ally, the Emperor of the French, to employ his good offices with the Emperor of Russia, with a view to endeavour to bring about an amicable adjustment of the matters at issue between the contending powers, I consented, in concert with my Allies, to accept the offer thus made, and I have the satisfaction to inform you that certain conditions have been agreed upon, which I hope may prove the foundation of a general treaty of peace. Negotiations for such a treaty will shortly be opened at Paris. In concluding those negotiations I shall be careful not to lose sight of the objects for which the war was undertaken; and I shall deem it right in no degree to relax my naval and military preparations until a satisfactory treaty of peace shall have been concluded." In both Houses of Parliament the opposition, by common consent, made a virtue of necessity, and abstained from embarrassing the Government

with any inquiries to which in so critical a position of public affairs it would have been utterly inconsistent with their duty to have replied. Since then the public mind has been fluctuating between hope and fear until the appointment of a conference at Paris between plenipotentiary delegates from France, England, Austria, Russia, Turkey, and Sardinia, has inclined the balance of public expectation to peace. The conference met for the first time on the 25th; England being represented by Lords Clarendon and Cowley, and Russia, very appropriately, by Baron Brunow, who, as Russian minister at our court, was very generally respected. The first cheering intelligence from Paris was that an armistice had been concluded between the belligerent forces, extending to the 31st of March, an announcement which raised the funds, thus increasing the confident tone which they had previously indicated in consequence of the smallness of the loan called for by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the announcement by that minister that the said loan of five millions will clear off every requirement of the financial year now about to close, and leave a surplus of nearly a million and a half. In the state of unavoidable ignorance which prevails up to this moment as to whether we are again to be the victims of the trickery of Russia, and the equally contemptible connivance of Austria, it is reassuring to read such statements as the following from the Paris correspondent of the *Times*: "I was informed this afternoon, by a person whose authority I have little reason to question, and who could hardly be deceived on so important a subject, that the point which was expected to present the greatest difficulty during the conferences, namely, that of Nicolaieff, has been given up by Russia. If this be confirmed, I see no serious obstacle in the way of peace. Indeed, a diplomatist, who is Russian, if not by birth at least by feeling, said last night that nothing was more certain than that peace would be the issue of the conferences, and that the conferences themselves were little more than matter of form. That such a result is owing to the union and identity of views between France and England there can be little doubt. The fact which I have already announced of the satisfactory interview of the English plenipotentiary with the Emperor on Sunday night is confirmed in another quarter not too apt to credit anything favourable to such an alliance. On that occasion it is stated that the Emperor declared no change had taken place in him; that there was no foundation for the rumours which attributed to him a leaning to any other power; that to the alliance with England he should adhere throughout; that this would be made apparent at the conferences by his not abandoning for an instant the line of policy they had traced out together, and which they would follow up to the last; and that the position assumed with respect to Russia should be maintained as firmly by him as by England."

THE MOTION OF MR. LOWE IN A COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE, TO CONSIDER THE LOCAL DUES UPON SHIPPING, has nearly in the issue cost the Government their tenure of office. The motion was for leave to bring in a bill for the abolition of passing tolls, and the regulation of local dues upon shipping. The proposed measure,

first introduced on the 5th, has excited the most vehement opposition, not only from the conservative party, to whom the grossest abuses are as nothing, if they are sheltered behind the vested interests of corporations, but also by those members of parliament who have any local or political connexion with the ports of the realm. The former were led by Mr. D'Israeli, although that gentleman, when Chancellor of Exchequer in 1852, made the following statement in his place in Parliament: "It seems to us indefensible that, when the principle of unrestricted competition is established, the shipping interest of this country should be paying a tax, not for the lights supplied for their benefit (because for them they pay sufficiently), but in order that improvident grants of former sovereigns and parliaments should be counteracted by a peculiar tax raised from them, and in respect to which they get no return whatever. We think, also, that all that which is levied from the shipping interest under the name of 'passing tolls' is a vexation, a grievance, and a burden, to which the shipping of this country, under the present circumstances, ought not to be subjected." The inconsistency of this with Mr. D'Israeli's speech on the 26th, in which he expressed the utmost indignation and alarm, at the proposed measure, and noisily declaimed about the spoliation and confiscation of corporate property, will astonish all who have not been close observers of this gentleman's strange political career. The debate on the second reading was taken on the 25th, and had the question been then pressed to a division, the Government would unquestionably have been beaten, and the Palmerston ministry would by this time have been a matter of history. The opposition was led by Sir Frederic Thesiger, who moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months. The debate was adjourned, and on the following evening Lord Palmerston avoided the fatal consequences of a division, by obtaining leave to withdraw the motion, in order that the subject might be submitted to a select committee. The subject therefore, has not finally dropped. Duties collected from the shipping and imports, as the *Times* very justly observes, must, and for the future will be spent for the benefit of the shipowners, and the importers; they will not be made the property of this or that body of men. As it is too evident, from the experience of the past, that they are not safe in the present hands, it is time that they should be collected and spent by the servants of a government responsible to the whole of the empire. A port necessarily belongs not to the community gathered about it, but to the empire. The duties it collects are upon goods *in transitu*. They are paid in effect, by the public at large; it is then an imperial question, and the British people have a right to demand that no local authorities shall blockade the ports and entrances of this realm, and exact a black mail for their own special uses.

THE ELEVATION OF BARON PARKE TO THE PEERAGE FOR LIFE has threatened, and even still threatens, to bring into serious collision the prerogative of the Crown and the alleged privilege of the House of Lords. The latter, as is well-known, is the highest judicial court of

the realm, possessing the ultimate appellate jurisdiction. It must be obvious that the great body of the peerage are obviously unqualified for the discharge of any such functions, and these consequently devolve solely upon the law lords, that is, upon Lords Brougham, Campbell, St. Leonard's, and the Lord Chancellor; the first three of whom are on their passage from three score and ten to four score years. The consequence of this is, as was justly observed by the *Times*, that the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords has become a scandal and a reproach to that noble body, and an intolerable oppression and grievance to the public. Of our two appellate courts, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has been continually rising, while the House of Lords has been as constantly falling in the opinion of lawyers and litigants, till its high appellate functions have become a source of weakness to the very body of which they were once considered the strength and honour. The neglect of all judicial propriety, the smallness of the numbers, the diversity of the opinions, have struck with astonishment and dismay lawyers trained up in the more seemly and laborious arena of courts, the decisions of which it is the high privilege of the House of Lords to overrule. The grievance has become intolerable, and,—irrespective of any question of prerogative, irrespective of the prejudices of the peers for hereditary nobility, of the anxiety of the lawyers to maintain the dignity of their craft, of the wish of the Government to remedy without legislative action this canker, which eats into the very heart of justice, this poison, which adulterates its sweet waters at their very fountain-head,—will be and must be remedied. The principle of hereditary legislation has not been mentioned during the long discussions of the house, and that for an obvious reason, that it is too palpably absurd to admit of any discussion at all, and yet we find newly created peers, men who have risen from the ranks, foremost in opposition to a measure which while it would mitigate this absurdity, would vastly increase the efficiency of the House of Lords,—would give to its debates a weight and consideration in the esteem of the country which now they do not possess, while it would secure our posterity from the nuisance of a number of needy peers with no means of sustaining their rank, except what may be derived through their own subserviency and importunity from the corruption of the minister of the day. A motion, of which notice has been given by Earl Derby, will bring into discussion the entire subject of the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and although all reformatory movements in reference to such bodies are generally both commenced and carried on from without, yet we hope that the issue of this movement will be to transfer the functions of jurisdiction from the House of Lords to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and thus to relieve the second estate of duties which they are alike incompetent to discharge and unwilling to resign. The motion of Lord Lyndhurst, declaring her Majesty's appointment unconstitutional, was carried by a majority of 92 to 57, and a motion of Lord Glenelg to submit the point to the judges for their collective opinion, was in like manner, negatived.

THE LONG-VEKED QUESTION OF CHURCH-RATES bids fair, we would

hope, to be brought to a settlement during the present session, unless, indeed, the number of gentlemen engaged in proposing and advocating remedies for the existing nuisance should prove mutually counter active. On the 5th, Mr. Packe (than whom certainly no member of the House could be found less capable of leading such a movement) asked leave to introduce a bill abolishing church-rates, except for certain specified purposes, making provision for the maintenance of the fabric and necessary fittings of parish churches, enabling persons to redeem their liability to church-rates, and otherwise amending the law respecting the assessment, levy, and collection of the rate throughout England and Wales. The motion was opposed by Sir W. Clay, who expressed an opinion that it would give greater dissatisfaction than the existing law. Sir Chas. Grey, on the part of the Government, declared that it was their hope and intention to introduce a measure for the settlement of the question, but declined to give a positive assurance on the subject. On the 18th., Sir Wm. Clay's bill, endorsed by Mr. Miall and Mr. Hutt, was printed. Its provisions are as follow: It enacts the total abolition of the impost of church-rates in England and Wales after the passing of the act, with a proviso saving sums borrowed on church-rates. The churchwardens of parishes are, by clause 3, empowered to receive and collect voluntary contributions for the purposes of the parish church, but no disbursement must be made without the approval of auditors, who are to be elected annually (to the number of five), of whom one will be elected by the incumbent, and the other four by the inhabitants in vestry assembled. The auditors must be owners or occupiers of pews in the parish church; or adult male communicants at the said church or some chapel of ease duly licensed by the bishop, and no auditor must be interested in the supply of materials, &c., for the church. The auditors will meet twice a-year to approve and allow the estimates and to pass the accounts of the churchwardens; and the latter are to prepare estimates of the current expenses. The accounts must be open to public inspection. Official disputes are to be decided by the ordinary. Balances in hand are to be given over to succeeding wardens. The reasons for settling this question must needs appear to be urgent when the "leading journal," which cannot be suspected of any nonconformist tendencies, can record such sentiments as these: "The Church of England at this moment does not possess any extraordinary amount of eloquence; it hardly professes to be learned; it eschews philosophy, and lays little claim to those austere virtues which won the reverence of a simpler age. It ought at least to exhibit some of that practical good sense with which most men supply the want of genius, poetry, and romance. . . . The real gist of the bill is the substitution of a voluntary collection for a forced rate, and, though this may seem to give up the whole question as regards the church, yet we cannot help suspecting it will come to this in the long run."

THE PUBLICATION OF THE REPORT OF SIR JOHN MACNEIL AND COLONEL TULLOCH, the Commissioners to inquire into the

management of the British Army in the Crimea, has brought to light, as might have been expected, some most painful and mortifying proofs of incapacity, neglect, and general mismanagement on the part of the officers who were intrusted with important duties in the first campaign. It is now clearly established that our poor soldiers, now beneath the sods of the Crimea, were without shoes or shirts, that they lay on wet ground, that they were worn-out with fatigue, that the toil allotted them in the siege was beyond human power, that they died, not from the natural calamities of war, but from causes all remediable; that their leanness was from starvation, and their dysentery from salt food. All this had been declared *as parte* by unprofessional spectators on the spot at a time when it was not too late to apply a remedy; it is now demonstrated by the copious evidence and the unbiassed report which bear the names of Sir John MacNeill and Colonel Tulloch. Sir John says, "The deaths, including those at Scutari and elsewhere, appear to amount to about 35 per cent. of the average strength of the army present in the Crimea from the 1st of October, 1854, to April 30th, 1855; and it seems clearly established that this excessive mortality is not to be attributed to anything peculiarly unfavourable in the climate, but to overwork, exposure to wet and cold, improper food, insufficient clothing during part of the winter, and insufficient shelter from inclement weather." Evidence equally strong is before us as to the neglect of the horses, the roads, and every other appliance which could conduce to the success of a campaign. Yet, in the face of this frightful evidence, the very individuals inculpated have been rewarded and promoted by the Sovereign! It was not to be supposed that such a procedure, from whatever quarters it was initiated, would be passed over unchallenged by the legislature, or that the parties inculpated, having seats in Parliament, would attempt a justification of themselves. The publication of the report has brought out Lords Lucan and Cardigan, who, in letters to Lord Granville, have denied the charge, made on evidence, and demanded further inquiry. To this the Government have, in an evil hour, consented, and have appointed a second commission of seven military officers to examine witnesses, with a view to test the accuracy of the evidence taken before the former. Upon this Mr. Roebuck has given notice of a motion condemnatory of the Government in the matter, the discussion of which is fixed for the 29th. On the 26th, a further notice was given by Sir John Pakington, that on the introduction of Mr. Roebuck's motion, he should move the following amendment: "That in the opinion of this house, the reports of Sir John MacNeill and Colonel Tulloch ought to have been submitted to the Commander-in-chief before they were presented to Parliament, whereby Her Majesty's Government might have avoided the objectionable proceeding of appointing a commission to inquire, without equal or adequate means of information, into the conclusions at which another commission had arrived; and that this house laments the indication thus given of a want of concert between the offices of the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-chief, which cannot be in-

interrupted without serious injury to the public service. It has also observed, with regret, the premature appointment to posts of importance in this country, while the inquiry of the commissioners was still in progress, of officers whose conduct is impugned by the said reports." After two signal defeats, the one on the Wensleydale Peerage in the House of Lords, and the other on the Shipping Duties Bill in the House of Commons—these two motions seriously threaten the existence of the Palmerston ministry. The seven gentlemen thus irregularly appointed, occupy no enviable position. It has been truly said, that they are merely employed to get the Horse Guards out of a very untoward scrape. It is an insult to the common sense of the nation, that a close commission should be summoned to sit in judgment on the proceedings of commissioners who acted in the light of day. The course of investigation to be pursued by the new board of investigation is said on good authority to be the following: The letters of Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan, which have already been published, will be laid before the board. Statements from Sir Richard Airey and Colonel Gordon will next be read. The Board will then proceed to the examination of evidence. Sir Richard Airey and Colonel Gordon have indicated the witnesses they wish to have examined. These have already been telegraphed for, and will arrive in this country in the course of a fortnight—before the board can be ready to examine them. It is to be presumed that any officers, or others, now in the Crimea, whose evidence the board may deem calculated to throw additional light on the subject of investigation, will be made forthcoming with equal promptitude.

THE PUBLIC ARE STILL LOOKING IN VAIN FOR LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S closing volumes of the "Life and Correspondence of Moore." They were confidently expected in December last, but as yet have not come before us. The principal announcements of the *Publishers' Circular* are the following: Dr. Sandwith's "Journal of the Siege of Kars" has been published, and the edition sold,—a matter scarcely surprising, when the interest the subject has afforded is considered. Among other books of travel and foreign incident, we have Mr. C. H. Scott's "Danes and Swedes, an Account of a Visit to Denmark," &c.; "Diary of Travels in Three Quarters of the Globe," by an Australian Settler, 2 vols., post 8vo.; "Here and There in Portugal," by Hugh Owen, with illustrations after photographs; "The Court of the Khan of the Crimea," translated from the German, by the Hon. W. G. C. Eliot, post 8vo., is now ready.—In Hardwick's "Annual Biography for 1856," we have succinct memoirs of the departed great during the last year; and in an entirely new and enlarged edition of "Men of the Times," the biographies of the living; "The New Illustrated Directory, or Men and Things of Modern England," 4to. As a remarkable instance of the large sale of a pamphlet, we perceive it stated in the *Examiner* that 60,000 copies of the Rev. Mr. Caird's Sermon, preached before the Queen, on "Religion in Common Life," have been sold, and that the publishers have handed over £700 to the author, whose intention, it is added, is to apply the whole sum to the endowment of the Errol Female Indus-

trial School. A new volume, constituting the 25th edition of "Pope's Yearly Journal of Trade," is now ready; it would be difficult to imagine anything more multifarious than its contents; indeed, as a contribution to, or rather as a repository of, commercial and statistical science, it probably has no fellow in our literature; an elaborate Index renders this immense collection of valuable facts available to the ready use of the thousands who in such a country as ours must have continued occasion to consult it.

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.

THE following communication which the Editor received a few days ago, and has now the pleasure of laying before the readers of the *ECLECTIC*, demands his warmest acknowledgments. A more ample and complete vindication of Mr. Lynch,—of the writer of the brief notice of "The Rivulet" in the January number,—and of the conduct of the Editor, cannot be desired. It is peculiarly gratifying to the Editor, since it was entirely unsought on his part, and is signed by ministers of established repute in the Christian church (all, with one exception, of the Congregationalist body), to the majority of whom he is personally a total stranger. Next to the *mens conscia recti*, he would desire no better human protection against the assaults of opinionated bigots and self-constituted Defenders of the Faith, who, to prove their regard for the glory of the Divine Being, violate one of his plainest commands, by bearing false witness against their neighbour, and insanely attempt to "erect religion on the ruins of morality;" who, while loud in professions of attachment to the *doctrines* of the Gospel, prove themselves miserably deficient in those Christian *virtues* of justice and charity, apart from which any professed faith in the most orthodox creed is barren and worthless, "*being alone.*"

February 26th, 1856.

To the Editor of the Eclectic Review.

OUR attention has been called to a matter of controversy between the *Eclectic Review* and the *Morning Advertiser*, on the subject of a book of Christian Hymns, recently published by the Rev. T. T. Lynch.

We are slow to intrude into such controversies, but there appear to us reasons which, in this instance, justify a somewhat unusual course. We have read the reviews, which have thus been brought under our notice, with pain and shame, and feel called upon to express

our utter hatred of such modes of dealing with either a book or a man. The Reviewer has invoked so solemnly the sacred name of evangelical truth to consecrate his criticism, that we, loving the Gospel, feel bound to enter our protest; and one of our number, Mr. Newman Hall, having been severely blamed for his public commendation of Mr. Lynch's poems, we, sharing his convictions, gladly place ourselves at his side.

In a book of "Hymns for the Heart and Voice," we did not look for didactic theological statements, but we found, in a measure which has greatly delighted us, a spring of fresh and earnest piety, and the utterance of an experience eminently Christian, and of no ordinary complexion and range, with clear recognitions of the Work of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Divine Spirit.

We feel no call to review the reviewer of the poems. We content ourselves with simply expressing our conviction that the spirit of the review, the conclusions and judgments of the reviewer, and the manner in which Mr. Lynch is personally referred to, are most false and unrighteous, and that if this is suffered to pass current as a specimen of Christian reviewing, then Christian reviewing will soon become an offence unto all good men.

Concerning the doctrinal beliefs of Mr. Lynch, we are not called upon to offer a judgment. It were to place ourselves and him in a false position, to set up ourselves as his judges in this matter. Some of us have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Lynch, and know him only by his works; most of us know him well, having frequent opportunities of meeting him in close Christian intercourse, and we simply declare, that we love him as a Christian brother, and hold him in high honour, as one who, by severe and patient thought, has gained a great knowledge and understanding of that truth which is held in common by all Evangelical Churches—"the truth as it is in Jesus." Though in our mode of stating many things we should probably differ from him and from each other, we *know* that we have "one Lord and one faith." We find ample evidence of this in the book under consideration, and cordially underwrite your recommendation to your readers, to study it and judge for themselves.

We do not imagine that the sentiments of the articles to which we allude can have any influence over your subscribers, but if you think that this frank statement of a few Christian brethren can help you in maintaining the standard of true Christian Reviewing, we, believing that you have been most unjustly assailed, place it heartily at your disposal.

HENRY ALLON
THOMAS BINNEY.
JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.
JAMES FLEMING.
NEWMAN HALL.
J. C. HARRISON.
EDWARD JUKES,
BENJAMIN KENT.

SAMUEL MARTIN.
S. NEWTH.
JOHN NUNN.
WATSON SMITH.
JAMES SPENCE.
ROBERT ALFRED VAUGHAN.
EDWARD WHITE.

Books Received.

- Alison (Sir Archibald, Bart, D.C.L.). History of England. Vol. V. Pp. 689. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.
- Barnes (Rev. Albert). Essays on Science and Theology. Pp. 376. Knight & Son.
- Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository for January, 1856. Pp. 228. London: Trübner and Co.
- Binney (T.). Practical Power of Faith. 3rd Edition. Pp. 259. Ward and Co.
- Carlile (Rev. Jas., D.D.). Parochial Cemeteries. Pp. 16. Wm. Freeman.
- Carr (T. Swinburne, M.A.). History of Greece. 3rd Ed. Pp. 698. Simpkin & Co.
- Conder (J.). Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation. Pp. 219. J. Snow.
- Cotterill (C. Forster). Civil Freedom of Trade. Pp. 151. Effingham Wilson.
- Cotterill (C. Forster). Letters to the Right Hon. Lord J. Russell, M.P. Pp. 70. London: Effingham Wilson.
- Cox (Rev. John). The Believer's Position and Prospects. Price 10d. Pp. 84. London: Ward and Co.
- Cunningham (J.). Popery and Scotch Episcopacy Compared. 2nd Edition. Pp. 56. Edinburgh: Macphail.
- Dodd (G.). The Food of London. Pp. 524. London: Longman, Brown, and Co.
- Fraser's Magazine for February, No. 314. Pp. 252. J. W. Parker.
- Gilfillan (Rev. G.). Poetical Works of Burns, with Memoir. Pp. 320. J. Nichol.
- Guyon (Gen.). The Battle Fields of Hungary and Asia. Pp. 127. Hamilton & Co.
- Hanna (Rev. W.). Select Works of T. Chalmers. Vol. VII. Pp. 662. Constable & Co.
- Harness (Rev. W., A.M.). The State of the English Bible. Pp. 44. Longmans.
- Horsford (Rev. John). A Voice from the West Indies. Pp. 492. A. Heylin.
- Laurie (Simon S., A.M.). Classified Abridgment of the Minutes of Council on Education. Pp. 48. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.
- Macaulay (Thomas B.). Hallam's Constitutional History. Pp. 115. Longmans.
- Macculloch (G.). Profession and Practice. Pp. 146. Glasgow: Blackie & Son.
- McCosh (Rev. Jas., LL.D. and Geo. Dickie, A.M., M.D.). Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation. Pp. 535. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.
- Manchester Papers: a Series of Occasional Essays. Pp. 96. Price 1s. 6d. Manchester: Dunnill and Palmer.
- Memoir of the Rev. Henry Budd. Pp. 639. London: Seeley, Jackson and Co.
- Pinocchi: a Poem. Pp. 152. John W. Parker.
- Principles of Ethics according to the New Testament. Pp. 68. Macmillan & Co.
- Rhymes by a Republican. Pp. 95. Marlborough and Co.
- Scott (Charles Henry). The Danes and Swedes, an Account of a Visit to Denmark. Pp. 387. London: Longman, Brown, and Co.
- Sketches on Italy; its last Revolution. Pp. 206. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.
- Sunday at Home. Parts XIX. and XX. Religious Tract Society.
- Sturrock (T.). Sabbath School Tune Book. Pp. 176. A. Fullarton and Co.
- The Clayton and Bulwer Convention of the 19th April, 1850, between the British and American Governments. Pp. 63. Trübner and Co.
- The Minister's Wife and my Own. A Memorial of Mrs. J. De Kewer Williams. Pp. 153. W. and T. G. Cash.
- The Tracts, Weekly Tract Society, 62, Paternoster Row.
- The Leisure Hour. Parts XLVII. and XLVIII. Religious Tract Society.
- Thomas (Rev. David). The Homilist. Pp. 432. London: Ward and Co.
- Twiss (Travers, D.C.L.). Letters to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Pp. 32. London: Longman and Co.
- Twiss (Travers, D.C.L.). Two Introductory Lectures on the Science of International Law. Pp. 60. London: Longman, Brown, and Co.
- Ullman (Dr. C.). Reformers before the Reformation. Translated by the Rev. Robert Menzies. Vol. III. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.
- Vere (A.). An Inquiry into Speculative and Experimental Science. Pp. 68. London: Longman, Brown, and Co.
- Westwood (T.). Foxglove Beils; a Book of Sonnets. Pp. 72. Gilbert Brothers.
- Wilson (Prof.). Noctes Ambrosianæ. Vol. III. Pp. 382. W. Blackwood & Sons.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

APRIL, 1856.

- Art. I.—*Giambatt. Passeri—Vite de' Pitt. Scul. e Archit. ; che hanno lavorato in Roma morti dal 1641, fino al 1673.* Roma. 1772.
2. *Filippo Baldinucci—Notizie de' Professori del disegno da Cimabue in quà, &c.* Vol. VI. Firenze. 1728. 4to.
3. *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa.* By Lady Morgan. New Edition. London: David Bryce, 48, Paternoster Row. 1855.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the lustre of Italian art had begun to decline, and, with the close of the century, its brightness departed. But during that last 100 years many eminent painters flourished, as if the arts were unwilling to forsake the land which had so long been their home. In the foremost rank of these great masters, stands Salvator Rosa, one of the most remarkable characters of the age in which he lived; distinguished, not only by daring and original genius, but by a wonderful versatility of talent, which enabled him to excel as actor, musician, poet, and artist. His chequered and romantic career has been often described, and few lives present such varied and attractive materials to the notice of the art-historian. His story has been recorded in the voluminous collections of Baldinucci, Passeri, and Pascoli; and it is from these contemporary sources that subsequent writers have principally derived their information. Amongst his modern biographers, a prominent place is due to Lady Morgan. It is true, indeed, that her ladyship is somewhat prone to exaggerate the genius, and to palliate the defects of her favourite painter, and endeavours to place him on a loftier eminence in the temple of fame, than even his original and splendid talents entitle him to occupy; but of this, perhaps, we ought not to complain, since

her enthusiastic admiration for the brilliant Neapolitan, has lent a vigour and liveliness to her style, and a vividness to her descriptions, which a colder and calmer historian would have vainly striven to attain. One French writer, however, makes no allowance for the ardour of Lady Morgan's admiration, or the warmth of her colouring, denying the claims of her work to the title of a biography in the following sweeping terms :—

“ Parmi ses biographies, nous ne comprenons pas Lady Morgan, parceque, dans son dernier ouvrage, intitulé ‘vie et siècle de S. Rosa,’ cette dame a fait le roman plutôt que l’histoire de ce peintre.”

Poor Lady Morgan! Hard terms these; but the censure is only in part deserved, although it is certainly true that she often seems to forget that a picture must have shadows as well as lights, and too frequently attempts to extenuate the faults which attached to the fine and susceptible organization of her hero.

At the time of the birth of Salvator Rosa, more than 350 years had elapsed since the revival of painting by Cimabue and the shepherd-boy of Vespignano. It had risen and increased with a bright and steady lustre, till, at length, it culminated in Michael Angelo and Raphael; from their era, the light began to flicker and fade, and, when the greatest master of the Venetian school, the illustrious Titian, closed his long career in 1576, the shadows were already beginning to gather, and the long bright day of art in Italy was hastening to its close. There was little of boldness and originality among the existing schools; mannerists and copyists, tame, correct, and insipid, abounded, whose works gave back but a feeble reflection of the genius of their great predecessors, and who were more occupied by petty jealousies, or in asserting the rival claims of their respective schools, than in endeavouring to improve the art of painting. The founders of the Eclectic school of Bologna, and their immediate successors seemed, indeed, for a time, to restore the splendour of the past; but this was but a transitory brightness, for, with the Caracci and their scholars, the promise of this school expired; and Salvator Rosa may, perhaps, be regarded as the last Italian master whose works were distinguished by genius and originality. In other parts of Europe, however, as if to compensate for the decadence of Italy, the art of painting was most successfully cultivated. The schools of Spain, late in springing up, were now fertile in great artists, and were soon to reach their highest development in Velasquez, Alonso Cano, and Murillo. France could claim as her own Claude

Lorraine, and Nicholas Poussin, whilst Holland and the Netherlands could boast of Rubens and Vandyke.

Salvator Rosa was born at Renella, in the immediate vicinity of Naples, in 1615, and died at Rome in 1673. During his youth the republic of art in Naples was ruled by the "Fazzione de' Pittori," or factions of the painters, which were under the domination of Guiseppe Ribera, better known as Spagnoletto, and of his partizans Correnzio and Caracciolo; who, unworthy of their high vocation, did not scruple to employ poison and the dagger to gratify professional rivalry or private revenge. The followers of the Caracci were the artists of whom they were especially jealous. Their own excellence lay in an accurate and powerful representation of nature, often under repulsive aspects, and they envied or despised the nobler expression and finer feeling evinced in the works of the school of Bologna.

The lives of many of the Neapolitan painters of this stormy period were fertile in incident, and full of romantic adventure. The life of Caravaggio, the founder of the school, was unsettled and turbulent; his end most melancholy. At Rome, he killed his antagonist in a duel, and was obliged to fly to Naples, where he achieved many triumphs; but his restless spirit hurried him to Malta, where, in recompense of his noble picture of the grand master, he received a superb gold chain and the knightly cross. His pugnacity, however, was uncontrollable, and provoked another duel, in which he wounded a noble cavalier; he was, in consequence, thrown into prison, but made his escape to Syracuse, and afterwards to Messina and Naples. At Naples he got involved in a quarrel with some soldiers, was wounded, and obliged to take refuge on board a felucca bound for Rome. He was arrested at a little port where the felucca anchored; and, when released, found that she had set sail with all his wealth on board. He then traversed the burning sands under a vertical sun, was seized with brain fever, and wandered through the deserts of the Pontine marshes, till he arrived at Ponte Ercoli, where he expired in 1609, "a year" (says Bellori) "fatal to painting, for in that same year also died Annibale Caracci, and Frederico Zuccaro." Riberas' career was likewise remarkable. He long remained the head of the Neapolitan school, the favourite of the Spanish viceroys, the absolute judge and dictator in all matters connected with art; but quarrels with his wife, and the seduction of his daughter by Don Juan, son of King Philip, exasperated his haughty temper, and, in his fifty-sixth year, he suddenly disappeared from Naples, and his end is yet involved in mystery. The life of Matia Preti, surnamed "Il cavalier Calabrese," affords a third biography abounding in strange adventures and ever varying circum-

stance. He was descended from an ancient family in Calabria, and received the cross of the knights of Malta from the grand master Paul de Lascaris; but was obliged to leave Malta in consequence of a duel, in which he severely wounded his antagonist. Spain afforded him a refuge, and he afterwards travelled in Italy, painting in Venice, Florence, and Bologna. At Rome he again engaged in a duel with a rival artist, whom he dangerously wounded, and was obliged to fly. He then repaired to Naples, when quarantine had been proclaimed on account of the plague, was stopped by a sentinel, on attempting to enter the city, ran him through the body, disarmed a companion, and was at length arrested and imprisoned. He was unknown, had no passport, and was sentenced to death, but saved himself by offering the viceroy to execute the votive picture intended to be placed on the city gates by the committee of the Sediles. His troubles and adventures were, however, not yet over, for he was nearly shot by a farmer whom he had painted as one of the flayers in a picture of St. Bartholomew. At length he was recalled to Malta by the grand master, and commissioned to adorn with paintings the principal church in that city. There he spent the last forty years of his life; his stormy youth was past; he laboured constantly in his vocation, and gave largely to the poor; was made commander of Syracuse, and died in his eighty-sixth year, after having survived seven grand masters. His chief work is the "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence" in the church of the Borgo.

The life of Salvator, also, abounded in that romance and vicissitude which seemed inseparable from the lives of the Neapolitan artists of this period. His father was Vito Antonio Rosa, an architect and land surveyor; and his mother Giulia Grecca, was descended from a family of artists. Both were exceedingly poor; in their experience the fine arts and starvation were closely allied, and they consequently resolved that their son should not be an artist, and, above all, that he should not be a painter. The richest preferments, the greatest powers were then lodged in the hands of the clergy, and it was, therefore, determined that a churchman Salvator should become. The child, however, in spite of his future holy vocation, proved a perfect imp of mischief, and soon earned the name of Salvatorello; but, even at this early period, the subtle and brilliant organization of the future painter of "Cataline's Conspiracy" displayed its germs in a passion for music and drawing. Like his great Spanish contemporary, Velasquez, he covered every scrap of paper he could procure with rude representations of whatever he saw; picturesque scenery and fragments of antique architecture attracting his childish attention, and showing thus

early the dawning of that genius which afterwards rendered him the greatest landscape painter of Italy. His first inspirations were drawn from the magnificent scenery of Pausilippo and Vesuvius; and, in spite of chiding and discouragement, when shut up to do penance for his wanderings, he covered the walls of his father's dilapidated mansion with drawings from the scenery of his favourite haunts, executed with burnt sticks. He was doomed to expiate this fault by attendance at all the services of the great church of the Certosa, during the season of Lent. One day he brought with him to the church his bundle of burnt sticks, and amused himself by drawing with these upon the blank spaces between the pillars of the magnificent cloisters. Whilst engaged in this sacrilegious employment, the prior and procuratore issued from the choir, ready armed with scourges, with which, at this season, it was their duty to flog the lay brothers of the convent, and a tremendous flagellation, administered with most holy severity, was the reward of young Salvator's devotion to the fine arts. But the love of painting was too deeply seated, too thoroughly identified with his whole being, to be thus scourged out of him. His aversion to the ecclesiastical profession was invincible; and vain were the efforts of a devotee mother, and the schemings of a poor and ambitious father, to alter the fixed bent of his genius. He was sent to the Collegio della Congregazione Somasca, belonging to the Jesuits, and situated in the older part of Naples. Here he studied the classics with enthusiasm and success, and amassed that varied erudition displayed in his future pictures and poems. When the classical studies, so congenial to his fervid and imaginative temperament, were completed, he was obliged to devote himself to the barbarous scholastic philosophy, upon whose quibbles and sophisms, so many noble intellects have wasted their energies. But to him, this study was utterly distasteful; he could not endure the yoke of Aristotle and Scotus, nor that of the Jesuit fathers; and the result was his expulsion from the college, before he had completed its full curriculum. He was in his sixteenth year when he thus abandoned all hopes of ecclesiastical preferment.

For some time after his return to the ruined *casaccia* of his father, on the hill of Renella, Salvator appears to have devoted most of his attention to the study and practice of music. His *canzone* became the most popular in Naples; he himself had a delightful voice, which he accompanied on the lute,

"And tuned the softest serenade
That e'er on starlit waters played
At midnight to Italian maid."

Dr. Burney, when at Rome in 1770, purchased the music-book of Salvator from his grand-daughter, and in his "History of Music," after commenting on the fact that the historians of Italian poetry, though often mentioning Salvator as a satirist, seem to have been ignorant of his lyrical compositions, he remarks of this book: "Other single airs by Luigi and Legrenze, the words by Salvator Rosa, fill up the volume, in which there is nothing so precious as the musical and poetical compositions of Rosa."

About this time Francesco Francanzani, a talented young artist and a scholar of Spagnoletto, married the beautiful but portionless sister of Salvator, whose first efforts as a painter were made in the studio of his brother-in-law. He manifested remarkable talent even in these crude attempts; but his genius was then, as it continued throughout life, too impetuous to submit to any system of rules or academical training. He soon left his relative's studio for the great storehouse of nature, departing at dawn with the materials for oil painting, and spending the whole day in communion with nature. He not only sketched but coloured on the spot, and to this early practice he probably owed much of the freshness, force, and truth which his landscapes subsequently displayed.

At this time it was the custom in Italy for young artists to leave home in order to make the tour of the most celebrated schools and galleries of painting. This was termed making their *giro*. Salvator complied with the ordinary routine, but in a most extraordinary way. Others might repair to the schools of Rome, Florence, Venice, or Bologna; he determined to be the scholar of nature alone. He loved to wander amidst the wilds of Calabria, the solitudes of the Abruzzi, the ruins of Pæstum, or along those winding shores where, by the blue Mediterranean, lie the ruins of the once famous cities of Magna Grecia. The deep ravines, the rugged rocks, the lofty mountains, the dark woods, the ever varying sky, the storm-lashed sea, were the objects of his study, and the teachers before whom he bowed. He was eighteen when he started on his *giro*, and whilst engaged in studying amidst the mountains of Calabria, the wildest and most elevated of the Apennines, he was captured by banditti, with whom he remained for a long time, acquiring that accurate acquaintance with their costume and manner of life, which afterwards proved so useful to him.

Salvator returned home from his wanderings only to receive the last sigh of his father, and to have the burden of a helpless and utterly destitute family thrown entirely upon his shoulders. He was then a youth under twenty, without friends, money, or

interest. His portfolio teemed with splendid sketches, his hand was rapid and facile, his genius fertile in resources; but the curse of poverty was upon him, and he had to labour all day in a miserable garret, and then to steal out at nightfall to sell his day's work to the *rivenditori* at their own prices, in order to procure a morsel of bread.

At length his fine picture of "Hagar and Ishmael," exposed for sale in the shop of a dealer, attracted the notice of the splendid and luxurious Lanfranco, who had arrived in Naples to execute the principal paintings in the church of the Jesuits. He not only bought it, but gave general orders to his pupils to buy all the pictures they could find bearing the signature of Salvatoriello; and, when he left for Rome, he took this picture with him, and it became the principal ornament of his gallery at La Vigna. Lanfranco's applause brought Salvator into notice, but it also roused against him the envious and ruffianly mob of the Neapolitan artists, who were further exasperated by the satires which he composed and sung in answer to their attacks. Aniello Falcone, however, one of the best pupils of Ribera, and particularly distinguished as a battle painter, became his friend, opened to him his own school, and introduced him to that of Spagnoletto; and from their instruction and example, Salvator undoubtedly derived great benefit, although his love for nature remained as intense, and his independence and originality, both of manner and thought, continued as marked, as before his connexion with these two distinguished artists.

Wearied at last by fruitless struggles for fame and fortune at Naples, Salvator determined to repair to Rome, and set out on his journey thither in his twentieth year. Urban VIII. then wore the tiara, and Lorenzo Bernini, architect, painter, and sculptor, was supreme in all matters connected with art in Rome. Salvator, on his arrival, with his usual independence, kept aloof from all the factions and schools of art. He spent days amongst the ruins of ancient Rome, sketching the relics of departed splendour, or wandered amidst the solitude and desolation of the Campagna. He did not, however, neglect the churches and galleries of art, in which he particularly admired the works of Michael Angelo and Titian. Here, as at Naples, the *rivenditori*, the lowest class of dealers, were his only customers, and he was frequently a prey to the most pinching poverty. He has commemorated the sufferings of this gloomy period in a cantata, a wild and melancholy composition, which is given at full length by Lady Morgan. His wanderings and hardships at Rome brought on a severe attack of malaria, and

he was obliged to return to Naples to recruit his shattered strength by the balm of his native air.

On his return to Naples, the cabals which had formerly obstructed his success, were again organized against him, and his prospects seemed darker than ever; but better days were in store for him. An old fellow-student, who had been made major-domo to Cardinal Breanaccia, invited Salvator to accompany him to Rome, and offered an asylum in the cardinal's palace. Arrived at Rome, his independence and impatience of control a second time obstructed his progress. He would not enlist himself among the *seguaci*, or followers of Andrea Sacchi, Pietro da Cortona, Nicholas Poussin, or Bernini. He studied much in the Sistine Chapel, where the glorious frescoes of Michael Angelo were yet undimmed by the incense of centuries. His patron, the cardinal, gave him his first commission to paint the altar-piece in the Chiesa della Morte, at Viterbo, of which see he was bishop; and he also employed him to paint the frescoes of the episcopal palace, the only frescoes Salvator ever executed; these and some beautiful *quadretti*, or oil paintings of a cabinet size, gradually increased the reputation of their author at Rome. He himself, however, was dissatisfied with his dependant position in the cardinal's household, and after a residence of a year he left him, and went to Naples, where he was better received than before, as the enmity of the Neapolitan artists was at that period concentrated upon the luckless Domenichino, whom they persecuted to death or poisoned. About this time he painted his "Prometheus" and sent it to be exhibited at Rome, where it united the suffrages of the majority in its favour, and this earnest of success, joined to the representations of his friends, induced Salvator to make another effort to establish himself at Rome. The Academy of St. Luke, however, like too many academies before and since, did not regard merit as the only passport to membership, and refused to admit Salvator within its ranks.

The carnival of 1639 was celebrated shortly after his return to Rome, and the lighter accomplishments of Salvator were destined to achieve for him a reputation and success which his daring and splendid genius had failed to obtain. He was an admirable and graceful actor as well as a charming musician; and his public appearance, towards the close of the carnival, as Signor Formica, a Neapolitan actor, in the character of Coviello, one of the "Sette maschere d'Italia" (Seven Masques of Italy), was received with rapturous and universal applause. All flocked round the wonderful actor, whose racy humour, bitter satire, and Neapolitan patois rendered his performance irresistibly

attractive; and their pleasure was equalled by their surprise, when the raising of the masque disclosed the handsome features of the painter of the "Prometheus." All Rome rang with his fame. He became the darling of society,

"Gayest in revel, masque, or ball,
He glittered through the carnival."

Private theatricals were then the rage in Rome, and Salvator soon became the most popular and distinguished performer, far outshining Bernini, who, in his capacity of universal genius, had opened a theatre in the spacious hall of the Fonderia of the Vatican.

His success at the carnival was the turning point of Salvator's fortune. Commissions began to pour in upon him, which his wonderful freedom of brush and facility of handling, enabled him to execute with unusual rapidity. He could finish by nightfall a cabinet picture begun in the morning. As a landscape painter he was compelled to enter the lists with his great contemporaries Nicholas and Gaspar Poussin and Claude Lorraine, all then resident at Rome. The progress of the school of the *paesanti* had been singularly rapid; for, although landscape was cultivated by Titian, by the Caracci and their pupils, and by some of the highest names in the Roman school, it was always subordinated to history. Adam Elzheimer was the founder of the school, considered as a separate and distinct branch of painting. He was born in 1574, and died in 1620; and yet, only twenty years after his death, the Poussins, Claude, and Salvator carried landscape to a degree of excellence, which the practice and experience of more than two centuries, has enabled none of their successors to surpass. The pontificate of Urban VIII., which beheld these illustrious rivals assembled at Rome, was deservedly called "Il secolo d'oro dei Paesanti," (The golden age of landscape painters.) Poussin and Claude, for the most part, loved to depict nature under a smiling and tranquil aspect. The serene heavens of the one, the glowing sunsets of the other, represented her as always beneficent, and bounteous, and beautiful. They worshipped nature in the calm; Salvator in the storm. It was reserved for his melancholy and fervid genius to depict her clothed in gloom, and wielding the elements of wrath and destruction. His views of nature had been modified by the experience of a childhood and youth embittered by poverty and hardships, and by the neglect and opposition which had long thwarted his onward progress. His disposition, too, was strongly tinged with melancholy; and we need not, therefore, wonder that such a combination of circumstances, led him to

prefer those scenes in which nature wears the garb of a stern avenger, to those in which she appears under the aspect of a kind and beneficent mother. His shipwrecked mariners, and travellers waylaid by banditti, his trees shattered by thunderbolts, his gloomy forests, foaming torrents, wild ravines, and cloud-wrapt skies, must always excite wonder and admiration from their terrible originality and truth.

There was one striking difference between Salvator and his great rivals, a difference which told very much in his favour among the Roman people. They, beyond the limits of their painting-rooms, were ordinary and common-place individuals, whilst he, on the other hand, was scarcely less distinguished as a musician, poet, and actor, than as a painter. These numerous claims to popularity produced their effect, and Salvator soon became generally known and spoken of by the populace as "Il Signor," or "Nostro Signor Salvatore."

Between 1639 and 1647 he painted some of his finest pictures. His "Sorceress," "Prodigal Son," "Purgatory," "Pindar and Pan," belong to this period. He was proud and sensitive upon the subject of his professional dignity, and would admit of no dictation with regard to the subject, or haggling about the price of his works. Of this Lady Morgan narrates the following example :

"A Roman prince, more notorious for his pretensions to *virtù* than for his liberality to artists, paused before one of the landscapes in Salvator's gallery, and exclaimed,

"'Salvator, *mio*, I am strangely tempted to purchase this picture ; tell me at once the lowest price ?'

"'Two hundred scudi,' replied Salvator, carelessly.

"'Two hundred scudi ! *ohime !* that *is* a price, but we'll talk of it another time.'

"He then left, and on his return soon after, again inquired the price.

"'Three hundred scudi,' was the sullen reply.

"'Corpo di Bacco !' cried the astonished prince, '*mi burla, vostra Signoria*, you are joking ! and so *addio*, Signor Rosa.'

"Next day the prince returned with, 'Well, Signor Amico, how goes the market to-day—have prices fallen ?'

"'Four hundred scudi is the price to-day,' replied Salvator. 'The fact is, your excellency would not now obtain this picture from me at any price ;' and snatching the panel on which it was painted from the wall, he broke it into a hundred pieces."

On another occasion, a singular contest of generosity took place between the painter and the Constable Colonna, who had commissioned from him two great pictures. These Salvator

finished with much care, and then sent them, without saying a word about the price. The constable, in return, transmitted him a blank cheque to fill up with what sum he chose; but this was sent back as it came. A well filled purse of gold was then sent; and Salvator, seeing himself thus nobly repaid, painted two other pictures, but for them the constable also sent purses of gold; a fifth and a sixth picture were then painted and dispatched; and for these too, the constable paid in the same princely way, and, at last sent a gentleman bearing two purses of gold, to wait on Salvator, to thank him, and to say, that the contest between them was unequal, and that he owned himself vanquished, as it was not so easy for him to fill purses with gold, as for Salvator to paint pictures. The artist, however, was determined not to be outdone in generosity, and presented the messenger with a beautiful sea-piece.

At this period, Naples was almost as badly governed by the Spanish viceroys as, at present, by the Bourbon Ferdinand. Then, as now, the people were ground down by taxes, the servants of the government were, then as now, venal and profligate, the internal administration oppressive, and the prisons full of political offenders. The native nobility were systematically discountenanced by the Spanish viceroys, and the flower of the people were sent to shed their blood on a foreign soil, in the endless wars waged by the monarchs of Spain. The viceroys viewed Naples—as the Wagner did England—as good only for the gold that it would yield; and Capelcatro, in his annals states that the Count Monterey, during his administration of six years, had extorted 45,000,000 of ducats. At his departure, forty ships were required to carry away his effects, and 4,500 packages were filled with rich furniture, gold and silver plate, and precious works of art. The people were ground to the dust by these intolerable exactions; and the historians of that time inform us, that, when poor men from the provinces came to the capital, to represent to the government officials, that nothing remained to them with which to satisfy the demands of the tax-gatherers, they received for answer that they might sell the honour of their wives and daughters, and pay the duties with the price of their prostitution.

Fruit, the favourite food of the people, had for a long time been exempt from taxation, but it also was at last taxed. There needed but this: popular exasperation became uncontrollable. The fire that had long smouldered, at length burst into a blaze. The people rose against their oppressors, headed by the fisherman Masaniello, and, at first, carried everything before them. The *gabelles* on all articles of food were abolished, and the viceroy and his adherents obliged to take refuge in the Castello

Nuovo. Salvator was not one to stand tamely by, or to luxuriate in affluence and repose when his countrymen were striving for their liberties. He joined Masaniello; and several sketches of the fisherman-conspirator and his chief associates, are to be found amongst his etchings. Aniello Falcone, Salvator's intimate friend, had lost a pupil and kinsman, who had been murdered by a Spanish soldier in open day; the murderer was protected; upon which, the friends of the deceased, seeing no hope of justice, determined themselves to avenge his death. A band was formed, headed by Falcone, and called in allusion to the tragedy, which had caused its formation "*La compagna della morte*." Salvator enrolled himself in its ranks, and the whole body offered their services to Masaniello. When the insurrection was at length suppressed, and Masaniello assassinated, Falcone fled to France, and Salvator took refuge in Rome. There he gave expression to his feelings of regret and disappointment at the failure of his country's struggle for liberty by composing his noble poem of "*La Babilonia*," which, however, like his other literary compositions, is more remarkable for vigour and boldness of thought, and for energy of language, than for smoothness and elegance of diction. About this time he also painted two of his most celebrated pictures "*L'umana Fragilità*," and "*La Fortuna*." They were the results of much deep thought and bitter experience of life, and indicated that tendency to melancholy which often threw its dark shadow across the brightness of his career. "*La Fragilità*," represents a beautiful female with her hair wreathed with flowers, and seated on a glass globe; in her arms is a lovely infant, whose twin brother at her feet is blowing air bubbles, whilst an older child is setting fire to some flax twined round a spindle. Above this group, hovers the grim and threatening figure of Death, with this motto "*Nasci pæna, vita labor, necesse mori*." "*La Fortuna*" (now in the possession of the Duke of Beaufort) is a painted satire. It depicts a lovely woman pouring from a cornucopia, a shower of riches, jewels, crowns, mitres, and wealth of all kinds. The candidates for these are represented as unclean beasts, reptiles or birds of prey, who, in their efforts to appropriate the golden shower, have trampled under foot, the symbols of genius, philosophy, and liberty. The ass is decked with orders; the swine wears a mitre; a fox has assumed a cross; and wolves, tigers, and vultures have shared amongst themselves crowns and coronets.

These two remarkable pictures were publicly exhibited, and were received with acclamation by the populace, who were not slow to apply the satire contained in the latter.

"The nose of one powerful ecclesiastic, the eye of another, were detected in the brutish physiognomy of the swine, who were treading pearls and flowers under their feet. A cardinal was recognized in an ass, scattering with his hoof the laurel and myrtle which lay in his path; and in an old goat reposing on roses, some there were who even fancied the infallible lover of Donna Olympia, the Sultana-queen of the Quirinal."—*Lady Morgan*, p. 170.

The cry of atheism and sedition was raised by his enemies, and, to avoid the fatal grasp of the Inquisition, Salvator was obliged to draw up an apology for his picture, in which he disowned all intentions of any personal application; and, even then, it was only the powerful protection of Prince Mario Gigli, the worthy descendant of Angostino Gigli the friend of Raphael, that saved him from the resentment of the powerful body, whose wrath he had thus rashly provoked. The persecution to which he was exposed, in consequence of the exhibition of these pictures, discouraged and irritated Salvator; and he accepted with pleasure the invitation of his friend Prince Giovanni Carlo de Medici, to repair to the court of his brother at Florence. There he was received with the utmost kindness, and an annual income assigned him whilst he remained in the service of the court, besides a stipulated price for each of his pictures. This cordial welcome and the applause which everywhere greeted him, restored the tone of Salvator's mind; he rapidly recovered his spirits, and vied with the cavaliers of the court in the number and splendour of his entertainments. He instituted the academy of the "Percossi," which soon became one of the most brilliant in Italy. Its members consisted chiefly of the guests and friends of Salvator. They were associated for the purpose of enjoying good cheer, witty conversation, and above all, private theatricals, for which Cardinal Leopold de Medici lent his beautiful Casino di San Marco. The pieces produced were composed and acted solely by the academicians; Salvator himself, and Messer Francesco Maria Agli, a Bolognese merchant, being the most talented performers.

An interesting chapter, in the history of art might be written upon the subject of the friendships of great painters with men of distinguished literary merit. The instances are very numerous; and, in almost all cases, the association of their different talents seems to have proved a source of pleasure and advantage. Thus the friendship of Raphael and Angostino Gigli, of Titian and Ariosto, of Tintoretto and Aretino, of Salvator and Baldinucci, and in our own country, of Barry and Sir Joshua Reynolds with Burke, tend to show, both the frequency of such unions, and the mutual benefits which result from them. At Florence, as at Rome, Salvator's friends were

selected from those most distinguished for talents and acquirements. At the memorable *Simposi* which used to follow the performances of the "Percossi," Torricelli, Cavalcante, Ricciardi, Filippo, Aretino, Salviati, Lippi, Minucci, and a crowd of other wits and *savans*, were wont to assemble round the hospitable board of the great Neapolitan. Amongst these Lorenzo Lippi, the painter-poet, was Salvator's most intimate friend, and the favourite companion of his walks in the beautiful environs of Florence. Lippi was the author of "*Il Malmantile racquistato*," a mock-heroic poem, intended as a satire upon the feeble and mannered literature, which, in the seventeenth century, had succeeded the nervous prose of Machiavelli, and the fascinating poetry of Ariosto. Its success was unprecedented, and it became almost as much the fashion in England and France as in Italy.

It is related of Salvator, that, during his residence at Florence, he was one day discovered by a friend in the act of playing on a very indifferent harpsichord. "How can you keep such an old rattletrap in the house?" exclaimed his friend, "it is not worth a single scudo." "Not worth a scudo?" rejoined the painter, "I will bet you what you please, that when next you behold it, it shall be worth a thousand. The bet was accepted; and Salvator forthwith painted a landscape on the lid, which not only sold for 1000 scudi, but was esteemed one of his master-pieces. On the end of the instrument he also painted a skull and some music books. In 1823 both these pictures were exhibited at the British Institution.

A handsome female domestic, with the title of "*gouvernante*," was at this period an almost universal part of the establishment of the unmarried in Italy. The Pope himself had set the fashion, by consigning the keeping of the keys of St. Peter to the fair hands of Olympia Aldobrandini. Salvator was a faithful son of the church, and Donna Lucrezia was a fine model: what wonder, then, that he should receive her into his house, with the title of "*sua governante*"? Lady Morgan tells us that he always mentioned her in his letters with respect, and that she accompanied him in his visits to the villas of his friends, the illustrious Maffei, and even to the houses of the most respectable ecclesiastics. To some extent, indeed, his letters bear out her ladyship's assertions, and he married Lucrezia on his death-bed; but of this marriage, and of the lady, a French biographer of Salvator gives the following disparaging account:

"Il épousa pendant cette maladie, sa maîtresse, qui étoit une Florentine nommée Lucrezia, qui lui avoit servi de modèle, et dont il avoit eu plusieurs enfans. La répugnance qu'il eut pour ce mariage, fut extrême; cette femme qu'il connoissoit depuis plusieurs années pour un mauvais sujet, et de très basse extraction, en avoit toujours

agi avec lui plus en maîtresse qu'en domestique, ses faveurs partagées entre lui et ses amis, sans trop de mystère, la fit paroître en ce moment, un objet odieux, et qui pouvoit blesser les sentimens d'honneur qui lui avoient toujours été chers. Enfin ses amis et son confesseur y opposèrent que la religion pouvoit leur inspirer de plus fort; et voyant que les paroles les plus tendres étoient sans effet, un d'eux lui dit avec transport : *Signor Salvatore, questo vi conviene fare se volete andare in Paradiso. Se andar non si può in Paradiso*, repondit il, *senza esser cornuto, converrà farlo*.—Abrégé de la vie des plus fameux peintres. A Paris. 1762. Tom. ii.

After a residence of nine years at Florence, Salvator determined on returning to Rome. His departure was as triumphant as his entrance. Elegies, sonnets, and poetical adieus poured in upon him from all quarters and from the most distinguished names at the Court of Tuscany, contributing to increase the deep impressions of tenderness and regret with which he always looked back upon the happy years he had spent in the society of his Florentine friends.

Upon his return to Rome, Salvator purchased a handsome house, and furnished it magnificently. It was situated on the Piazza della Trinità del Monte, upon the Pincian Hill, commanding superb views of the Capitol, the Campus Martius, the groves of the Quirinal, the dome of St. Peter's, and the vast, but ruined palaces "where the Cæsars dwelt, and dwell the tuneless birds of night." Here, too, amidst the delicious gardens of the Villa de Medici, stood, in the open air, the most glorious statues of antiquity, the Niobe, the Wrestlers, the Venus de Medici. It was a fit abode for a passionate lover of beauty in nature and in art. Salvator's house was placed between the dwellings of Poussin and Claude, who, like himself, in the bright warm evenings of Italy, loved often to contemplate the glorious landscape commanded by the Pincian Mount.

The envy and malice which had so long and frequently embittered the life of Salvator began to display themselves soon after his return to Rome. His genius, his success, his independence, and

" That sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world had stung."

had made many enemies, who were not slow to avail themselves of the slightest pretext to assail his principles and his reputation, and these attacks galled his proud and sensitive nature to the quick. He answered, and in some degree silenced his accusers, by the composition of his cutting and pungent satire, "*L'Invidia*." He was also, in some degree, compensated by the flattering circumstance of his being chosen from amongst all the painters of Rome to execute a picture, to be presented by the Papal Nuncio to Louis XIV. This was the superb battle-piece now in the Louvre.

Salvator, at times, appears to have regretted the excessive warmth and bitterness into which he had occasionally been betrayed in his satirical writings. In a letter to his friend Ricciardi, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Pisa, he says, "It is sufficient to tell you that peace has been utterly banished from my mind, on account of those same blessed satires, which ere I had commenced, I wish I had broken my neck." These satires are six in number; the first is on music; the second, on poetry; the third, on painting; the fourth, on war; "La Babilonia" is the fifth; and "L'Invidia" the last of the series. None of them were published until after their author's death: a good edition was brought out in London in 1793, with an excellent biography prefixed by Giovanni Balcetti.

In spite of the immense prices which he at this time received for his pictures, and of the numerous commissions that poured in upon him, Salvator's extravagant mode of life, and princely liberality to his friends, effectually prevented him from amassing money. This extravagance, which his friends had long deplored, and in vain endeavoured to check, was at last arrested by the pointed satire of his friend Paolo Minucci's cook, upon whom Salvator had bestowed the nickname of "Il filosofo negro." On one occasion Salvator was defending his notorious extravagance on philosophical principles, and concluded his arguments by observing, "One thing is certain, 'Il mio filosofo negro,' that in the hour I have fooled away with you I could have earned 100 scudi." His antagonist's reply was ready and pointed:

"Suppose your philosophership lost your voice by a cold, your hand by an accident, or your leg by a fall, Signor Dio, what would then become of this same philosophy? Where then would be our famous Signor Rosa? Signor Rosa, the improvisatore! Signor Rosa, the marvellous painter! Signor Rosa, the poet and actor! No, marry, it would then be Signor Rosa, the cripple! Signor Rosa, the pauper! Signor Rosa, the mendicant! Santa Madre! I see him now standing at the porch of one of our holy churches, with his staff and his poor-box, stunning the good devotees as they pass, with "carità, Signori Christiani, miei!" Philosophy in sooth! I could never see the beauty of that philosophy which leads to the *staff and poor's-box*." —*Lady Morgan*, p. 218.

Such was the effect of this lecture from the kitchen-philosopher, that Salvator, from that time, began to retrench his extravagance, to accumulate and economize; though he was still distinguished for frequent acts of generosity and benevolence.

In the course of the year 1662 he made an excursion from Rome to Loretto, and his intense love of nature is strongly displayed by the following passage in one of his letters to Ricciardi, giving an account of this journey: "There is a strange mixture of savage wildness, and of domestic scenery, of plain

and precipice, such as the eye delights to wander over. I can safely swear to you, that the tints of these mountains by far exceed all I have ever observed under your Tuscan skies; and as for your *Verucola*, which I once thought a dreary desert, I shall henceforth deem it a fair garden, in comparison with the scenes I have now explored in these Alpine solitudes. O God! how often have I sighed to possess, how often since called to mind those solitary hermitages which I passed on my way! How often wished that fortune had reserved for me such a destiny!" During this year he exhibited three fine pictures, at the exhibition of San Giovanni at Rome; and in 1663, painted what he himself called "*mio quadro grande*" "*Catiline's Conspiracy*," now in the Palazzo Pitti, at Florence. This is generally considered the most impassioned and characteristic of his historical paintings, which, as a class, are far inferior to his landscapes; although, with a strange inconsistency, he himself affected to despise landscape, and piqued himself upon his skill as a painter of history, saying to a cardinal who wished to see his landscapes, "*E sempre vani paese e marrinelli, ed io son pittore di cose grandi, di figure eroiche.*"

At the annual exhibition at Rome, in 1668, many of the noblest works of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, the Caracci, and their followers were collected together, and Salvator Rosa was the only living artist who enjoyed the glorious but perilous distinction of being allowed to compete with the mighty dead. He exhibited the "*Triumph of St. George*," and "*Saul with the Witch of Endor*," thus, proving, in the opinion of many, that the mantle of their genius had fallen upon his shoulders. In spite of this triumph, however, Salvator was still dissatisfied; he pined to be allowed to paint an altar-piece, an honour which had long been denied him, and which, when at last accorded, transported him with delight. "*Ring out the bells!*" he says in a letter to a friend, "*at last, after thirty years' residence in Rome, of hopes blasted and complaints vainly reiterated against men and gods, the occasion is accorded me of giving one altar-piece to the public. The Signor Filippo Nerli, resolved upon vanquishing the obstinacy of my destiny, has endowed a chapel in the church of San Giovanni de Florentini; and in despite of the stars themselves, he has determined that I shall paint the altar-piece!*"

Salvator's last great painting was "*St. Turpin*," finished in the early part of 1670. In the following year he painted a series of caricature portraits—a favourite amusement with some of the great Italian masters: Caravaggio, Guido, and Domenichino, had all indulged in it. These "*caricati*," were not, what we should fancy, mere coarse exaggerations of individual peculiarities and defects,

but nature boldly and broadly drawn with its foibles highly coloured. His particular friends, at their own request, sat for part of this collection, and Salvator was finishing the series with a portrait of himself when the pencil dropped from his hand, and he found it impossible to continue the undertaking with the same spirit with which he had commenced it. From this period his health began to decline; his fine and susceptible spirit had worn out its earthly tenement; his appetite and digestion failed, he suffered from sleeplessness and fever, and at last a confirmed dropsy appeared, which, with the assistance of an Italian empiric named Dr. Penna, terminated his life in the spring of the year 1673. On the evening of the day on which he died, his remains were conveyed to the church of Santa Maria degli Angioli alle Terme, once the great hall of the baths of Diocletian. Here, with head and face bare, and surrounded by all the funeral magnificence which could testify homage and respect to the dead, lay the body of the greatest landscape painter of Italy, whilst mourning crowds poured in to take a last look at him whom they had long known and admired as "Nostro Signor Salvatore." He was buried on the following day in a grave opened in the beautiful vestibule of the church—fit resting place for the ashes of departed genius! His epitaph was composed by his friend Paolo Oliva, general of the Jesuits; and his most attached and devoted companion, Carlo Rossi, a Roman banker, dedicated a chapel to his memory, around which he hung up pictures from the pencil of Salvator, as the most graceful and appropriate tribute to the memory of the great artist.

Salvator cannot be said to have founded any school, and he left behind him no worthy successor. Bartolomeo Torregiani, and Garguoli, were his best pupils; and his most successful imitator was the Cavalier Fidenza of Rome, many of whose landscapes have been purchased, even by distinguished connoisseurs, as originals of Salvator.

By Lucrezia, he had two sons; and to Agosto who survived him, he bequeathed his whole estate. He had accumulated a considerable fortune during the last twenty years of his life, and his heir succeeded to 15,000 scudi, a valuable collection of books and pictures, a quantity of rich furniture, a volume of original designs, and the MSS. of all his literary works.

Salvator's versatility, as an artist, was very remarkable. He painted successfully history, genre, and landscape; but he was greatest in the last, especially in pictures of a small size, in which the foliage, rocks, water, sky are handled with the utmost freedom and mastery, and enlivened by the most appropriate and graceful figures. His battle-pieces are also very effective, and his portraits excellent. Some of his historical

paintings are well composed, and have great power and expression; but, in others, according to his Italian biographers in Baldinucci and Passeri, the drawing of the figures is incorrect, the attitudes stiff, and the colouring faulty. In the department of landscape, however, he was a true and original genius, the only great one to whom Italy has ever given birth. In that sphere, the grandeur and originality of his conceptions are unrivalled. He delighted in wild mountain scenes, lonely defiles, dark forests, rocky shores, narrow passes leading to robber-haunts, trees rent by storms, or wasted by time, clouds drifting athwart a murky sky, lurking banditti, wandering soldiers, and forlorn travellers. All that could contribute to inspire ideas of grandeur, desolation, pity, or terror was at his command; and he wielded those varied resources with the mastery of conscious power, and the ease of consummate genius.

When we cast a backward glance over the eventful life which we have thus endeavoured to pourtray, it seems like a picture by Ribera, or by Salvator Rosa himself. The *chiar'oscuro* is strongly marked; the lights are brilliant, but they are opposed and contrasted by strong and deep shadows. Proud, sensitive, melancholy, and reflective, Salvator had pondered much upon the great mystery of existence, on the prevalence of evil and crime, and on the unequal division of the gifts of fortune. He could not but hold in contempt many a mitred abbot, scarlet cardinal, and proud baron, abusing wealth and power, whilst he, the chosen son of genius, was for many a long and bitter year, steeped in poverty and doomed to neglect. He was too proud to dissemble, too fiery and independent to conceal what he felt; hence, his satires painted and written; hence the hatred of his enemies and their cabals against him. He was in advance of his age, both as a writer and as a painter; as a writer, for he dared openly to express what others only felt, a hatred of tyranny, of abuse of power and patronage, of pretentious mediocrity, of servile imitation. As a painter, in an age of copyists and mannerists, he struck out for himself a new path to fame and fortune. He early freed himself from conventional trammels; and, original in all things, undertook to represent what none had ever depicted before, the terrible sublimity of nature. Whilst most of the artists of his time were looking backwards, satisfied with what had been done, and pleased with an imperfect imitation of the illustrious dead, he looked onwards, and strove to make for himself a position and a destiny. He succeeded; and, in spite of many faults and failings, has transmitted to posterity the bright remembrance of an original and independent career, in the midst of an age of feebleness and servility.

ART. II.—*The Truth of the Evangelical History of our Lord Jesus Christ, proved in opposition to Dr. D. F. Strauss, the Chief of Modern Disbelievers in Revelation.* By William Gillespie, author of "The Necessary Existence of God." Edinburgh. 1856.

2. *Christ and other Masters; an Historical Inquiry into some of the Chief Parallelisms and Contrasts between Christianity and the Religious Systems of the Ancient World.* By Charles Hardwick, A.M., Fellow of St. Catherine's Hall, Divinity Lecturer at King's College, and Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge. Part I. Cambridge. 1855.

Of all subjects the most interesting and important is that which concerns the exposition and defence of Christian truth. The holy religion which we profess is not only identified with our deepest personal convictions and our brightest hopes, but it has given its peculiar direction and tone to the family, the social, and political life of mankind. Not confined to the speculations of the initiated, or the laborious researches of the learned, it has stepped forth into the world, and everywhere associated itself with, and acted upon, every phase of being. No longer have we to seek for it within the hiding-place of the hermit, the walls of the cloister, or the solitude of the oratory; its name is inscribed on every institution; literature is modified by it; art bears its impress; civilization, liberty, and national greatness run in its channels. In whatever direction we turn we shall find it before us, as the finger-post which points mankind onward and upward. Travels, researches, inquiries, speculations, even conquests and political undertakings, must be traced to its influence or viewed in its light. And how could it be otherwise? The highest problem,—as the great aim of men must ever be towards the realization of those anticipations and deep necessities of which each of us is conscious, and which the gospel alone promises to meet. For more than 1800 years, at any rate, have those whose minds, hearts, and actions testified to their worth, looked to the "Word made flesh," as the Alpha and Omega of their spiritual life, and with it their end and use in being. What Christianity has consciously been to them, it has also unconsciously been to the world generally. In truth, the religion of Jesus Christ has been, and still is, the sun in the mental, moral, and social system of mankind. Perhaps, if they who have so assiduously laboured to displace it from its central position, had reflected that with its removal they would infallibly destroy the harmony of the whole universe, and that along with another luminary as the centre they would require to furnish other planets also with new laws and motions, they might at

least have paused to consider whether their own lamp could have taken the place of God's sun in the heavens.

Let not the reader misunderstand us. We are not adverse to speculation, nor would we have any man take that on trust which can only be real and active as the result of personal inquiry. It is personal *conviction*, and *not tradition*, which constitutes the proper ground of religion. In the attainment of this we have to pass through a mental, or at any rate, a moral contest, which becomes the birth pangs of the new life. As in the case of the individual so in that of society also. If Christianity makes progress, and shows itself as an *effective* power, it meets with and evokes hostile elements, which have in turn to be overcome. The wonder is not that Christianity is opposed in every age; the wonder would be if it could progress unopposed. The various forms of heathenism were not opposed, because they did not contain a principle of new life. They must be viewed as the product and consequences of the various stages of society; not those stages of society as effects produced by them. It has been otherwise with Christianity. From the first it appeared as the leaven which was to leaven the whole lump. Hence, whenever this "light came into the world," "the darkness" which "comprehended it not" obstructed its progress. The synagogue which had entered on a totally different direction from that of "the spirit" of the Old Testament economy, contended against Christ with the energy and determination of an institution which struggles for continued existence. The systems of heathenism met the gospel with that brute resistance which an unreasoning adherence to coarse materialism renders natural to men generally. The philosophy of the ancient world, which in its various directions had developed to its utmost limits, either entirely denied the realities which the "new religion" brought to light, or it mistook them, or else preferred the dim and isolated rays which lit up its consciousness, to the flood of golden light which streamed down from the sun of righteousness. In its contest with this threefold opposition, the gospel displayed its peculiar weapons; it proved itself to be *spirit*, *power*, and *truth*. But although victory has ever since been on its side, the contest has never been ended; nor will this take place till "the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our God." The old foes ever reappear with "a new face," and the conflict still lasts.

It will readily be observed that the threefold opposition which Christianity had at first to encounter in the synagogue, in heathenism, and in philosophy, is the same as that of the letter and form, of materialism, and of undirected speculation with which we are, unhappily, so familiar. The opposition of the

letter to the spirit has always led not so much to irreligion as to false religion. It has not been the parent of unbelief, but of superstition—it has given rise, not to infidelity, but to heresy. We do not, indeed, mean to say that *all* heresy has sprung from this adherence to the letter combined with a corresponding neglect and misunderstanding of the spirit. We know that there is one family of heresies which owes its origin rather to speculation, and is an ineffectual attempt to place reason side by side with revelation, and to supplement the discoveries of the latter by the inquiries of the former. But where forms of error are not directly traceable to this refusal to submit absolutely to the word of God as such, they spring on the other hand from a dead formalism, from an apotheosis of the letter and of the outward. We have only to remind the reader of the great repository of heresies, Romanism, to illustrate the correctness of this observation. If literalism thus leads to error, it is the tendency of the other hostile element of *materialism* to obstruct the *practical* progress of the truth. It ever brings the realities which are seen and felt into undue antagonism with the higher spiritual facts. It attaches an importance to them which is neither proportionate to their intrinsic worth nor to their claims when compared with what is supersensual. It offers no speculative, but a practical opposition; it does not raise objections, but it acts as a dead weight in the scale which counterbalances the spiritual. To it we trace the disruption between faith and life, between dogma and fact which manifests itself in either of the two extremes—as an exclusive secularism, that denies, or else subordinates, the highest motives and ends; and as a one-sided religionism that more or less degenerates into cant, and contents itself with an attempt to satisfy the religious cravings or to administer the balm of the gospel by throwing the theological penny to a starving outcast. Parent of much ill, it was the first to make a gulph, at the brink of which it now stands wondering, but which it cannot bridge. It has severed the spiritual from the temporal, and even in its attempts at religion it has only given to the world the idea and term of *secular*; as if to the truly religious aught might or could prove such. The third opposing element is found in speculation. Considering our mental constitution and our spiritual state on the one hand, and on the other the nature of the subjects to be investigated we need not wonder that unaided inquiry will lead to no adequate result. The attempt has been made on various occasions and under various circumstances. But, curiously enough, the same results have always ultimately been reached, however different the commencements of the investigation may have appeared. It seems as if it were necessary to exhibit the ultimate limits of

the human understanding in various thinkers and at various stages of the world's history. These are idealism, scepticism, and pantheism, according as sentiment, criticism, or the study of nature have been taken as guides in the inquiry. The philosophers of the ancient world, those of the Middle Ages, and the speculators of our own days, are equally ranged under these three designations; and, sooth to say, the results of their inquiries, however differently expressed, are the same in substance. It becomes no less true in this as in other departments, that "there is nothing new under the sun." And as the results of these systems, so their modes of opposition to Christianity at various periods are also similar. We have the idealist of old, who in his broad eclecticism embraced Jesus along with Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato; but at the same time controverted Christianity as in itself occupying an inferior stand-point, just as our modern eclectics of the school of Newman and Parker would do. We have the ancient sceptics, who put their sign of interrogation to truth in general and to every truth in particular, just as there are amongst us those who would have us navigate this life's sea with only the wind of natural laws and necessity to drive our vessel before it, without a helm to steer it, a daylight to cheer us, a starlit night to guide us, or a haven to receive us. Mankind, only, under the inflexible laws of a universe—where everything is subject to a stern, unreasoning, impersonal necessity—without a God, without a heaven, without a Christ, without a bible, are like the Ancient Mariner on his spell-bound ship. Twin-sister of scepticism, Pantheism only reverses the proposition of the former. Instead of the formula, "There is no truth, there is no God;" we have it, "All is truth, and all is God." A consistent sceptic must be a wretched being, if the subterranean cell of his logic does not admit a single ray of light from nature or from Providence. Not so the pantheist. To him all nature appears clad in divine beauty—everywhere he sees the universe tinged by the golden rays of the Divine. The mountains take up the hymn, the valleys respond to it, the trees clap their hands, and the broad bosom of the deep reflects his image. All that is—exists, in the truest sense—is a ray of the Divine. Alas! that these rays have no sun, and this light no other focus than the mirror within, which must so speedily be broken. Yet the pantheist of old and the modern pantheist are only disciples in one and the same school.

We have dwelt at special length upon that form of opposition to the truth, which proceeds from unguided, and hence, misguided speculation, as being the most obvious, and furnishing the most direct attacks upon the gospel-truth. We have indicated that the various forms of infidelity were substantially the same,

and that they manifested themselves in similar manner at various periods. In fact, as generally, speculation described a cycle in which, alternately, idealism, scepticism, and pantheism became the prominent points, so it successively passed through various forms as it directed its attacks to various points in the Christian system. It is remarkable, that here also, the same correspondence between the enemies of the truth of old and its modern opponents; may be observed. Once more we have the "old enemies" if not "with new faces," yet with new names. The grounds of attack were of old, as they are now, either those of general opposition to anything higher than unaided reason, or dogmatical antagonism—an opposition to the *doctrines* of the Bible, or critical antagonism—an opposition to the *facts* of the Bible. Necessarily the Bible became the common battleground; and from the days of Celsus to those of Strauss, the same truths and the same facts have been controverted with very much the same arguments, and let us gratefully add with very much the same results.

Before entering more particularly on this subject, let us add a few words to distinguish these attacks of avowed enemies from the reverential and earnest inquiries of those who seek God, if "haply they may seek after Him, though He is not far." In the one case there is a preconceived system by which everything else is judged and determined, in the other there is earnest search after truth; in the one case there is the desire of demolishing a hated religion, combined with a wish after victory; in the other, a desire for personal conviction, with a readiness to welcome its approach, and, at last, to abandon oneself wholly to its influence and power. In the one case, then, an attack is meditated; in the other, a search is instituted. We can, and do sympathize with the truly honest doubter who seeks after light; we abhor and shrink from the conclusions of self-sufficient ignorance and superficiality, which would reduce everything to what can be measured and weighed, and lay the yard-wand of its mental wares to the products of heaven. But how gloriously has the Bible outlived all these attacks! Indeed, if miracle be requisite to prove the truth of our holy religion, none greater can be desired than that afforded by the attitude and position which the Bible has occupied in relation to its various opponents. We hold that it has only suffered them to attempt their attacks. It has not condescended to enter into contest with them; it has always towered so far superior. For centuries has the ingenuity of men tortured itself to discover, either in its pages, or in those of nature or of history, something which might afford a breach for an assault upon the citadel of our faith. Let us for a moment recall to mind from

what various quarters the attempt was made. Geography, history, ethnography, geology, philology, in the world of science—antiquarian researches, minute criticism, analogy, and reasoning of every kind—such were some of the armouries whence furbished weapons were sought. Meantime the Bible first silenced, then outlived, and last recalled them to life, but now has so many witnesses and champions in her cause. And during the time that this contest was raging it acted as it was wont to do in times of peace. It opened its doctrines to the inquirer; it dispensed its consolations to the needy; it pointed out its lessons and hopes to the pilgrim; it moved the wheels of the world's great machinery; it set the clock of history; and still it has survived, and will survive. It has not lost one tittle or iota on its passage down the stream of centuries; like Moses of old, its eye is not grown dim nor its force abated.

We have now reached a point where we may stop and look around us. We know that "offences must needs come," and we are prepared for their reappearance at various periods, under forms similar to those of old, although adapted to new circumstances. In point of fact, what has of late taken place might have been anticipated. First we had our *Deists* who chiefly attacked the *doctrines* of the Bible; then, our *Rationalists* who denied its *facts*. Follow these two tendencies to their legitimate issue, and we reach the two prominent forms of modern infidelity—the universalism of the Parker and Newman school, and the scepticism of the mythical system as represented by Strauss and his followers. In truth, both Deism and Rationalism were shallow, weak, affairs; they were but children who had scarcely learned to walk. The Deist was a wretched pedant, stiff in everything, who tried to laugh, but whose very laugh was grim and unnatural, like the grin of a skeleton. The thorough-paced Rationalist was peculiarly weak and silly. Neither he nor anybody else believed a word of all his statements. Everybody knew that his assertions were unfounded, and, in reality, a dishonest attempt at getting rid of what he did not believe. Then came a period of reaction. First light was dimly seen, and, through the portal of Mysticism, men entered the building of truth, as their ancestors had done before them, at the time of the Reformation. Deism and Rationalism both died. Friend and foe had agreed to commit them to the ground. The system and the works of men like Bretschneider, Paulus, and others, will speedily become only objects of historical curiosity to be perused by the laborious antiquarian. These men lived to see that theirs was but the shortest winter-day. Before they had departed the stage on which erst they had been principal actors, both they and their works were

ridiculed and forgotten. Their place was now taken by the representatives of a bold and outspoken negation. The Deists were succeeded by the Universalists, at home and abroad, and the Rationalists by the Mythists. It was still the same opposition to divine doctrine and divine fact; but this time it was bold and unshrinking. Theodore Parker, R. Mackay, F. W. Newman, and Strauss, Bruno Bauer, and Feuerbach—not to mention a host of others—could ridicule as they out-distanced their predecessors. Shall we be much mistaken, if we predict for them an existence even more brief than that of those who went before them? May we not even venture to express a belief, that, in part, they already belong to the past?

There will always be a class of men who will gladly listen to inspirations like those of the schools to which we have just referred. But, truth to say, in this matter it holds true, that "Times change and we with them." And here it may be well to remember that at previous periods, the apprehensions of some were great. Perhaps, not many of our readers remember the sensation (may we be allowed the term?) which the proposals of the Rationalists at first produced in Europe. We were at last to assist at the reconciliation of reason and revelation. Every difficulty was to be solved. With certain limitations, we were to be allowed to retain our old creeds and our old Bibles, without being disturbed by a single bold intruder, and yet we were to enjoy a feast of reason also! The out-and-out believers in the old system were denounced as weak or wicked. Many of them hid themselves abashed, and scarce ventured to raise a timid protest. Others, more bold in their profession, if not more calm in their attitude, dreaded that the last conflict had at last arrived, and that the approaching billows would well nigh overwhelm the church. But how different did the result prove, and how speedily did the danger—if ever it might rightly claim that name—pass away. Another period has now arrived. Again, have the enemies of the truth boasted of great things against the sling and stone, and again have some in the camp of Israel trembled at the appearance, the altitude, and the tone of the modern giant who defied them. We believe, and the result has in part already shown it, that there is no cause for apprehension. It is well known what excitement the works of Strauss, of Feuerbach, of Gfrörer, and of Bruno Bauer, produced on the Continent. Certain governments would have interdicted their publication or circulation; a large number of the laity, who were equally corrupted, morally and mentally, hailed the assertion of what they had long in secret cherished as the real explanation of the gospel. The philosophy—falsely so called—the criticism, the antiquarian researches with which the arguments of the "friends

of light," as they now called themselves, were supported, give an appearance of reality and learning to their cause, which gratified those who had pretences to learning, and deceived the illiterate. We well remember the excitement in the literary and social circles of Germany at the time! (our own college-term fell just about the close of that period.) Germany had long been ripening for it. A cold, heartless criticism had eaten at the kernel of the gospel, and the next generation threw away its shell also. Political life had been all but suppressed, and church and state were the two giants that kept to the ground the indignant nation. Together with an increasing moral laxity, the spirit of opposition also developed. Alas! that the church should ever have identified herself with politics or political parties. She had done so, and sad beyond expression were the consequences. The church had identified herself with the state. With mock gravity, she pronounced always her "Amen," and gave her bought blessing to what not only the Word of God, but even the feelings of men, denounced as infamous. The day of reckoning had now come. As generally before a revolution, it is the parasitical minister of state who falls first victim to rising popular indignation, so was it here. Everybody became a "friend of light." Critical niceties were now discussed in beer-gardens, instead of political rumours. The spirit of negation seized the mass, and for once, Protestant Germany threatened to become a scene of godless anarchy and wretched scepticism. Had it been so as the politicians of that day would have had it—had the perusal of Strauss' works been forbidden in Prussia, and the state attempted to force upon the people the straight-waistcoat of orthodoxy, the consequences would have been incalculable. Providentially it was otherwise. Neander's advice was taken, and everybody was allowed to read and write what he chose. Gradually the frenzy abated, and men began to inquire for themselves. It was discovered that after all Feuerbach's philosophy was very poor. We vividly remember the impression made on our minds when we discovered Feuerbach's mode of solving the question of "*sin*," and his off-hand proposal that in the future world, if such there were, one man's virtues should be reckoned substitutes for the corresponding vices of his friend. We also read Strauss, and that pen in hand. Somewhere amongst the MSS. belonging to our youthful period, are the notes of our doubts and difficulties, and our attempts at solution. But while we wondered at what seemed to us, sometimes, manifest literary dishonesty in proposing questions which had long been answered, and difficulties which only consisted in the mode of presenting certain subjects, Strauss and his friends seemed to us never really to have faced *the* question. The whole

basis of their system appeared to us a *petitio principii*, and the mode of argumentation only a clever attempt at supporting a groundless fabric. There was no earnestness about it all—it was a cavilling at difficulties, while the main point remained intact, or, as we have above expressed it, towered far aloft above all such attempts. *Gfrorer* we only read at a later period, and although we should at all times have been disgusted with his flippancy and egotism, it might probably have proved a more dangerous book to one who had not possessed sufficient historical material to perceive its fallacies.

From these writings we turned to those of Neander, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, and Olshausen. What a different atmosphere did we now breathe! Specially shall we never lose the deep and indelible impression which NEANDER'S lectures produced upon our own mind and heart. We know that there are shallow critics who will decry him, as they will decry whatever their contracted minds cannot understand and their narrow souls cannot take in. We know that there were deficiencies, and serious deficiencies, about Neander. We have felt them, and we have mourned over them. But if ever man was useful in his generation—if scientifically and spiritually he was an instrument for good—it was the sainted father of modern church-history. He had apprehended the broad features of Christianity, and his deep soul reflected them, as did John's the image of his Master. He loved the Lord, and he followed after Him in godly sincerity and child-like simplicity. It was impossible merely to reverence Neander—you loved him. It was impossible merely to be instructed by Neander—you were moved to your inmost depths and edified by him. You loved the professor, you loved the Christian, you loved the man. His very peculiarities of manner, odd and sometimes repulsive in themselves as they were, became dear to us. Once again, to get rid of all cavillers, we do not accept of much of his criticism, we reject his neologian concessions, and did so from the first. "*Magis amica veritas*," say we, with reference to Neander also. But when we have made all these concessions, we feel that we can claim for Neander a place in history such as that which none has occupied since the days of the Reformers. We believe that the beneficial effects of his teaching on his students, on Germany, and on the Protestant world generally, were of the most beneficial character. The largest class-room in Berlin was always filled by an intelligent audience, which we have sometimes seen almost moved to tears under his simple and pathetic descriptions of the power of faith in Jesus. It were indeed impossible to determine whether Neander was greatest in the class-room or in the study.

But perhaps we have dwelt too long on the merely historical

part of our subject. We shall immediately endeavour to make up for our delay by introducing the reader to the works, the titles of which we have placed at the head of this article. But before doing so we are bound to explain to them why we have not referred to some other forms of antagonism to gospel-truth—more especially of those prevalent amongst ourselves—and why we have treated scepticism in a manner, which, to some, may perhaps appear as not sufficiently appreciating it. To the first inquiry we reply, that after all, British cavils at the text of the New Testament are but the puny offspring of attempts such as those of Strauss, and that the necessity of consulting our space—not to say the patience of our readers—has obliged us often only to indicate what might otherwise have been more fully carried out. To the second objection we rejoin, that to our minds scepticism does not seem to deserve a higher place than we have assigned to it. It is rather a mental and moral degeneracy—a defect, an abnormality within, than anything else. Scepticism cannot be met or overcome by arguments—it only gives place to a *sense* of the truth in its power. In this respect, it is like the weak and tender sapling, which bends before every wind, but is not readily rooted up. The storm will tear up the oak; it will not easily uproot the sapling. Argument will make impression on the sceptic, but it will not permanently convince him. Nothing short of the *power* of the truth can effectually remove his sign of interrogation. We are aware that great spiritual impulses have proceeded from a certain class of sceptics; not indeed the out-and-out sceptics, to whom all truth was matter of disbelief, or rather of unbelief, but from those who felt it impossible to receive some truths. We can, in part, understand why their influence had been ultimately for good in the world. On the one hand, the world could sympathize more with them, and by avoiding those errors in the church, to which it is (shall we say?) their mission to call attention, they could gain a more ready admission for that aspect of the truth which they present to the world. In another point of view, the church herself may be benefited by the bold, outspoken language which they hold. Their omissions may be made up, their mistakes may be corrected, and what of wholesome truth or earnest words of warning they bring us, ought not to be rejected because it is proffered in a manner not always agreeable, or carried by some beyond its proper bounds. Thoroughly as we dissent from many of those who are sometimes denounced rather more sweepingly than is consistent with Christian truth and charity, we have often felt that their hard words were almost necessary to bring us to a sense of our real state, of our requirements, if we are to influence mankind more generally, and of our peculiar defects and dangers.

We will not at present further prosecute this subject; but we have said enough to distinguish this class of—what shall we call them?—protesters or doubters, many of whom are earnestly seeking after spiritual truth, although often, amidst much mental and moral error, from the self-sufficient, superficial scoffers, whom our readers will not think we have too harshly characterized in our above remarks.

The attacks of the enemies of Christianity have at all times evoked champions for the truth; and, along with new defences against opponents, procured for the church fresh instruction and edification. Of course the line of argument followed at special times has necessarily been adapted to circumstances. We have had direct and indirect refutations of infidel writings, on scientific, historical, and critical grounds; the external and internal evidences for the truth of our religion have been brought out; the contradictions and untenableness of the systems of our opponents have been demonstrated; and, on the other hand, the beauty, harmony, consistency, and adaptation of the gospel displayed. We do not deny that at times direct argument on these subjects was, and even still is, necessary. To refute groundless assertions is sometimes almost as absolutely requisite as to exhibit truth. But, to our minds, these modes of pleading the cause of the gospel do not carry so much conviction as the more simple, but also more telling argument, wielded by an exhibition of Bible-truth. If we mistake not, it was Kant who somewhere clearly pointed out—what indeed almost amounts to a truism—that to refute your opponent is not necessarily to prove your own cause. It may be so, that *his* assertions are groundless, and yet *you* may be wrong. A mere *reductio ad absurdum* will not carry solid conviction. The latter, we believe, can only be produced by an exhibition of truth. Hence it is, that to our mind, the very beau ideal of a controversial treatise, is a work like Neander's "Life of Jesus," in which, in answer to Strauss, and with continual attention to his objections, the opposite truth is presented to the inquirer in a picture of the God-man, as traced in the gospels. Notwithstanding the many false concessions and doctrinal errors which that work contains, it will probably outlive all other replies to Strauss, and as it has greatly modified the views of that writer, so it may ultimately probably outlive the work to which it had originally been designed as a reply, just as the answer of Origen has outlived the attack of Celsus.

Side by side with the direct attacks upon Bible-truth and Bible-doctrine we have the more indirect, but to our mind, more dangerous opposition of those, who either by depressing the religion of Jesus to the level of others, or by attempting to elevate

the various systems of the ancient world to its level, have sought to shake our faith in Him as "the way, the truth, and the life." Similarities have been construed into identity, and instead of tracing certain affinities to a common origin, either of internal necessity on the part of all men, or of religious traditions which the heathen had in course of time corrupted and perverted, it is attempted to show that the religion of Jehovah is, after all, only a different form of the worship common to the heathen world. With an inconsistency, which, however, is too characteristic of these parties, it is denied that mankind had a common origin, while, at the same time, one of its strongest proofs in these affinities of worship is unduly developed.

The two works to which we have called the attention of our readers, are attempts to meet these two kinds of argument on the part of our opponents. The one undertakes to refute the assertions of Strauss and his followers; the other to compare the religion of the New Testament with the creeds of antiquity. In both cases, we have as yet only the first part of what are meant to be more extensive works. Mr. William Gillespie, the author of a work on the "Necessary Existence of God" has entered the lists against the "Prince of German Neologists," as he designates Strauss. It is not necessary here to detail the plan of Strauss's "Life of Jesus." Suffice it to say, that it attempts to prove from the discrepancies in the various Evangelists when compared with one another, and from alleged inconsistencies with other ascertained facts, that the Gospel narrative is not worthy of credit. The remarkable circumstance that so many witnesses should have recorded these things; that so many more should have believed and suffered for them; that Christianity sprung up, grew, and acted upon mankind as it did, is simply accounted for by the supposed existence of certain general expectations in the Jewish nation, to which the legends about Jesus adopted themselves, thus gaining an entrance and gradually spreading. Such, in a few words, is the system upon which Strauss first refutes, and then accounts for, the Gospel narrative. The reader will, on an impartial consideration of the general question, and without further entering on its merits, probably agree with us that it would take much more to believe the hypothesis of Strauss than the account of the Gospels. Indeed, a more unnatural or irrational mode of accounting for the origin of the Gospel could scarcely be conceived. However, while probably few persons would receive Strauss's theory as correct, some may have felt difficulties in consequence of his attempts to exhibit discrepancies, inconsistencies, and even impossibilities, in the various Gospel narratives. Mr. Gillespie proposes to account for these

discrepancies upon a theory peculiarly his own, at least in its systematic development. On all hands, it is of course, admitted that such discrepancies do exist. One Evangelist records what another wholly omits; or else he dwells on circumstances to which the others scarcely refer. These diversities in an historical narrative, where it is impossible to cross-question the witnesses so as to elicit their agreement on every point, whether recorded by all or not, are magnified or rather distorted by some into contradictions. It is scarcely requisite to show the fallacy of this line of argument. Suppose, that four pupils of Hegel or Strauss had written the life of their teacher, without consulting one another, at different times, under different circumstances, and for different readers, would there be no discrepancy in their narratives? Is it possible that four different minds can view the same events in exactly the same light? What attracts chiefly the attention of one, will it not shrink into comparative unimportance to another, whose mental constitution, present circumstances, or readers seem to call for a somewhat different treatment of the same subject? Should we in such a case say that Strauss or Hegel were pure myths? The case is even stronger, if instead of biographies of Strauss and Hegel, we suppose that four writers had attempted to describe the rise and meaning of the systems which are identified with the names of these two philosophers. Yet does this scarcely convey an adequate idea of the force of this argument when applied to the narrative of the life of the God-man, of His teaching and religion. It will readily be seen how differently it may be viewed by different minds, and how, indeed, such different presentations of the same truth, under different aspects, were absolutely requisite for the church and world. It would have been impossible in any way to present an adequate picture except by different writers and from different points of view. The colour *white* does not exist in nature; if you want to produce it, you must combine all the others.

We have dwelt on this one line of argument as prosecuted by Strauss, because in the part of his work before us, Mr. Gillespie only adverts to it. In "A Prolegomenon for future Harmonizers," after the model of Kant's "Prolegomena zu einer jeden künftigen Metaphysik" (Prolegomena to every future Metaphysics), Mr. Gillespie repudiates the principle of former harmonizers, of dovetailing the various evangelical narratives into any harmonious whole. He would neither "deny" nor "soften the existence of any discrepancies;" he accounts for them by the different designs which each of the Evangelists had conceived, and which, from first to last, they keep steadily in view in their narratives.

If Luke or John mention certain events or circumstances which Matthew and Mark omit, or *vice versâ*, this is satisfactorily accounted for, by the fact that Luke and John, Matthew and Mark, had each their separate object in writing, and adapted their narratives to it. In chapter second, Mr. Gillespie states and explains these designs, while the rest of the work is dedicated to an examination of the writings of each of the Evangelists, in order to prove that their design had been correctly apprehended. Before following Mr. Gillespie into these subjects, we cannot help even at this stage, expressing our dissent from his conclusions. We allow that there are discrepancies, although by no means so numerous as some would have them. But we do not believe that these discrepancies are solely or even primarily due to a difference in design. No doubt this forms an element in their explanation. But each Gospel is, we hold, not only designed for one class, but for every class. It may suit the one better than the other, but each Gospel suits all. Besides, we cannot see how the fact of a difference of design could influence one Evangelist in mentioning what the other had omitted. All of them wrote biographies of the Lord, and while we can understand that a difference of mental constitution might have led one to attach importance to a circumstance which another would judge to be only secondary (comparatively speaking) and hence perhaps omit, wholly or in part, we can scarcely believe that such omissions were *designed*. We shall illustrate this by a reference to the account of the Lord's agony in the garden. Of all the Evangelists Luke only relates (ch. xxii. 43) that an angel appeared to support the wrestling Saviour in that hour of bitterness. Passing over Strauss's inference from the circumstance of Luke's solitary testimony that "there is every presumption" against it, we have the equally startling announcement of Mr. Gillespie, that "if you consider what the Evangelists had in view, it will appear (*first*) that *Luke alone* could, consistently with his plan, relate such an event. *Matthew, Mark, John*, do not relate such an event; and none of them could, consistently with *his* plan, have done otherwise than omit such relation, however truly the event happened—however patent was his knowledge of the circumstance, and however much it lay within the sphere of each Evangelist's knowledge." (P. 126.) Now, we *cannot* believe that the Evangelists purposely omitted this or any other important circumstance. To charge any biographer with intentional omissions, for designs of his own—however laudable these designs might in themselves be—is to impugn his character for trustworthiness, and to diminish the value of his whole performance—it is to make him partial rather than truthful, a special pleader rather than an historian. In

truth, besides the arguments by which we have already controverted Mr. Gillespie's account of the discrepancies in the Evangelists, our readers will perceive how dangerous it would be to commit oneself to it. For, suppose that Mr. Gillespie's view were correct, the moment any one could prove that the design of the Evangelists was either different from that which he maintains, or that they wrote without any such set purposes by which to frame their narratives, the whole fabric would fall to the ground, and with acknowledged and now unaccounted discrepancies, we should stand before our adversaries "speechless." In our opinion, these discrepancies are necessary, and, historically, fully accounted for by the different mental constitution, training, circumstances, as well as the intended readers of the Evangelists.

But it is time to let Mr. Gillespie explain the various designs of the Gospel writers. "The great special object of Matthew is to prove . . . that Jesus is the Messiah promised to the Jews . . . Matthew's gospel is primarily for Jews." (P. 23.) "The chief special design of Mark is, to set forth and prove that Jesus was a divinely commissioned teacher . . . Mark's history was, therefore, primarily intended for the benefit of Gentile readers." (P. 24.) "Luke's great purpose has relation to the development of the humanity or human nature of that Jesus who, born of *Mary*, had, however, been conceived by the Holy Ghost (p. 25),—or as it is expressed in another passage—the development of the maternal humanity of our Lord." (P. 127.) "John has for his peculiar object, the exhibition of the nature, or personal character of the Divine Logos, together with his character and offices, being incarnate." (P. 28.) We will not, in the meantime, attempt to controvert any of these statements, and add that Mr. Gillespie seeks to establish them by a reference first to the "proëms or prologues," then to the contents of the various Gospels. Accordingly as Matthew wrote for Jews, and Mark for Gentiles, the former frequently, the latter never, quotes an Old Testament prophecy. The solitary case occurring in Mark xv. 28, is declared to be an interpolation, not on account of the evidence of MSS., versions, &c., which our author declares to be "in equilibrium;" but from the general analogy of Mark's never otherwise quoting from the Old Testament, which, as we are assured more forcibly than elegantly, "may be thrown as a make-weight into one scale whereby the other scale will be made to kick the beam. The make-weight, in addition, will make dead-weight on the whole." (P. 64.) Now whatever may be said of the passage in question—and we *rather* incline towards the opinion of its being interpolated—we must strongly object to this mode of arguments—

tion; indeed, the more so, when we remember Mark's general appeal to the "prophets," (Mark i. 2.) Before passing we must be allowed to express a disappointment that Mr. Gillespie has not attempted a consistent explanation of the Old Testament quotations in Matthew. Such, we believe, would have been quite possible, and at any rate proved much more satisfactory than his sneers and witticisms at the expense of Germans and others who have adopted views different from his own.

The Gospel of Mark being chiefly destined for heathens, contains a more full and circumstantial account of the miracles performed by the Lord. And here our author, by the way, enters into a rather curious disquisition on the subject of witchcraft, in the existence of which, at the present day, he evidently believes. In opposition to Bishop Russel's opinion, who, "*sceptically repudiating the notion of the truth of all magic, good or bad,—as became in his shrewd opinion, a right reverend*" (p. 96), and a "*living Cambridge divine,*" who in the second volume of "*Kitto's Cyclopædia*" (article Witchcraft) "*invariably gets at the non-reality, and even the non-possibility, of all witchcraft, modern and ancient, as far as scripture (not in King James' translation but) in the original languages is concerned,*" Mr. Gillespie considers that "*nathless if the Bishop's FACTS be true facts (with reference to modern Egyptian jugglery) . . . the explainer of all the "exploits" and "feats" must needs be a signally skilful explorer . . . if indeed he be not just a wondrous adept in—"ingenious legerdemain."*" (P. 97.)

But we must not detain our readers. We shall only add one or two other objections. We cannot understand why Mr. Gillespie so stoutly denies, on the ground of a proposed new translation of Luke i. 1 (rendering "accomplished" instead of "believed" amongst us), that Luke was of Gentile extraction, without ever condescending to notice the decisive passage Col. iv. 10, 11, compared with v. 14. Nor can we agree to a system of interpretation which ignores the manifest influence of Peter upon Mark, and of Paul upon Luke. We conclude by taking exception to the style of our author, which is of a somewhat odd and satirical character, and to an arrangement which makes a great part of the book to consist of notes, and adds notes upon notes until it is, sometimes, really difficult to find one's way in it.

If the reader have thought us rather severe, we hasten to add that one ground of our exercising so much of strict critical justice (and we trust it has only been justice) has been the indiscriminate and ill-judged attacks in which our author indulges upon all who differ from him. Let the reader decide from the following quotations whether they are appropriate or add to the value of his argument:—

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"But this is—German criticism; of the true modern complexion too; what we may call *criticism with a vengeance*."—P. 82.

"Heaven preserve us from a too close embrace—a kiss! of certain friends, on all occasions. Was Judas Iscariot cursed, not to commit suicide, but to be the undying Wandering Jew? And does the wandering Jew sometimes wander no farther than into the study-room of one of your German critics on (*Anglicè*, against) the Bible, which room is the Wandering Jew's own?"—P. 54.

"I shall leave my reader to come to his own conclusion . . . between the more modest affirmation of the native and the very positive denial of the foreigner."—P. 56.

"As, in like manner, Hengstenberg charges another evangelist with a certain *failure of pen* . . . *Et tu, Brute!* . . . And, indeed, almost everything shows, if we will but believe these Germans, how inferior in memory and every mental power (to say nothing of the physical use of the pen) were all the Evangelists . . . to your Schleiermachers and Olshausens, not to mention your Dr. Wettes and Strausses."—P. 65.

Sometimes our author addresses his German friends sarcastically as "Prithee, Olshausen." We might quote passages such as these from almost every other page. However, it is a comfort to know that Mr. Gillespie is not only a "German-eater" (as Heine called the historian Menzel a "Franzosen-Fresser," a devourer of the French): English and American writers come in for their full share of criticism, couched not in the most flattering terms. Having said so much against Mr. Gillespie's book, we will, however, add, that it contains some excellent passages (as pp. 128, &c.), and displays considerable originality and talent, and still more considerable learning. If Mr. Gillespie would only consent to write in a natural style, and to omit all offensive personalities, his treatises might become a very valuable addition to our theological literature.

We have not left ourselves space for an extended critique of Mr. Hardwick's "Christ and other Masters;" nor is it hardly requisite, as, even more than Mr. Gillespie's treatise, it is only introductory. The difference in style and in spirit between these two writers is equally great. If Mr. Gillespie is curt and cramped, and to our mind, often inelegant, Mr. Hardwick is diffuse, and sometimes a little too flowery and oratorical. If Mr. Gillespie condemns everybody who does not out-and-out agree with him, Mr. Hardwick's liberality is sometimes too great—at any rate, beyond our own boundary-line. At the close of the first or introductory chapter "on the religious tendencies of the present age," Mr. Hardwick details his general plan, which is to exhibit the characteristic features of Bible religion by a minute comparison with the religions "of Hindostan and the adjoining countries" (in Part II.); with those "of Mexico, of China, and the Southern

Seas" (in Part III.); with those "of ancient Egypt and Persia" (in Part IV.); with those "of ancient Greece and Rome" (in Part V.); and with those "of the Saxon, Scandinavian, and Slavonic tribes," (in Part VI.). The reader will agree that this plan is very comprehensive; that the subjects are equally new, important, and interesting; and that the promises held out to us by Mr. Hardwick are of a sufficiently engaging character. We shall add that from the extensive learning displayed in the part before us, we infer that our author is fully qualified for his task, and we expect that his forthcoming treatises will be held as a boon by the theological world. However, it would not be proper to close this notice without saying that we sometimes could have desiderated more originality and greater depth in our author. To his introductory chapter he has added two others—in fact, dissertations—on the "Unity of the Human Race," and on the "Characteristics of Religion under the Old Testament." It is specially to parts of the latter that we object. Mr. Hardwick does not seem to us to have fully appreciated either the old economy or its connexion with the new. This becomes most distinctly apparent in his remarks on the temple ritual. We will not at present develope our own views on this subject, but we cannot agree to Mr. Hardwick's "accommodation theory," by which "Jehovah rescued the Hebrew from the seduction of heathen worship by providing forms adapted to his temperament and his capacity, yet making all such forms the vehicles of pure ideas and noble aspirations." (P. 102.) God cannot accommodate his claims to man's tendency after heathenism, and the Old Testament ritual must be viewed in a different light. It has been customary to distinguish in it the *symbol* from the *type*. The former conveyed instruction for the present, the latter indicated future events. Thus, the Lord's Supper is a symbol—while the destruction of Jerusalem was a type. To the celebrated Bähr (in his "Symbolik,") belongs the honour of having first clearly pointed and consistently carried out these distinctions. According to this divine, the symbol is always the basis of the type, and the symbolical meaning must first be ascertained, and serve as an index to the typical. Mr. Hardwick not only adopts this view but seems to hold that even the very choicest of the Old Testament worthies only "obtained some passing glimpses of the evangelic promise," while "others, when they worshipped either in the wilderness or on the sacred hill of Sion, may have gathered from the multiplicity of public sacrifices no acquaintance with the holy Victim of the Cross." (Pp. 104. 105.) And yet he holds that "their devotion was accepted and rewarded." Now, believing as we do, that under the Old as under the New Testament there was only *one* way of acceptance, and that not of

ignorant and unruly ceremonial devotion, but of faith in the promised and typified, or in the risen Saviour, we cannot agree to either the one or the other of Mr. Hardwick's assertions. Indeed, we have strong doubts even as to Bähr's principle of the symbolical, being the basis of the typical. Considering what these symbols were, and what all doctrine would be without Christ, we cannot well conceive in the Old Testament economy symbols without types, and would rather hold that the types were the foundation of the symbols than the opposite.

However, it must at present suffice us to have *indicated* these things. We have said enough to interest our readers in the two volumes to which we have called their attention. We believe they will be read; and, indeed, they deserve to be extensively and attentively perused.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.* By William Lindsay Alexander, D.D. 8vo. Pp. 519. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1856.

In the chapter of church history which relates to the northern part of our island, instruction and interest are so rife as in few others. The glowing intellect and practical energy of the people would naturally lead men to expect some mark-worthy manifestation when that fiery spirit should be won by, and blent with the diviner flame. It was, moreover, a question of great consequence for the modern European nations, and for the world, how that nation which had so marked an individuality, and was most nearly allied to the leading one, would bear herself when Christianized. Since the history of the religion of a country is, to say the least, inextricably interwoven with the lives of its most prominent saints, he who turns an eye of serious curiosity to the unfolding of Scottish religion will carefully regard the figures which appear most active at its great moments. Such an eye, at whatever distance, will, it may be fearlessly predicted, linger long and lovingly on the present volume.

Scottish Congregational Dissent was not the offspring of a mere theory, based either on speculation or criticism, but, like the polity of the New Testament, was necessitated by the new and vigorous vitality of which it appeared as the appropriate embodiment and the apt organ. The "orthodox, orthodox, who believed in John Knox," had long lost their original power, and from many of their pulpits was proclaimed "a different

gospel ;" while where the genuine gospel was preached, it was often in such a way as greatly to prevent its proper effect.

"After the excitement of the Rebellion of 1745 had passed away, a period of national torpor ensued. The nation was in fact in a chrysalis state, undergoing one of those great social transformations, which mark the stages by which peoples advance to maturity. Everything was more or less affected by a spirit of repose. Political enthusiasm or activity there was none. Commercial enterprize was only beginning to look languidly around for openings through which it might exert the strength it was as yet carefully husbanding. Literature showed most life ; but it was of a quiet and graceful kind, eminently conservative of the proprieties, and afraid to trust its wings beyond the sound of the critic's whistle. In this general stillness and torpor religion shared ; indeed one might almost say that hers was the deepest slumber of all. In the national church, the long reign of moderatism had done much to extrude all vital godliness, and to reduce the Christianity of both pastors and people to the lowest possible degree of attenuation compatible with the retention of the name. The majority of the ministers were avowedly Arminian, if not Pelagian, in their doctrinal views ; not a few of them were Crypto-Socinians ; and it was even insinuated that some, holding no mean place in the church, were more than imbued with the scepticism of Hume. A few noble spirits still held aloft the banner of evangelical orthodoxy, and stood valiantly by it ; but they formed so slender a proportion of the whole, that their efforts could do comparatively little towards counteracting the unwholesome influence of the majority. In the dissenting churches, the state of things was undoubtedly greatly better ; for in them no toleration was given to unsound doctrine, and the tone of religious feeling and sentiment was much higher than in the establishment. Still there was but little of energetic piety even among them ; little of aggressive activity in the propagation of the gospel ; little of what Shaftesbury derisively and yet most truly called 'the heroic passion of saving souls ;' and along with this there was much too prevalent a disposition to set the mere apparatus of ecclesiastical order above the great ends for which such is alone valuable."—Pp. 43, 44.

The young Wardlaw writes thus to his father in 1801 :—

"In this place [Perth?] there is no doubt much room for more of the gospel, not from the want of it and abundance of error, but chiefly from the way in which it is administered. The clergy here are indolent in the extreme. They have a practice of exchanging pulpits, every man going his round. One text, by means of subdivisions and recapitulations, lasts them in this way six or eight rounds. And as by the time they get through it, it may be supposed the people must have forgot the beginning, they can then set to the same again, or if this be too much, they take one which is not much older. And thus two or three lectures and sermons serve them for years, to 'ring round the same unvaried chimes.' There is a weekly

sermon on Thursday to which the people are sometimes assembled by the bell, and find the doors shut, while he who should have preached has been found sauntering about the fields. This indolence is more remarkable in one than in the rest. But their texts and peculiar phrases, both in prayer and in preaching, are used as bywords among the people, some of whom express the disgust which many more feel."

—P. 54.

Again :—

"In the forenoon I went to Dr. B. He preached from these words 'Oh, give thanks to the Lord, for He is good.' He began: 'All that I intend from these words is, *first*, to prove the proposition that God is good; and, *secondly*, to point out the effects which the consideration of this should have on our temper and conduct. Two arguments have been employed by writers on the first of these points; the one more abstract, drawn from the nature and perfections of the Deity; the other more familiar, deduced from the consideration of his works.' As the former would have led him into deep philosophical speculation, he confined himself to the latter, on which he, *of course*, took a very common-place survey of the whole creation from the universe down to our world, and from our world at large down to the blades of grass and the insects that dance in the sunbeam. He dwelt on the dignity and happiness of man who is made 'wiser than the fowls of heaven, and with more understanding than the beasts of the field,' &c., &c. The inference he drew from all this fine description was a very plain falsehood—'that the world *as we now see it*, including man, is *exactly* such as we should *à priori* have expected to proceed from an infinitely benevolent Being!' A man might have sat and followed every sentence with a parody proving the directly contrary; for there was not a word about the effects of sin in poisoning the sources of happiness. The world *as it is* was just as it *should be*—a very nice world. He stated our national blessings, and touched on the specialities of the day. He could not well omit among the blessings which proved God to be good, the redemption by Christ. Having heard that he once preached the gospel, I wished particularly to hear his creed on this subject. It was in substance, and nearly in his own words, as follows: 'It is our duty to serve God our Creator and to keep his commandments, and we cannot reasonably expect happiness but in so doing. As I have shown that God is a Being of infinite compassion, He will pay a due regard to, and make all allowance for our frailty; and though our virtue be imperfect, it will certainly be accepted through the all-prevalent mediation and intercession of Jesus Christ, and we shall be admitted into his kingdom which he has prepared for all the good and worthy among mankind.' From the first part of the discourse he inferred under the second the common duties of gratitude, praise, liberality, &c. The whole discourse, which he read, was *uncommonly common*, and we were not an hour altogether in church. The improvement which I made of the sermon—for I think my attendance was not without profit—I shall leave you to guess at, and to suggest also what you think I *should* have learned from it. I can

only assure you I heard with regret and vexation rather than with critical censoriousness."—P. 61.

"The good men, says Dr. Alexander, who instituted the congregational system in Scotland, felt a need for a higher kind of spiritual nourishment than they had been accustomed to, and for more of warmth and heartiness in the proclamation of religious truth to men than the fashion of pulpit address at that time permitted. They mourned over the want of Christian fellowship, sympathy, and co-operation in the churches, all of which had come to wither under the blight of a stiff and jealous officialism. And they sorrowed most of all for the multitudes who were living around them in ignorance and in sin, misled by unsound teaching, or left to perish without teaching of any kind. Could they have found the remedy of these evils, and the securing of the desiderated benefits, in religious societies with which they were already connected, it was not in their minds to have ever forsaken these. On the contrary, they rather clung to them with filial affection; nor was it until they were treated as unworthy and rebellious children—their requests refused, their longing desires scorned, their evangelistic efforts repressed and punished, and the whole machinery of ecclesiastical despotism put in operation to repress or terrify them, that they asserted their rights as men whom the truth had made free, and availed themselves of the liberty conceded to them by the laws of their country, to unfurl the banner of an independent communion, unfettered either by state control or ecclesiastical domination."—P. 39.

To this new polity the subject of this memoir was early won over, became a prominent associate of its originators, and having identified himself with its growth at every stage of his own manhood, left when he departed his deep and permanent impress thereon. To this fact, and also to his individual influence, reaching far beyond the Tweed, is due the significance of his name.

Ralph Wardlaw was born at Dalkeith, in 1779. His father afterwards became a merchant and *bailie* of Glasgow. On the mother's side he was the great grandson of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, of Secession notoriety, beyond whom there appears genealogical lustre of a very different kind, namely, of the Mar family, James V. of Scotland (Wardlaw a scion of the Stewarts!) and, further still, some Scandinavian figures at once magnified and obscured by heroic mist. It is an interesting fact, that, though young Wardlaw was unconscious of any sudden conversion, his Christian character was the growth of home influences, and particularly of morning readings of the Greek Testament with his father. "The son acted the part of reader and the father of expositor," as the latter was dressing. After four years at the grammar school of Glasgow, Ralph entered at the early age of twelve the university of the same city, where he remained for six sessions. Richardson was then Professor of

Humanity; Young, of Greek; Jardine, of Logic; Arthur, of Ethics; Meikleham, of Physics. During two sessions, Wardlaw attended the lectures of the Divinity Professor as a voluntary student. Thomas Campbell the poet, was among the students. Wardlaw was active at a debating club, called, "The Philosophical Society." Hitherto he had inclined to medicine, but now he gave himself to the ministry of the gospel, took the communion at Dr. Kidstone's church, and entered on the study of theology under Dr. George Lawson, at the hall of the burgher synod, Selkirk. Here the method of teaching was admirably stimulating,—much resembling that of Dr. Pye Smith. Here Wardlaw continued for five years. In these preliminary studies he attained considerably proficiency in classics, logic and psychology, acquired a taste for botany and anatomy, but had not shown any particular aptness for mathematics. It is probable that he profited greatly in Biblical criticism and theology under Lawson, "whose familiarity with the Hebrew and Greek texts was such as to give rise to the tradition among his students, that he could repeat the entire Bible in the original, and whose reading in theology was extensive, and who had so meditated upon all that he had read, that his mind was full of theological truth, and he had only to unlock his mental repositories to pour out upon his hearers a copious supply of sound and rich thought upon every branch of this subject." It appears to have been Dr. Wardlaw's habit through life to begin the day by a perusal of a portion of the Hebrew Bible or Greek Testament, so that his knowledge of Hebrew must have been respectable.

At the conclusion of his preparatory course, Mr. Wardlaw, who had long been an interested observer of the congregational movement, declared himself an independent. When Lawson was told of this, he said, "Well, it doesn't much matter: Ralph Wardlaw will make a good anything." "Have you heard," said a gentleman at a party one night, "that young Mr. Wardlaw, Bailie Wardlaw's son, is already on the brink of Socinianism?" "You needn't be afraid," said the excellent Dr. Balfour who was present; "I by no means approve of what Mr. Wardlaw has done; but I know him well, and I think I may pledge my word that he will not go far wrong either in doctrine or in life." "This young man," Andrew Fuller records in his diary, "is a promising character."

Academic rust hindered for a time Mr. Wardlaw's acceptance as a preacher. But this was soon rubbed off. He now diligently journeyed through various parts of Scotland, to feed hungry souls with the bread of life; showing not only zeal, but a very high degree of bodily activity and strength. Having

preached a while at Perth, it was proposed that he should settle there, for the purpose of forming a new congregation and church. This, however, he saw fit to decline. About the same time, it was proposed by his father and his other relatives and friends in Glasgow, to build there at their own expense a church for his use. This was carried into effect. The new place was opened in February, 1803. On this occasion sixty-one members, amicably seceding from the church of the Rev. Greville Ewing, at the Tabernacle, between whom and Mr. Wardlaw there was now and ever after a cordial friendship and co-operation, were formally constituted as a separate society, and Mr. Wardlaw ordained as their pastor.

The church and congregation increased slowly but surely. Mr. Wardlaw attached great importance to purity of communion, regarding it as not only right in principle, but indispensable for the peace of a congregational church, as it was for those planted by the apostles. Although such a creed must have somewhat hindered that rapid external enlargement so greatly estimated by some, yet "from these principles he never swerved during the whole course of his ministry. On the contrary, he to the last regarded purity of communion as one of the great fundamental principles of apostolic church order, without attention to which no church could really prosper; and one of the principal services which he considered the congregational churches to have rendered to the cause of Christ in Scotland was their having recalled this principle into prominent notice from that oblivion and neglect under which it had been allowed to fall." (P. 73.) The youthful pastor laboured and grew calmly and healthily for several years. Stirring incidents do not commonly occur in the career of the minister and student. Yet although the combination of the contemplative and the active life is perhaps rarer now than formerly, and although the record of such a course as Wardlaw's is necessarily to a great extent one of preachments, speeches, and publications, he was called, as will appear presently, to have more to do with great public religious and humane movements than most of his brethren. In 1805 or 1806, he joined "The Glasgow Literary and Commercial Society," of which he continued an active member for many years, reading papers, and for a considerable part of the time, filling the office of secretary. When he resigned this in 1816, he received a testimonial from the members, expressive of their respect and gratitude, for the manner in which he had discharged its duties. After a time, disputes began to rise among individuals and churches of the congregational denomination about the basis, nature and limits of the pastoral office. Heart-burnings and disruption were the consequence. But the

prudence and good temper of Mr. Wardlaw succeeded in preventing the "root of bitterness" from attaining, in his own church, more than an insignificant growth. Once it seemed likely, that, for the above and other reasons, in conjunction with the restlessness of certain indiscreet spirits in Wardlaw's church, communion would be interrupted between the two kindred churches of Ewing and Wardlaw; but this fear was dispelled by the clear and firm enunciation by the latter to his church of the principles of intercommunion. Mr. Wardlaw continued to grow in intellectual vigour, in influence, and in usefulness. He was always among the foremost promoters of the Scottish Congregational Union, aiding it by his counsels, and often preaching for the increase of its funds. Besides work more strictly ministerial, he undertook, in conjunction with Mr. Ewing, the office of theological tutor in the Glasgow Academy, which he held, either jointly or solely, till death. These Glasgow relations he would never dissolve, though he was often invited to other and more tempting theological chairs; to Hoxton in 1817, to Rotherham twice, in 1828 and 1833, to Spring Hill in 1837, and in 1842 to the Lancashire College. Nor did he give any encouragement when sounded in 1828 about an invitation to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of London. These invitations were, of course, results and marks of his reputation as a man of the best kind of influence in his own sphere, and especially as a theologian. To see a man for a large number of years steadily resisting so many considerable and various allurements, and enduringly shedding his "burning and shining light," beneficently in the spot where it was first kindled, partakes of the moral sublime. His well-known "Discourses on the Principal Points of the Socinian Controversy," appeared in 1814, and his reply to Yates, the Unitarian minister, who had answered the above, in 1816, under the title, "Unitarianism Incapable of Vindication." In 1818, he received from Yale College, the diploma of D.D., which suggests a new application of Dr. Johnson's remark on a similar occasion, to the effect that "such distinctions would be more valuable were they always conferred with equal judgment." He had already in May of that year, passed the ordeal of preaching before the London Missionary Society, at Surrey Chapel. The real venerableness of the audience on that occasion needs not the exaggerating expression employed by Dr. Alexander, "the *élite* of the religious world in Europe," though the rest of the description is characteristic enough. (P. 183.) The original chapel at Glasgow having now for some time been too small for the congregation, a new and handsome building was erected on an eligible site, and with accommodation for 1,600 hearers, and

opened in 1819. Dr. Wardlaw was now often appearing before the public as an author. In 1824, appeared "A Dissertation on the Scriptural Authority, Nature, and Uses of Infant Baptism." A subsequent edition of this work afterwards drew him into controversy with Dr. Halley. In 1825, Mr. Brougham had uttered a sentiment in his inaugural address as Lord Rector of the Glasgow University, which seemed to Dr. Wardlaw to involve serious and dangerous error, and to demand elaborate refutation. Accordingly he soon after delivered and published, "Man Responsible for his Belief: Two Sermons—occasioned by a Passage," &c. In 1829, he published a valuable volume of sermons, wherein he ably deals, besides other subjects, with the Millenarian controversy. In 1830, appeared "Two Essays: I. On the Assurance of Faith. II. On the Extent of the Atonement and Universal Pardon," in opposition to the doctrine of Erskine, since advocated by the fascinating pen of Mr. Maurice. In 1833, he delivered in London the first* series of Congregational Lectures, which were afterwards published with the somewhat incorrect title of "Christian Ethics, or Moral Philosophy on the Principles of Divine Revelation." Perhaps the most important service ever rendered by Dr. Wardlaw to the kingdom of Christ, was by delivering in London in 1839, and afterwards publishing, "National Church Establishments Examined,—in a course of Lectures." These were in reply to Dr. Chalmers, who had recently lectured on the other side.

"It was in many respects a very different audience from that which had gathered round Dr. Chalmers. There were no princes of the blood present, no peers of the realm, no prelates or high ecclesiastical dignitaries. But there were masses of the earnest, thoughtful, practical, middle class,—that class which forms the backbone of English society, and by which all that affects the political interests of the country is, in the main, ultimately determined. Several members of the House of Commons attended the course from its commencement to its close; nor were there wanting many whose earnest look and high intellectual bearing, bespoke the descendants of the men to whom no partial judge has assigned the honour of having 'with the zeal of martyrs, the purity of the early Christians, the skill and the courage of the most renowned warriors, gloriously suffered and fought, and conquered for England the free constitution she now enjoys.'† Before such an audience, Dr.

* At the end of Dr. Wardlaw's preface is the following sentence: "It is right for *me*, however, to state, that I owe my appointment for the *first* series to the circumstance of my learned and excellent friend, the Rev. Dr. John Pye Smith, having found it necessary, from special engagements, to decline the acceptance of it. Many will regret this besides myself."

† Brougham's Speeches, vol. ii. p. 53.

Wardlaw might well feel some anxiety in appearing; but nothing could be more cordial than the reception he met with, and nothing more enthusiastic than the plaudits with which he was continually cheered as he advanced. In the estimation of all who heard him, he discharged nobly the duty which had been imposed upon him, and more than equalled all the high expectations that had been formed of him from former efforts."—Pp. 380, 381.

In 1841, he published "Letters to the Reverend Hugh M'Neile, M.A., on some portions of his lectures on the Church of England."

The lectures of Mr. M'Neile were delivered in London in the course of the preceding year, and were designed partly to supply some points omitted by Dr. Chalmers, especially bearing on the pretensions of the Anglican Church, and partly to reply to some of the reasonings of Dr. Wardlaw in his lectures on Church Establishments. . . . In one respect it was hardly worth Dr. Wardlaw's while to spend much time in replying to such a work as Mr. M'Neile had sent forth; but in another respect it was of importance that it should be noticed, for an opportunity was afforded by its appearance of still further indoctrinating the public mind with just principles on the important topics on which the lecturer had touched. . . . In these letters the author's wonted acuteness, discrimination, and sagacity are remarkably displayed; whilst there is the most careful avoidance of every thing in expression and allusion that could appear inconsistent with respect and even esteem for the person of his opponent." Pp. 401, 2, 3.

In 1842, Dr. Wardlaw delivered in Glasgow, at the request of his fellow-citizens, a course of lectures on "Female Prostitution: its Nature, Extent, Effects, Guilt, Causes, and Remedy, &c." These were soon after re-delivered in Edinburgh, and then published. "The judgment of the virtuous public generally on this work," says Dr. Alexander, "may be furnished by the following extract from a review of it in the *Christian Guardian*: 'We can employ no language sufficiently strong to express our admiration of the manner in which the author has executed his delicate task.' The same critic commends this volume as the most masterly production on this very melancholy theme in our own or in any language."

A complete list of those who have been charged with *unsoundness* would be a curiosity. It may surprise some to hear that such a list would include the name of Wardlaw, and still more that the alleged "unsoundness" respected the doctrine of *atonement*. To defend himself against this malicious charge, Dr. Wardlaw delivered a course of lectures on the subject, which were published in 1843, as "Discourses on the Nature and Extent of the Atonement of Christ." Dr. Alexander says of the preface to the second edition of this work, "Reviewers

Reviewed," that Dr. Wardlaw "never displayed greater power in any of his writings than he has shown in this preface; which, viewed merely as a piece of dialectic and polemic writing, it is worth the while of all learners to study as an exercise, and of all proficient to read as a treat." In 1848, Dr. Wardlaw published "Congregational Independency, in contradistinction to Episcopacy and Presbyterianism, the Church Polity of the New Testament." This work had been long expected, but appears neither to have fully satisfied the friends of independency, nor to have been greatly admired by Dr. Wardlaw's biographer.

Besides these, the facile pen of Dr. Wardlaw produced a numerous host of volumes, single sermons, pamphlets, magazine articles, and the like, of various degrees of merit. He was one of the most prolific, as well as popular and useful theological writers of his age.

The part which he took in the memorable, and in some respects, sad Apocrypha-controversy between the Bible Society and many of its supporters, was in every way worthy of that remarkable combination of firmness and gentleness by which he was characterized.

Having wept with the slave during the period of his oppression, and having with great self-sacrifice, in such a place as Glasgow, advocated his cause, he rejoiced with him on the 1st of August, 1834.

In 1840, he acted as one of the adjudicators of the prize offered for the best essay on Christian Missions.

The fruit of his marriage with Miss Smith, of Dunfermline, in 1803, had been eleven children in all; two of whom he lost in infancy, and nine grew to maturity; one of his sons becoming a missionary, and two daughters marrying missionaries; "and when he was taken from earth, he had the immense satisfaction of believing on solid grounds, that both those who had preceded him, and those whom he left behind, were bound up with him in the bundle of eternal life, and should be found standing with him 'in his lot at the end of the days.'"

From the case of Dr. Wardlaw, Christian ministers were to learn the stern lesson, that not the most perfect human purity and rectitude, combined with singular prudence, will always secure against the attacks of invidious and malicious calumny. If ever man was distinguished by a prudence which "avoided even the appearance of evil," or might have expected exemption from such annoyance, Dr. Wardlaw was he. Yet his latter days were to be thus embittered. If the account of the part taken in this affair by Dr. Wardlaw's colleague in the pastorate, which is given by Dr. Alexander, is to be taken as trustworthy, which it doubtless is, that conduct richly deserves the epithet "dis-

gusting" which he employs. But such absurd attacks will always in the end injure their silly authors and abettors rather than their objects. Dr. Wardlaw's character acquired even in old age a new tone from this cruel discipline, and shone with fresh radiance before his brethren. Soon after his triumphant vindication, he visited London to preach one of the sermons before the London Missionary Society. "His reception by the brethren in the south was of the most enthusiastic and gratifying description." Even his physical energy and animal spirits seems to have improved after the trial.

The 16th of February, 1853, completed the fiftieth year at once of the church and of his pastorate. The moment of so remarkable a coincidence deserved an extraordinary celebration, — a twofold jubilee. A series of meetings was held, at which were present many of the most prominent ministers of the denomination in Scotland, as well as Mr. Binney and Dr. Harris from the south. A large sum of money was raised to erect a monumental building, "THE WARDLAW JUBILEE SCHOOL AND MISSION HOUSE."

The time of Wardlaw's departure was now drawing nigh. He had for many years been affected more or less by an obscure, but very distressing species of neuralgia. The pain was capable of alleviation by medicine, but nothing could reach the disease.

"So deep was the interest he continued to take in the work to which he had consecrated his life, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to take that ease which his state of health rendered necessary. He persisted in attending public worship on the Lord's day; and only three weeks before his death he presided at the Lord's Supper, and conducted the service. It was a solemn and memorable scene. 'His frame,' says an eye-witness, 'was bent, his step unsteady, and his features wan and shrunk. As he looked round upon the church, seated at the Lord's table, he appeared like a wearied man at the close of a long day's work. Those who have never seen the Doctor at the communion-table, can have no conception of the solemnity he threw over that hallowed scene. That afternoon, few will forget, as in an audible whisper he spoke of the love of Christ—his sufferings, and the glory to be revealed. It was the parting scene with a church that loved him second only to the Chief Shepherd. And in no more appropriate way could an aged pastor bid adieu to his people. 'I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.' After singing a hymn, he pronounced the benediction, and then his work there was done."* After that day his face was

* Recollections of Dr. Wardlaw, in the *Young Men's Magazine* for February, 1854.

no more seen, his voice never again heard in that place where it had for so many years been his delight, to a delighted and attached audience, to expound the truths of the gospel. He was only able to perform one other act of official duty. On the Thursday following he met the students of the Academy, and read to them two lectures in course on the Wisdom of God. It was with difficulty he got through this duty. His sight frequently failed him as he proceeded, and again and again he took off his spectacles and wiped them, as if the impediment arose from them, not witting that the shadows of eternity were beginning to stretch themselves over him. When his lecture was finished, he said, 'Gentlemen, next Thursday we shall go on to consider the Wisdom of God in Redemption.' That purpose he was not permitted to accomplish. It was the will of the master that he should go up and contemplate that grand theme amid the perfect light of the heavenly world, and under the immediate teaching of the Author of redemption Himself.

"After this his sufferings became very severe. His agony oftentimes was such that tears rolled down his cheeks, and he shrank from subjecting his friends to the pain of seeing what he endured. But amid all he was calm and self-possessed, and his faith failed not. His soul was centred on the cross as the basis of his hopes, and his lively expectations ascended to the throne as the consummation of his joys. When death overtook him, and the powers of nature were fast giving way, the words that were murmured over those eloquent lips on which hundreds had delighted to hang, were such as these: 'The Lamb—the Lamb slain for me—the Lamb in the midst of the throne—what a glorious prospect! I shall see and be with the Lamb.' And so he died, strong in faith and love, and with no shadow on his bright and happy spirit.

"Dr. Wardlaw died within a few days of completing his seventy-fourth year."—Pp. 471-4.

Dr. Wardlaw was of middle height, and vigorous and active frame; the forehead high, though not very broad, the features regular, eyebrows bushy, lips sweet but firm, and the general expression, dignity and seriousness combined with cheerfulness and benevolence. His intellect excelled rather in analysis than in finding matter to be analyzed, was capable of prompt, vigorous, and long action, and was ever controlled and kept diligently at work by a will swayed by conscience. He delighted in the nice weighing of evidence. He possessed a naturally elegant and a cultivated taste. Dugald Stewart was his philosopher; Cowper his poet. He occasionally wrote poetry, which was sometimes inspired by natural scenery, and pleasingly unaffected and simple, sometimes sacred, sometimes satirical. This weapon he could wield on occasion with effect, never with malice, and always on the right side. He was ready at repartee.

"In 1838, he, with several other dissenting ministers, had the honour of being presented to her Majesty, and of kissing hands. . . .

Dr. Wardlaw, though not accustomed to wear a gown as a badge of clerical dignity, conformed to usage on this occasion, and went to court in the costume of a doctor in divinity, with gown and bands. Another dissenting minister, who was present for some other business, but whose conscience would not allow him to appear in any other dress than that which court usage allots to laymen, came up to Dr. Wardlaw in the ante-chamber and said, 'I am surprised to see *you*, Dr. Wardlaw, conform in this way to the Church;' to which the latter immediately replied, pointing to the sword and bag-wig, "And *you*, Mr. —, I am grieved to see so conformed to the world!"—P. 373.

Yet was he gentle and kind, even tender. He possessed an exquisite power of comforting mourners, and could reduce the tears of nature to the lowest possible ebb. But at the proper moment he could show high moral courage. When the Anti-slavery movement was exceedingly unpopular in Glasgow, he spoke thus at one of the meetings:—

"If I had yielded to the influence of friendship I should not have appeared here this day; and I know the cost of my attendance in the coldness, distance, and alienation which I shall experience from some whose friendship I prize. But I felt the call of duty to be higher than that of friendship, and I dare not keep back. There are two things of higher importance than the pleasures of earthly friendship—an approving conscience and an approving God.'"—P. 299.

And when indignation was roused by unworthiness, he could utter burning words as with the tongue of a fiery serpent. Thus in reply to Anglo-Scotus (see page 338), he says:—

"Regarding Anglo-Scotus solely as he has been pleased to give us a glimpse of himself in this production, I have no hesitation in saying, respect is not his due; courtesy is not his due; charity is not his due; Mercy, in the plenitude of her kindness, may bestow on him gratuitous pity; but what Justice awards him is scorn. I know of no terms in which the treatment merited by an anonymous scandal-monger can be more appropriately expressed than those of Job: 'Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place.'"—P. 339.

Few men have known so well as Wardlaw the meaning of the word *home*. His fireside was his daily charm and source of strength. He enlarges one's conceptions of husband and father. He was a man of order. The room and fireplace must be tidy when he began to write. Yet as he well knew that a mechanical man can never produce a vital impression, his general habits were orderly rather from an inward principle than in obedience to a set of rules. A man is known by his friendships. In former years you see Dr. Wardlaw the guest of the lively

Gunn, then of the amiable Durant. Here, he appears as colleague of the venerable Ewing, there, spite of the Apocrypha controversy, faithful to his loving Heugh; companying with metaphysical Payne and elegant Fletcher, and corresponding through long years with the practical Burder. You observe him exchanging letters with an unseen brother theologian, Woods of Andover—the transatlantic Wardlaw—and again are delighted with the loving reverence of Morison, whose timid worth he had encouraged into the ministry. Nor must there be omitted his later colleague in the Academy—much his junior—the loveable, accomplished, but, alas! early removed, John Morell Mackenzie. As a preacher Dr. Wardlaw attained a high degree of excellence, of a kind particularly suited to his countrymen. He stood erect, with head thrown back, and action sparing but effective. His voice was clear and charming as a silver bell, fit symbol of his transparently flowing diction and distinct conceptions. In matter he was accustomed to soar high, but seldom lost sight of the practical; in manner unaffected, and though not impassioned, solemn. When he adopted the practice of reading, so effective was it in his hands, that there was only an exchange of one means of impression for another. As pastor, Dr. Wardlaw was, while health allowed, a diligent and sympathizing visitor of his people. The affection between them was strong, and that of the latter was shown not only by the liberal income they furnished, but by a costly testimonial in 1837, consisting of a silver cup containing three hundred sovereigns, presented with a touching address by the senior deacon, as well as by the splendid jubilee subscription already noticed.

As a theologian, Dr. Wardlaw may be regarded as belonging to the transition from the stiffer and narrower notions of former days to the greater freedom of the present. The old traditional dogmas he tested and modified by Scripture. Dr. Wardlaw's reading in theology is said by his biographer to have been rather select than extensive. "The writings of Dr. Edward Williams, Andrew Fuller, Archibald M'Lean, and some of our older Scottish divines, such as Ricaultoun, he held in peculiar estimation, and upon them many of his own opinions were formed." (p. 481.) Dr. Alexander, of course, cannot mean by the remark at page 80, to disparage the Fathers, or to insinuate that Dr. Wardlaw did wisely in his late neglect of authors, whom—as well as the schoolmen—the biographer finding of some "value for the kind of theology to which his convictions and inclinations call him," quotes in the appendix *against Dr. Wardlaw*. In 1834, Wardlaw confesses to Woods, "I have paid very little attention as yet to the 'metaphysics of Kant, and the peculiarities of Coleridge,' respecting which you ask my

judgment ;" and immediately adds with a prudence and candour edifying to inferior men, "were I to write about them at all, it would be very much in the dark." He writes to Morison in 1852, "I must confess, with regard to many, besides Coleridge's, of the metaphysical and mystical speculations of our '*great thinkers*,' that, like Dr. Chalmers, '*I am not yet up to them*,' nor ever, I now fear, likely to be; for, I confess, at my late hour," &c. One of his sons writes of him:—

"It is worth notice that he had little relish for the theological writings of our continental neighbours. Of *some*, indeed he could not fail to think highly; but there were few in which he found much to admire, which was not to be found, though with less of a *philosophic* garb, in the best productions of our own divines; and he always said he never could discover, even in the best, the wonderful depth and striking beauty which seemed to meet the eye of others, and to call forth their wondering admiration and fervent eulogy."—P. 488.

Dr. Alexander remarks on Dr. Wardlaw's "Treatise on Miracles," "His strictures on Strauss and the Rationalists labour under the disadvantage of his having studied their views at second hand, and in some instances through an imperfect medium." Some of Dr. Alexander's readers may think of other respects, wherein Dr. Wardlaw might have been benefited as a theologian by an acquaintance, if not with such as Strauss represents, yet with some abler professor of "mystified buff," (p 463), who had presented in a more "philosophic garb," the doctrine of "the best productions of our own divines."

The following sentences of Dr. Wardlaw may be quoted for the edification of the party to whom they refer:—

"When one looks at some of the Puseyites individually, men of acknowledged literature and science, *drivelling* as they do on some points—when we see such a man as Dr. Pusey himself writing with such mysteriously-solemn, long-visaged, and head-shaking gravity, things so self-contradictory and so absolutely infantile, on the words, '*This is my body*,' and putting himself, and endeavouring to put others, into a perfect agony of dread, lest he should be found doubting the mystery of the real presence, when the Divine Master so plainly affirms it—when, after all, the words, even to the understanding of a child, are so perfectly simple; and when we add to this the very palatable nature, in many respects, of the Romish system, especially as it *externalizes* religion to such a degree, and to such a degree flatters and fosters the pride of self-desert in the natural mind, we feel that we can hardly hold our confidence, on the mere ground of the illumination of the nineteenth century, that that system may not yet gain the ascendancy, and 'all the world again wonder after the beast.' But one recoils with a shudder from the very thought, and says emphatically, 'God forbid!' Let us rather cherish the hope, that the prevalence of Puseyism may rouse the indignant spirit of another

Luther, to stir against it the slumbering zeal of insulted Protestantism, and work out a second reformation, with less of popery in it, than, alas! remained in the first, and more of the *spiritual independence of the church*. It is well that this latter principle is, on our own side of the Tweed, gaining ground so decidedly."—P. 420.

As theological tutor, Dr. Wardlaw was remarkable for the profound reverence for the Bible, which he exemplified, as well as directly inculcated in lecturing. Who shall estimate that healthy influence shed on his pupils, and through them on thousands more, by the piety of their teacher?

In politics, Dr. Wardlaw, who had probably at first inherited the principles of Toryism, became gradually liberal. In political economy, he adopted and advocated the opinions of Malthus; and in the border region of politics and religion, it has been seen how ably he contended for voluntarism, laying down the principle, that "the true and legitimate province of the magistrate, in regard to religion, is *to have no province at all*."

Taking Dr. Wardlaw altogether, as man, Christian, divine, it may be affirmed, that he reached a lofty peak of excellence, where few of his contemporaries are seen standing by his side, to share the veneration attracted thither, or to wield thence so wide and beneficent an influence, thereby greatly claiming the gratitude of mankind.

In his qualified eulogy of Dr. Wardlaw's "Treatise on Miracles," his biographer remarks, "On the whole, the work must be regarded as a solid, judicious, and most able defence of the main pillar of the Christian evidences." (P. 459.) Unless he means the *external* evidences, he differs in opinion from Dr. John Owen, who says, "Here we rest, and deny that we believe the Scripture to be the word of God formally for any other reason but itself, which assureth us of its divine authority. . . . We must come to something wherein we may rest for its own sake, and that not with a strong and firm opinion, but with divine faith. And nothing can rationally pretend unto this principle but the truth of God manifesting itself in the Scripture."—*Reason of Faith*. Vol. IV., p. 71, of Gould's edition of Owen.

Dr. Alexander gives a valuable critique on "Man's Responsibility for his Belief," wherein he adds to Wardlaw's doctrine, that men often refuse belief to a true and credible statement, because they are prevented by their affections from perceiving the evidence,—this, "that man is responsible for his belief as he is for his words or his deeds, because *he can and does regulate his belief by his will*." Dr. Wardlaw says, "That belief must necessarily correspond with the perception of evidence, it being in the nature of the thing impossible that the mind should believe, or disbelieve otherwise than as evidence is, or is not

discerned," is an axiom. This is of course denied by Dr. Alexander, who quotes on his side Clement of Alexander, Theodoret, Augustin among the Fathers, Alexander of Hales and Thomas of Aquino among the schoolmen, Luther, and Bacon. In another part of the volume, Dr. Alexander makes the important remark on Wardlaw's Essay on Faith, "A considerable portion of it is taken up with advocating the doctrine, that saving faith is simple belief of the testimony of God concerning His Son, as opposed to the view that it includes, as a necessary element, that trust in Christ to which the belief of the testimony naturally leads. With this doctrine I cannot concur, nor do I think it is one which the author has consistently adhered to throughout his essay." His main object, however, in reviewing the essay, is not to make such a remark, but rather to show the irrelevancy of this question to the author's theme. "The real question . . . is one on which Dr. Wardlaw has but slightly dwelt, viz., whether saving faith be an act of the mind terminating on something purely objective, be that Christ or only God's testimony concerning Christ, or an act having respect to the individual's own personal interest in Christ? . . . In order to refute this opinion (that namely which identifies faith with assurance), it is obviously the business of the polemic to show that faith is not that special belief in a man's own justification which some hold it to be, and out of which alone assurance could certainly spring."—Pp. 286—288.

The reader is probably aware, that Dr. Wardlaw, in his "Congregational Lectures," contends earnestly that *the* rule or law of morals has been given by the Divine Governor in the volume of Divine revelation. To establish this position, he argues from the present character of human nature, that the attempt to deduce a scheme of virtue therefrom is a mistake; and applying this test, in succession to the theories of ancient and modern moralists, especially that of Butler, he easily shows their inconsistency therewith, and of course infers their falsehood, as far as this question reaches. Many thoughtful men, however, seeing that Dr. Wardlaw's fourth lecture leaves Bishop Butler just where it found him, and grieved to find such a man as Dr. Wardlaw committing himself against that marvellous thinker, may be consoled to see, in the following sentences, that, in such opinions, his biographer does not share: "If the basis and standard of morality are both assumed to be without us, they cannot possibly be affected by any change that may have past over us since man was first made. . . . If morality, theoretically or practically, depend on the constitution God has given us, to affirm that that constitution is fatally vitiated, *quoad* this very thing, is virtually to pronounce morality an

impossible thing for us. . . . It seems then, that to apply this fact as a test of moral systems is irrelevant. . . . If moral disorder unfit a man for ascertaining aright the truths unfolded by the hand of the Creator in the constitution of the moral universe, will it not equally unfit him for ascertaining aright the truths unfolded by the word of the Creator in the Scriptures?" (Pp. 331, 332.) Dr. Alexander regards the article on this work which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, as "somewhat superficial." "Nothing, I think," Dr. Alexander goes on to say, on Dr. Wardlaw's Lectures, "can be more admirable and convincing than his proof, that the only foundation of moral truth is to be sought in the divine essence." In his sixth lecture, Dr. Wardlaw maintains the position, that "the will of God is not the origin of the principles of rectitude, but is itself determined by them." This, he thinks, it would be profanity to dispute. Yet, immediately after, he revolts from the notion of any ultimate standard of morality, but that of the Divine perfection as both "inconsiderate and profane." Here, however, it may, without profanity, be asked, whether the doctor has kept sufficiently in view the distinction between conception and existence. True, the Godhead is "the eternal and immutable prototype of all excellence," of which all other is a shadow, and whose radiation is inexhaustible. Yet, as Dr. Wardlaw himself, without "profanity or inconsiderateness," exposes the absurdity of asserting the ability of the divine power to effect *contradictions*, and as mathematical truth is independent of all actual existence, to seek for the idea of infinite excellence, realized by God alone, the Necessary, Perfect Being, is not an irreverent procedure. The last origin of this conception is, of course, the divine perfection; yet, unless Hegel is to be trusted, thought and being are distinct.

Dr. Alexander will hardly expect that his account in the preface of his unwillingness at first to undertake, at the request of Dr. Wardlaw's representatives, the duties of biographer, arising in part from a consciousness of dissent from several of Dr. Wardlaw's published opinions, will cause his reviewers to refrain altogether from remarking on his strictures on those opinions. Had he confined himself to a mere expression of dissent, as these opinions offered in the course of the memoirs, their part might have been silence; but the case is different when he gives ample comments on the doctrines of his friend, and expounds at length his own reasons for dissent. That Dr. Wardlaw should arrive at "the extreme conclusion of voluntarism, viz., that 'the true and legitimate province of the magistrate in regard to religion is to have no province at all,'" startles and grieves his biographer. "On what grounds, then,"

he inquires, "has Dr. Wardlaw rested this conclusion? In the first instance, on the assertion that Scripture has confined the the magistrate's functions within the sphere of civil matters. But has not the lecturer stumbled here at the very threshold? If the magistrate have *no* province in regard to religion at all, with what consistency can he be appealed to the Bible, the standard of religious truth and duty, to determine what his proper province is? if he may be summoned legitimately as a magistrate, to learn his functions from the Bible, how can it be justly said that he has nothing whatever, as a magistrate, to do with religion?" The twofold answer instantly suggests itself. First: even if Dr. Wardlaw believes that the civil magistrate, as such, has no province at all in regard to religion, yet, as Dr. Wardlaw is an inquirer after truth, and believes the teaching of the Bible on this question of political philosophy, as well as on other subjects, to be trustworthy, *he* is perfectly consistent in appealing to the Bible. Again: even if the magistrate, as such, has no province at all in religion, religion is surely competent when he offers his aid to reject it, and he is bound to listen and abide by her decision if she say,—“All I want you to do for me is to leave me alone; get out of my sunshine.”

But as Dr. Alexander lays no stress on this objection, it may be passed over. Admitting on pages 386, 387, that “establishments and endowments of Christianity as a mode of promoting the religious education of the community . . . cannot be set up without doing violence to express injunctions of Scripture, superceding chartered rights of the followers of Christ, and entailing innumerable evils on the Christian cause;” he yet asserts on p. 385, that governments “not only have a province in regard to religion, but that it very greatly concerns them that their subjects should be instructed in those principles which can alone enable them to appreciate aright such legislation,” namely, legislation on the principles of the Bible, and he stigmatizes as worse than Egyptian taskmasters “those who would bind the magistrate to secure the order and well-being of the community, and yet forbid him under any circumstances to provide that education by which alone this end can be effectually secured.” In a word, Dr. Alexander means to advocate religious education by government. But ought he not distinctly to point out the difference in principle between “establishments and endowments of Christianity as a means of promoting the religious education of the community,” and “the magistrate making provision for religious instruction.” Until Dr. Alexander explains himself more clearly, some plain people will continue to think the difference so superficial as to amount at bottom to no difference at all. If a man is taxed to provide

religious instruction for himself or his children, the injustice will not be removed by "leaving it free to him to accept that instruction or not as he pleases." There is, doubtless, a difficulty in the question, "Who is to determine what is to be taught for religious truth to the community?" a difficulty which has proved so embarrassing to Dr. Alexander that he has had recourse to "the omniscience of Parliament—in the modified sense, of course, in which alone such language can be used of any human institution." But *extreme* men would here suggest three desiderata: first, that Parliament should actually, and not nominally only, represent the nation; secondly, that the whole nation, being Christian, should return the *élite* within it in piety and theological knowledge; and thirdly, that at least the more important religious diversities should cease, that there might be none in Parliament to mar its omniscience. This were doubtless "a consummation to be wished for," but till it arrives, *extreme* men will incline to regard the house as being yet far from omniscience, as even "helplessly incompetent in the department of theological truth." As for the comparison of the "bricks," it must be regarded as irrelevant, unless by a begging of the question. The blame of the embarrassment of the civil ruler in consequence of the neglect of any duty rests on those to whom the duty belongs.

This is a vigorously written volume. There are, however, some marks of haste—blemishes whose disappearance in a second edition were desirable. Thus on page 257, Dr. Heugh is said to have moved a resolution to which Dr. Wardlaw proposed an amendment; but on page 259, Dr. Wardlaw says that his "resolution of confidence and adherence" was the original one, and that Dr. Heugh's proposition of severance was the amendment. Sometimes there are sentences, which, by their careless construction, convey, if strictly construed, either no meaning at all, or one foreign to the writer's purpose. Thus, on page 244, "That he should have done so at the time the above letter was written, no one could expect." "Done" what? The preceding sentence does not inform the reader, but the meaning is left to be conjectured. Here and there are expressions which are somewhat below the subject, and some which are particularly offensive to southern ears. On the whole, however, Dr. Alexander has fulfilled his important task with an ability, prudence and geniality, honourable to himself and to Dr. Wardlaw, and largely claiming the gratitude of his readers. The book sufficiently recommends itself. It is worthy of the good and great name which it embalms, and both from that name and its own masterly execution, will speedily attain a wide circulation, be read with eager interest, and then laid up in

store. Successive generations of Christians will preserve it with their choicest treasures and legacies from the present. Would that every Wardlaw found an Alexander! It is not always that men see at once so noble a subject and so able an artist.

ART. IV.—*The Christian Life, Social and Individual.* By Peter Bayne, M.A. Edinburgh: Hogg. Pp. vi. 526. Cr. 8vo.

It may be safely presumed that the writer of this book is a young man. The purpose and method of his work, the buoyancy and colouring of his style, the venturesome and crude opinions which he sometimes offers on knotty metaphysical questions, and the free, healthful sympathies that enliven his biographies with unfailing vivacity, all authenticate his youth. On this account we are more anxious to bestow that commendation on his labour which he has well earned, and to offer a few strictures which we trust will be understood to indicate our sincere respect for his ability, and our assurance of his future eminent usefulness.

This book will be widely circulated among young men. By the desultory reading, of which Mr. Bayne makes candid and penitent confession, and for which, therefore, we must forgive him, he has laid himself open to those influences that diffuse themselves so subtly and rapidly through the literature of our language, and which produce their first and most marked impression on the more inquisitive, susceptible, and unwary minds of young men. Hence, in following him through his pages, we find a succession of topics casually or minutely discussed, which suggest the names of our most conspicuous and influential authors who have given them prominence, and which embody without doubt the peculiar and urgent questions in philosophy and religion which are now agitating the minds of our most thoughtful and earnest students. It is emphatically a book for the times. Mr. Bayne has felt deeply, and pondered attentively those difficulties which he knew were pressing on the heart and brain of the men of his own age, whether in colleges or in factories; and he has had courage to publish his opinions in the hope of encouraging them, and helping them towards settled and truthful results. It is, therefore, a book written by a young man who expounds to us what is pretty generally, though perhaps silently felt by men of his capacity and class. It is, moreover, a book written to young men by one who has shown entire sympathy with them in their aspirations and independent search after truth. Such a book, being likewise

distinguished for the acuteness and freshness of its speculations and the graces of its style, must be read with avidity by young men. They will find in it the very subjects which have excited their attention, honestly and lucidly expounded. Many will be thankful for the instruction and guidance which is afforded; and others, if not always carried forward to our author's conclusions, will rejoice that he has presented these topics in a summary form, and brought such candour, zeal, and disciplined ability to the discussion of them. The importance of this work, its merits and demerits, may be estimated from these introductory remarks. We shall endeavour to gain for it the favourable regard of our readers, and to pay the "dues of courtesy" to our author by briefly explaining his intentions and his plan, and by appending such criticisms as we deem most indispensable.

We must condense our author's thoughts like "pemmican," and extract only a few of the multitudinous remarks straggling along our note paper if we fulfil the Horatian edict, "*quicquid præcipies esto brevis*."

The first words of the Preface serve to explain and to apologize for the varied and discursive contents of the book; they are as follow:—

"Professor M'Dougall remarks on the too extensive diffusion of the idea that evangelical religion in its strict personal form, comports ill with solidity and compass of intellect. In the course of somewhat desultory reading, I was forcibly struck with the prevalence of the idea in certain departments of our literature; and it occurred to me that a statement of the Christian view of the individual character, together with a fair representation of the practical embodiment and working of that character, in our age, might not be unattended with good. With the first idea certain others became gradually allied, and especially it seemed to me important that the position and work of Christianity as a social and reforming agency should be at least in outline defined."

Since, therefore, the author was bound to trace the influences of Christianity as they are at work, both on the individual nature of man, and on social institutions, we easily comprehend why such a variety of topics came under his review: and from this confession, we further learn why all of them are exhibited under the new aspects they are assuming to modern inquiry. In order to grasp his aim most effectually, and to illustrate it most clearly, he has arranged the contents of the volume into three parts, which are respectively entitled: I. Statement; II. Exposition and Illustration; III. Outlook. The first part is devoted to speculation, and maintains these themes in two respective chapters. First, that the Christian religion alone gives rational

satisfaction to the urgent questionings of the human intellect; and a complete development of the entire system of the human faculties. Second. That the Christian religion is the only stable basis on which a commonwealth can be reared. The individual and the social life, therefore, can only be perfected through the Christian faith.

A rapid analysis of the first chapter will show our author's breadth of view, clearness of purpose, and fertility of resources. In one or two points we shall correct and supplement the metaphysical opinions he has advanced, in order that we may strengthen impregnably his noble argument.

He begins by seeking the origin of that anti-Christian spirit which has infected so much of our presumptive philosophy and popular literature; and he has rightly discovered it in the flattering doctrines of Pantheism. These doctrines as they are taught by Fichte and Carlyle, the chief apostles of this creed, irradiate from the central dogma of Man's divinity. The essential principle of Pantheism, as it is broadly asserted by Fichte, "ever is the glory, worship, and divinity of man," and from this principle, Carlyle has worked out a perfect scheme of Pantheism in application to practical life. Against Pantheism, the one point to be established from which all else follows, is the separate and personal existence of a Divine Being. By a fine instructive sympathy with the temper of our age, Mr. Bayne is led by preference, to develop that source of evidence which we believe to be now commanding the especial notice of our greatest religious philosophers, though he has been the first explicitly to announce and define it,—we mean, the proof of the existence of God which is drawn from our *moral* nature. After some criticism on the nature and functions of conscience, which, though shrewd and searching, is very defective, and would have been greatly modified by a more thorough converse with the subject, he methodizes this evidence under these two considerations: the last of which he thinks might be expanded into an irrefragable argument. First. The human consciousness as revealing itself in history has borne witness to the fact, that it is natural for man not to regard the voice of conscience as final. The monitions of conscience, whether they witnessed approval or reproach, have been always associated with the belief of a higher Being, whose smile has brightened, or whose frown has darkened the soul. Second. We are compelled by an original necessity implanted in the mind, to believe in the existence of a sufficient cause for every effect of which it is cognizant. The monitions of conscience are phenomena for which we must, according to this law, assign a cause. This cause is God; accordingly, the historical fact just mentioned, is at once confirmed

and explained. This is the necessity which has urged the human mind in all ages to seek its deity without itself. We do not accept this latter argument, which is a metaphysical blunder. The whole question, however, is of such vital importance, that we have postponed our remarks upon it to the close of this article.

But, if God exists? How can the Infinite One reveal Himself to a finite mind? The Bible has anticipated and confirms the last conclusion of philosophy, viz., that "a God understood would be no God at all. In the earliest age of Bible-teaching, we find it asked, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" but at the same time, it corroborates and responds to the yet more truthful, because instinctive conviction of the heart that we *must* have some knowledge of God, and some way of access to Him. Jesus Christ says "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, show us the Father." And the apostle Paul professed before the Athenian sages, his ability to reveal to them Him whom they had *ignorantly* worshipped. Mr. Bayne says, according to the Bible, "God is thus revealed, and we are able to approach unto Him; first, by a divine intimation that man is formed in the image of God; and, second, by the incarnation of the Godhead in Christ Jesus." This second doctrine, which affirms that He who has been from eternity, the Revealer, the Λόγος of the Inscrutable God, has also declared the Father unto us, is briefly, but ably expounded by Mr. Bayne. In this doctrine alone, mysterious though it be, are the contradictions of the intellect and the heart reconciled, the one protesting that God cannot be known, and the other that he must be known. So that the Christian the longer he meditates upon it, is profoundly satisfied, in both his reason and his faith, and delights in that mystery which answers the imperative demands of these once opposing elements of his complex nature. Through Christ we hold converse with God. This brings Mr. Bayne to the solution offered by Christianity of that problem of the individual life which is discussed by Fichte and Carlyle.

Both of these writers have depicted in ghastly colours, a state of mind in which amid convulsive throes and indignant loathing, it turns away from the pleasures of sense, and trembles with awe before the infinite mysteries of sorrow, and sin; and retribution, and they profess to tell us how the soul may emerge from this confusion and distress to noble and perfect manhood: "How perfect content is to be regained with one's position in the system of things; how love is again to suffuse the world, and over every cloud of mystery is to be cast a bow of peace."

We wish that Mr. Bayne in this part of his argument had

thrown back the mantle of his rhetoric and unbarred his strong arm to deal swifter and more telling blows upon his antagonists. The antics of his language occasionally oppress and enervate his logic; and we impatiently ask for simpler, bolder, and more impressive statements of the truth which he believes. It is said that no delineation of mortal confusion has been written to compare with the chapter on "the everlasting No," in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," and it will be difficult to find another description of serene, triumphant, and self-satisfied repose to equal the exquisite and glowing pictures in his chapter on "the everlasting Yes." But if we examine the reasons which have plunged poor Teufelsdröckh into the seething ocean of despair, or lifted him again to rest on the sunny hills of heaven, we seem to be tracing the phantasies of a dream, or listening to the successive sobs and laughter of a maniac. Who can tell why Teufelsdröckh is so affected with anguish and dismay? There is no guilt, no imperfection, no wrathful God, no future hell. He cannot blame himself; he has not an undeserved and inevitable fate to dread. Why, then, should he be wretched? Equally vain is the inquiry, why he should, suddenly and spontaneously, become so calm and entranced in happiness. Christianity has nothing to fear from this meagre, fantastic, and irrational philosophy which contradicts the stern and ineffaceable realities of human experience. *It* likewise recognizes a period of mental sorrow, and a subsequent period of forgiveness, and peace, and holy obedience, but it plainly enunciates those beliefs which produce these mental changes, and challenges mankind to say whether they be not true to the facts of consciousness, and do not afford a sufficient cause for the consequent effect.

Both Fichte and Carlyle tell us that the torment or fear endured in the first stage of the spiritual life is only "the stirring of the Divine principle within, and the expression of its unrest and embarrassment in the bonds of sense; but whence it has arisen that the Divine birth must agonize us, why the beginning is anguish, when joy, which is the companion of perfection—the guerdon of genius—is the progress and end," we learn not from their philosophy. And how is this fear disposed of? We are aware of no voice reaching the troubled man from heaven to whisper of pardon and invite to peace; we see no hand stretched out to remove sin or impart purity by one tremendous effort of will; no lengthened intelligible note, but by an abrupt Quixotic inspiration, he rides himself of terror, and declares that if hell must be endured, it must.

As Mr. Bayne observes, there is something fearfully grand in the representation of man raising his spirit, in composure and disdain, above all the evils of this life, and of a possible eternity,

but the representation is even poetically false, attributing to puny man that wondrous solemnity which Milton ventured to ascribe to the proudest of the fallen angels alone.

When we look into the Christian writings after reading these melodramatic fictions we seem to have awaked from a reverie to actual life, or to have landed on the solid earth, after floating through giddy and cloudy heights under a full-blown balloon. There is none of the parade, excitement, and deception of poetry in them; every statement is clear, direct, and palpable. We ask Fichte and Carlyle whence comes this torment of self-accusation and alarm, and their answer cannot be construed into intelligibility. Christianity affirms that it arises "from a sense of imperfection and a consciousness of guilt," and appeals for its veracity to the consciousness of every human being. These two philosophies ignore the latter fact altogether, and might as well, therefore, ignore the human soul itself, on whose behalf they pretend to philosophize; for what other fact has pierced the soul so deeply with torment, or streaked the scroll of history with such dark lines of tragic and continuous woe? But Christianity does not shrink from denouncing man's guilt; it probes and discovers the actual causes of his wretchedness, and then it unfolds the remedy; it reveals God to us—the infinite source of all perfection and blessedness.

His limitless glories, which rise and unfold in awful immensity before us as we draw near to Him, humble and yet elevate with inexpressible rapture the mind of His reverent worshipper. It reveals to us Jesus Christ in whom God, though unsearchable as regards his eternal and self-existent essence, yet speaks to men and communicates pardon; a present sufficiency of aid, and promises of future endless advancement. When this revelation is believed with the solemn and impassioned faith—which is alone possible concerning a subject of such sublimity and serious personal concernment (all other faith is illusive and dead), we see how peace—the peace of God which passeth all understanding—dawns upon the troubled soul with unearthly stillness and brightness even if the belief be groundless and fallacious. Yet there is sufficient cause in the grandeur and blessedness of the conceptions which it involves, and which are accredited by the mind, to produce that happy result; but who can say that it is fallacious, when it corresponds so exactly to every want of the depraved, impotent, and guilty soul. None but He who knew with perfect accuracy the universal wants of man underlying all transient differences of colour, customs, and creed could have devised a system which comprehends and satisfies them all.

Carlyle represents the exhausted spirit as receiving infinite

satisfaction and rest, by imbibing the incensed fumes of pride. Being a powerful opiate, they exhilarate and stupify the soul, so that Teufelsdröckh, like any Chinaman, sinks into his couch, and, after a whiff or two of self-congratulation, is wrapped round by gorgeous dreams, which banish for a while the sordid realities of life. Alas! for the the morning of eternity, when this debauch of intoxicating pride is over. Christianity humbles the soul, and does not, with cruel mockery, turn it back upon itself for the cure of that misery which has sprung from its own impotency, but it reveals to us an infinitely perfect God, whose love is the light of the universe, who is willing to absolve our guilt contracted against Him, and to supply every deficiency of our imperfect nature.

Let this doctrine of Christianity stand in its majestic representation of God, and its blissful correspondence with the craving of our soul, against the exposition of Pantheism by Carlyle, and if we consider them both as splendid and delusive romances, wholly unfounded in fact, the former commends itself to our imagination as inconceivably the more august in its conception; and it allures our affection by a more gentle, sacred, and omnipotent enchantment. If we are driven to the alternative, and must choose one or the other, as theories of the spiritual world resting upon equally balanced probabilities of evidence, it is surely a nobler, stronger, and happier faith to believe that we are brought into reconciliation and everlasting union with the infinitely perfect God, than to worship the blind, stunted, self-condemned, and miserable fragment of divinity which every man is said to carry in himself.

But are the probabilities of evidence equally balanced? Will any man compare the authority of "Sartor Resartus" as a revelation of the spiritual world, with the Bible? All kinds of evidence are afforded to attest the revelation of Christianity; and if these are accumulated in their complexity and aggregate form, they press the mind irresistibly to the conclusion of its *divine* origin. This fact is forgotten in our contentions about Christianity and rival systems. Thomas Carlyle thinks and writes as an erring, though a clever man; there is incontrovertible evidence apart from the inherent value, consistency, and adaptedness of his truth, to prove that Jesus Christ spoke with the authority and unflinching truthfulness of God.

Mr. Bayne concludes the chapter by a few fragmentary remarks on the four topics. First, the ethical value of the Christian theory of conversion, in that precise point where it contrasts with Pantheism. Second. The mode in which it tranquillizes the mind which is agitated by a sense of the sor-

rowful mysteries of human destiny, and the dark paths of divine justice. Third. The Christian theory of work. Fourth. The Christian theory of Heaven.

We have followed Mr. Bayne through his argument in the first chapter, that our readers may learn the character and tendency of his work. We cannot do the same with his second chapter, where he combats the doctrine of hero-worship taught by Mr. Carlyle, and proves that through the teaching and moral influences of Christianity alone, can the problem of social life be solved; and civilization be completed when freedom and law are harmonized in "the unity of the spirit." We observe here the same perspicuity of reasoning, the same tact in the disposition of his argument, and the same general correctness in his conclusions as in the first chapter. But the vastness and intricacy of the subject, stretching into endless ramifications, bitterly expose the poverty of his reading and his practical inexperience. These defects will be rectified by enlarged study and commerce with the world.

We are convinced, however, that the general tenor of his argument is sound, and we admire the pluck and strength which enables him to wrestle lustily with his burly foe, and to throw him in his own field. The instructions of a wise philosophy, and of matured experience, will amplify and correct his argument where it now appears jejune and defective.

To illustrate the positions laid down in these two chapters, Mr. Bayne has written six brief biographies of the following persons, John Foster, Thomas Arnold, Dr. Chalmers, John Howard, Wilberforce, and Budgett, the successful merchant. These biographies compose the second part entitled Exposition and Illustration; and, if we mistake not, will be generally esteemed the most interesting and profitable, as they constitute the largest portion of his volume. He had set a high model before himself in Carlyle's biography of Burns, and it is the highest commendation to say, that he has reproduced many of the best qualities of that marvellous literary production. His style is much improved in this second part. It occasionally flags into tame, nerveless monotony in pursuing the disquisitory arguments that commence his book; but no sooner does he get among these men whom he loves, than it springs up into elastic, and graceful, and abounding life. The fluency, variety, and flexibility of his language are remarkable; it is sometimes packed, and terse, and grave, as though written by a prompt business man, and sometimes it is copious, ornate, and musical, like the hymn of an oriental poet; and these differences nicely harmonize with the sentiments he wishes to express. His third part, entitled, Outlook, is a brief appendix to the body of the

work, and contains some earnest thoughts on the aggressive movements of positive philosophy and pantheism, which give point and practical bearing to the moral purpose of the preceding parts, and deeply impress the mind with the grave importance of these topics which Mr. Bayne has brought under our review.

Mr. Bayne will pardon us if we now criticise, without censoriousness, the defects of his book. "*Ergo fungar vice cotis.*" 1st. He prodigiously over-rates the capacity, wisdom, and influence of Thomas Carlyle. Having passed through a phase of mental experience in which Carlyle's influence predominated over his inmost thoughts, and held him in almost servile bondage, he thinks the world is still lying palsied under that thralldom whence he has escaped, and he hastens to destroy the giant in order to release mankind. Some six or eight years ago, it is true that young men were smitten with a frenzy for Carlyle, but this fever has died away; and while men yet wonder at the fervour, brilliancy, and terrific power of his imagination, they pity the unsoundness and aberrations of his intellect.

The whimsical, unnatural, and impracticable political doctrines propounded in his "*Latter Day Pamphlets*," and the cold, sneering, blasphemous scepticism expressed in his "*Life of Sterling*," have allayed the enthusiasm of even his juvenile readers, and stripped him of his once formidable "tail."

We regret, therefore, that Mr. Bayne has spoken in such unbounded terms of Carlyle's greatness, and that he has imputed such unwarranted importance to his opinions.

2ndly. Mr. Bayne often speaks with a tone of dogmatism and defiance, that will exasperate, but never convince his opponents. In truth, his peremptory manner of settling very complicated questions by two or three grandiose sentences, is apt sometimes to excite a laugh. His mind is very quick-sighted and impetuous in its decisions; and, generally, it must be granted, these decisions are just, but with the haste and zeal natural to his temper, there is allied a want of caution and of due respect for the opinion of others. For example: the summary method in which he imagines he has everlastingly settled the question of church and state alliance, however it may satisfy his Free Church brethren in Scotland, will appear absurd and presumptuous to the churchmen and nonconformists in England.

3rdly. While Thomas Carlyle has exercised predominant influence over Mr. Bayne's speculative opinions, it will be apparent to all his readers, that De Quincey's style he has laboured to catch in giving expression to

these opinions. All the excellences of his style are formed upon a sedulous study of De Quincey. We can sympathize with him in his admiration for the elaborate elegance, the finished beauty of that author's compositions. The purity, lustrousness, and ethereal majesty of De Quincey's writing, always remind us of the magnificent water-temple described by Southey, in which blue gleaming pillars of water were overarched by glassy cascades, which beamed with every rainbow colour, and around this edifice was showered a torrent of spray, which glistened and played in the sunbeams like a fluttering silvery veil. But De Quincey's style is an emanation of his spirit, which cannot be borrowed and gracefully worn by others. We think, therefore, that Mr. Bayne has benumbed and weakened his composition by attempting such a close imitation. We like his writing best, when he is carried away by a natural impulse to a freer and rounder utterance than his wont. And we are convinced that an alternative study of Burke's writings would give robustness and healthful simplicity to Mr. Bayne's style, which he has sacrificed in order to gain the exquisite glossy finish of De Quincey's sentences: at any rate, he should omit no labour to culture that gift of language with which he is pre-eminently endowed, and to impress his composition with the inextinguishable mark of his own genius.

We subjoin our remarks on Mr. Bayne's two arguments given in proof of the Being of a *God*.

We believe with Mr. Bayne that it will be the greatest achievement in ethics to evolve the fact of God's existence from the consciousness of the human mind,—to show that this fact is involved in the constitution of our moral nature, and in the necessary conditions of its activity. When this problem is solved, the attempt of Descartes to rest the first fact of the universe upon the infallible basis of consciousness will be accomplished. The "religious" faith of Kant and Fichte, which they excluded from metaphysics as irrational, though they accepted it as true, will be harmonized with reason as forming one of its constituent elements; and articulate utterance will be given to that dumb religious instinct which has universally compelled mankind to believe in the intelligent, self-determining God or gods. This instinct upholds the faith of pious millions who need no further evidence in its support, and during the season of trial exposes the disbelief of the atheist or pantheist to be a mere assumption and sham, which belies the deep, indelible conviction of his soul, that a personal God exists. We expect, and believe, that this vast and sublime argument will soon be elaborated and consummated by a fitting man.

The first consideration offered by Mr. Bayne is an historical

fact, and not a philosophical principle. It only states what the metaphysician must explain. An atheist will admit the fact, that men generally believe in an unseen, powerful, and personal Being, with whom they are most intimately connected, and to whom they are somehow accountable. This belief finds ready admission into the infant's mind, and soon suggests itself even to an untaught child. It prevails and rules with despotic power over the debased minds of barbarians. It awakens in fiery horror, armed with sudden, unreasoned, irrepressible conviction, amid the deepening shades of death, when they gather round the life-long atheist. How men thus readily, instinctively, and tenaciously believe in the God or gods, is the question which the metaphysician must answer; he must trace and unfold the secret principles of the mind which infallibly produce this result. Does the metaphysical law mentioned by Mr. Bayne in his second consideration, give the required explanation. Manifestly not. When we speak of the judgments of conscience, and the appropriate emotions attached to them, we must recollect that conscience merely denotes a faculty of the mind, and does not exist apart from the mind any more than the faculty of reason or of taste. The mind itself is a determining or final cause—a *causa causans*. When conscience approves or condemns any action, a strange and solemn influence is felt to belong to its decision, which obliges us to acknowledge its supremacy,—

“Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.”

but if asked the cause of that moral judgment, we must reply—the mind itself. Else what were the meaning of the words *self*-approval, and *self*-condemnation. Just as the mind is able to judge concerning the truth of propositions, and the beauty of material objects, so it is endowed with the higher faculty of judging concerning the moral value of voluntary actions, and as there are secret and universal principles, which originate and direct the mental process of judging upon truth and beauty, so there are innate principles which determine the mind in its moral judgments. It is the task of metaphysicians to lay bare the action and inter-action of these formative principles or laws, but in every instance—intellectual, æsthetic, or moral—the immediate and proper cause of the given judgment lies within the mind itself. The judgment of conscience is the final authority to the human soul, but yet it proceeds from that very soul which is mysteriously urged to obey its own behests. We cannot, therefore, attribute the monitions of conscience immediately to God as their cause, any more than we attribute to him the phantoms of imagination, or the convictions of truth: all are the products of an independent, free, and self-determining

soul, which retains in its essential freedom and self-sufficiency, the impressed likeness of God.

Mr. Bayne's considerations thus fall short of the intended mark. The first states the fact, that the voice of conscience is universally deemed the voice of God; but the second does not account for the fact. No truth is more generally approved, than that we are brought into most proximate relation with God; and that we are most profoundly impressed with the fact of His existence through our moral nature; but hitherto this experimental evidence of natural theology has not been elucidated and formularized.

We suggest the following observations, in order to vindicate Mr. Bayne's argument.

The mind, while we are conscious of its being the efficient cause of its own judgments and volitions, is itself an effect. It is an organized structure of rare, subtle, and awful properties. Different faculties, processes, and emotions belong to it; but these are not isolated and held apart from each other. They are all united to the central will, and interwoven by the unconscious and unsearchable force of mental association. They thus hold definite and fixed relations among themselves, and are kept in perpetual sympathy with each other. The mind, therefore, is an organization as much as a plant or the human body, being a system of powers which are connected, and sympathetically developed according to predetermined and unchanging laws.

When we consider a mind so constituted, the conviction is forced upon us, that it must have had a Master as *decidedly*, as when, according to Paley, we look at a watch which we picked up on a desert heath. In fact, precisely the same evidence is afforded in this case, as in the other examples of natural theology. Neither the powers of the soul, nor their disposition have originated in ourselves, and consequently we *must* ascribe them to a higher power, who has both formed them, and marvelously adapted them to each other, and to the external conditions of our life.

The wise intention of our Maker is revealed to us in the organization of our mind, as well as in other organized beings. When, therefore, we know the proper function of any faculty, we are instantly assured that it was formed by our Maker for that specific purpose, and that His purpose is thwarted, if that function be violated.

Now the function of conscience is manifest. Other faculties of judgment are exercised on foreign and impersonal objects, viz., propositions and symbols; but conscience only judges the free determinations of the personal will. The will has the authority of might over all other parts of our spiritual nature.

Conscience holds the authority of right over its executive power. *Conscience* is thus the supreme governing principle in man. Seated on its lofty throne, and swiftly approving or condemning whatever issues from the will, whether it be spoken with the tongue and acted by the hand, or hidden in the secret current of thought and desire, its judgments are felt to bear a peculiarly solemn import, and an unquestioned authority. It is a fact of universal consciousness, that a strong obligation is laid upon man to accept and follow its verdict. We now understand why the decisions of conscience are so naturally and generally attributed to God. The relation of the conscience to the personal will,—the authority and constraining influence that accompany its judgments, belong to the constitution of the mind, and therefore express the purpose of God. He willed *that* conscience should hold the supreme position, and exert the paramount authority over the entire soul, and therefore its authority represents His. The principles, according to which conscience operates, were implanted, and therefore conscience, in each particular instance, *declares* the will of Him who, with a free will, has given us those moral laws which should regulate our freedom. Nothing can be plainer than that it is the design of our Maker that conscience should reign in the soul, and that the principles of its government are derived immediately from Him, so that men are bound to believe “the voice of conscience to be the voice of God.”

But why should men be more powerfully impressed when they know that God has formed their conscience, and that it operates according to the laws which He must have assigned to it, than when they know that He has framed trees and worlds; and that they likewise exist and have their being according to the laws He has impressed upon them. In other words, why is it that we are moved and awed by the fact of God's existence mainly through our moral nature.

1st. It is only through conscience we know God to be a moral being. The cause must always contain the effect. He who has taught us to discriminate right from wrong, must be able himself to do the same. The principles of our moral nature are derived from Him, and therefore are possessed by Him. Such is the sublime and conclusive logic of Holy Scripture. “He that planteth the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see? He that teacheth them knowledge, shall He not know?” In looking upon the material universe, we only discover proofs of the *might* and *wisdom* of God. The *revelations* given there of His “eternal power and Godhead” are stupendous and insufferably glorious; but by the constitution of our mind we are bound to acknowledge moral excellence

as a more sublime, awful, and adorable attribute than the skill and force which are witnessed in the multitudinous movements of the universe, and which are alike infinite in the minuteness and vastness of their perfection. Hence it arises that all His rational creatures are most impressed by the revelation of God given in their moral nature. The angels in heaven bow before Him, and "cry out, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty;'" and on earth His saints "give thanks at the remembrance of His Holiness."

2nd. It is through conscience that the fact of God's existence is pressed upon us as one of infinite personal concernment, affecting the entire scheme of duty, and involving tremendous consequences. His existence might be denied and forgotten if He were such as Epicurus pictured the gods of his mythology to be; but this is impossible. If He exist at all, there must be momentary dependence upon Him, and accountability to Him. Were we merely endowed with intelligence and volition, we could then study the wonders of His handiwork with zest and instructive profit; but His character and His relations to us could not have *awakened* the profound interest with which they are now invested. *Our moral* convictions give intensity to our belief in the Being of God. *Conscience asserts* our responsibility and supreme obligation to serve Him. The dark thoughts of guilt, the agonies of remorse, and the fear of retribution, brood within the soul which is convicted of the crime of godlessness; and these give fearful distinctness to the *idea of God* which can never be afterwards erased.

Apart from conscience there is no personal interest attached to the idea of God; but when conscience speaks we *feel* that it is with Him we have to do,—that He has a just and absolute claim over our entire life, and that our endless destiny will be fixed according to His award.

How can we be otherwise than impressed with the fact of God's existence when considerations like these are connected with it?

In addition to this argument, we will suggest some other remarks, which point to another recondite but more *influential* source of evidence, which lies in the moral nature of man.

1st. *It is* an indisputable fact *that* faith in a supernatural power is the only moral influence that can temper and indurate virtuous principle against the temptations of vice. *Faith in God* is essential to the pure and earnest culture of our moral nature. The Scriptures proclaim this fact, which is exemplified either positively or negatively by every man in these words: "The just shall live by faith." Dr. Arnold, has forcibly stated the conclusion to be drawn from the fact: "Let a man live on the hypothesis that there is no God, the practical results

will be had, *i. e.*, a man's besetting and constitutional faults will not be checked, and some of the noblest feelings will be unexercised; so that if he be right in his opinions, truth and goodness are at variance with one another, and falsehood is more favourable to our moral perfections than truth, which seems the most monstrous conclusion which the human mind can possibly arrive at." *

2nd. It is still more remarkable that as men become more conscientious in their modes of thinking and acting, their faith in the existence of a God becomes a more intimate, valued, and settled conviction. In exact proportion to their moral progress does this *faith* grow in its power and assurance within the heart; and this result does not arise from an increased acquaintance with logical and external evidences, but a new source of internal evidence has been opened up, the light of which outshines and darkens the light of all other evidences combined; so that a good man will arise with a conviction of certainty, stronger even than his belief in his own existence, there must be a God.

We should like to unfold the different elements of this new conviction, but our space forbids us to attempt more than to note down these thoughts.

The man who has lifted the scope and purpose of his life above the examples of society and the cravings of his sensitive nature,—who has determined at all cost and hazard to do only what is right, is oppressed with a consciousness of the weakness, loneliness, and insufficiency of his spirit in the task before him; but from this gloomy consciousness—as flame from smoke—a *joyful faith* in the presence and available strength of God is born. *This faith* is grasped by the soul as its only hope and life; and it is a faith justified by philosophy. How would God indicate to man the narrow path of rectitude unless he were willing to lead and guide him therein?

2ndly. As our moral nature is purified, the soul attains higher conceptions of Moral Perfection; it is often entranced with these visions of spiritual loveliness, and *yearns* to be itself clothed with the beauty of holiness. Whence come these conceptions of what has never been witnessed save once on earth? That perfection, which, the mind contemplates, finds no embodiment in any human life; and *hence* the good man believes it to exist in the unseen God. Now, without assenting to the axiom of Descartes, that the distinct idea of God proves His existence, or that the idea of such holiness proves its existence, yet we can readily understand why, as his conceptions become more vivid and blissful, the good man is increasingly assured that they are

* Life and Correspondence, vol. i. p. 312.

realized in God. God has gifted him with the capacity of imagining a perfection which has no archetype on earth; he must himself, therefore, since the cause contains the effect, possess that perfection which He enables the mind of His creature to conceive.

3rdly. *Without faith* in God there is no *comprehensive* purpose that could act like a lens to bring into one focus, and to give intensity to all the aspirations of a conscientious man. As these aspirations increase, he becomes more conscious of this imperious want, and is impelled to believe in a God who comprehends all excellence, and *whose* will is the fountain of all virtue. When this faith is possessed, his strenuous exertions after perfect virtue are not scattered and disjointed—one purpose combines them into a sublime unity—he labours only to serve his God.

4thly. The good man increasingly feels the solemn obligation of conscience, and, in fact, can explain why such grave importance is given to its *moral* judgments. If a man, save the existence of a moral God, feels the grasp of conscience on his heart, he must ask with trembling—Who gave it such terrific power? and nothing will withstand or gainsay the answer which flashes like an inspiration on the mind—It is God. If these judgments of conscience were *merely* the fancies of a crazed imagination or the indoctrinated maxims of the schools, they would never press themselves with such absolute *authority* on the mind; they cannot be escaped, however much the mind is disposed to dispute or spurn them. Again, if we believe in God, the restrained and hateful service of abstract duty is changed into the spontaneous and happy obedience of a child to his father. The light of divine love dawns upon his soul; and immortality, with its homes of peace, is unveiled before us.

We know that these are not direct proofs of the being of a God, but they prove that the *Soul* of *Man* in its very structure, and in every capacity and desire which it possesses, is adapted to the condition of that great fact, so that it is perfectly satisfied and developed only when the existence in God is believed. We learn, also, from these considerations why a man who enjoys the growing fulness of power and blessedness which this faith imparts to him, and who, therefore, is experimentally assured that faith is the indispensable condition of this spiritual life, becomes so penetrated with the conviction that “God exists,” that no other fact—neither his own existence nor that of the world—is equally certain to him. In that highest fact all that constitutes the glory of the world’s existence and his own is involved. If it be denied, the universe is darkened, and his soul collapses in despair.

hypercritical, we believe that we are justified in protesting against the form under which this work has been presented to the public. It is very badly printed; the ink and paper are such as ought never to have been used in a book intended, avowedly, to serve as a text-book. There is, moreover, something equivocal, at least, in the manner in which the woodcuts engraved for Mr. Murray's other publications are made to "coldly furnish forth" the illustrations of a work asserted to be original. This may be an ordinary proceeding in the trade, but there is an expression in page xi of the preface so obscurely worded, that unless particular attention were paid to its construction, it would produce the impression that "all the woodcuts" were "expressly executed for the work;" and we would, therefore, urge Mr. Fergusson, or Mr. Murray, to remove the appearance of bad faith which this second use of the cuts in question must produce. Mr. Fergusson has himself laid such stress upon the genuine character and the correctness of the illustrations of his work, that the species of delusion to which we have alluded becomes the more startling.

Nevertheless the difficulty of producing a work of the character of Mr. Fergusson's Hand-book, and the merit of succeeding to the extent which he has done, are so great, that we feel considerable hesitation in calling attention to the errors that gentleman has fallen into. He invites, however, with such candour and true love for his art, the criticisms of fair and impartial readers that it appears to be our duty to point out what we consider to be the defects in an attempt otherwise so commendable. It would be as difficult, perhaps, to follow him into all the details of the subject as to write a similar work. Our observations, therefore, will only apply to the general principles, or to the broad historical development of the art as sketched by Mr. Fergusson himself, and more, indeed, to the personal opinions he expresses in his preface and introduction, than to the substance of the historical part of the work. We believe that it is more necessary thus to dwell on what may be called Mr. Fergusson's articles of faith, because with all sincere men, such as he is, fundamental principles modify the appreciation of external phenomena to such an extent, as to enable us, from the general principles they adopt, nearly to predicate the manner in which they would describe what they see.

Mr. Fergusson states that the object of his work is, "by supplying a succinct but popular account of all the principal buildings of the world, to condense within the compass of two small volumes the essence of the information contained in the ponderous tomes composing an architectural library; and by gene-

ART. V.—*The Illustrated Hand-book of Architecture.* By James Fergusson. 2 vols. Murray. 1855.

THERE exist already in our language several works which profess to give short, concise, and popular statements of the characteristics of the different schools of Architecture; but which, unfortunately, are far from fulfilling the promises conveyed in their titles. It was, therefore, with a feeling akin to impatience that we expected the appearance of Mr. Fergusson's Hand-book, so long and so liberally advertized. There was, moreover, something in the previous history of Mr. Fergusson of a nature to invest the appearance of his long-expected work with unusual interest; for his travels had furnished him with opportunities of studying, on the spot, the physical conditions which were likely to modify the outward expression of society manifested by its buildings, and his extensive reading was known to have stored his mind with the means of comparing these various phases of the development of our intellect. After an inexplicable delay, Mr. Fergusson's Handbook has appeared, and we confess candidly that its perusal has been to us a source of great and bitter disappointment. Undoubtedly there is much skill, research, and industry, displayed in the collection of the materials which form the staple of this work; but it is even still less worthy of the name of a Hand-book of Architecture than such works as Gwilt's "Encyclopædia," infinitely less than Ramée's "*Histoire de l'Architecture*," Batissier's "*Histoire de l'Art Monumental*," or in a more contracted sphere than Peyré's "*Manuel de l'Architecture Religieuse du Moyen Age*," notwithstanding Mr. Fergusson's condemnation of them.

Before, however, stating our reasons for thus taking exception to the artistic details of Mr. Fergusson's book, we would beg to record our protest against the very incorrect grammar, the bad style, and the awkward turns of phrase which abound in every page of this ambitious work. We had hoped that bad grammar had been the especial prerogative of government documents, and that the monopoly of that defect had been retained for the bills presented by cabinet ministers, or for blue books published by the recently created government commissioners. Alas! Mr. Fergusson has proved that it is possible even to rival Dr. Waller Lewis in the manner in which the English language may be distorted; and he has adopted a style which may serve to keep in countenance the worst productions of the Board of Health. The manner in which the "Hand-book of Architecture," has been "got up," to use a trade expression, is also as objectionable as the style of Mr. Fergusson's composition; and, without being

hypercritical, we believe that we are justified in protesting against the form under which this work has been presented to the public. It is very badly printed; the ink and paper are such as ought never to have been used in a book intended, avowedly, to serve as a text-book. There is, moreover, something equivocal, at least, in the manner in which the woodcuts engraved for Mr. Murray's other publications are made to "coldly furnish forth" the illustrations of a work asserted to be original. This may be an ordinary proceeding in the trade, but there is an expression in page xi of the preface so obscurely worded, that unless particular attention were paid to its construction, it would produce the impression that "all the woodcuts" were "expressly executed for the work;" and we would, therefore, urge Mr. Fergusson, or Mr. Murray, to remove the appearance of bad faith which this second use of the cuts in question must produce. Mr. Fergusson has himself laid such stress upon the genuine character and the correctness of the illustrations of his work, that the species of delusion to which we have alluded becomes the more startling.

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ralizing all the styles known, and assigning to each its relative value, to enable the reader to acquire a more complete knowledge of the subject than has hitherto been attainable without deep study." After so express a declaration of the extensive and universal range of the investigations undertaken, it must appear strange that nothing beyond passing allusions have been made to any of the modifications of the Renaissance, or to the Cinque-Cento, or to the Louis Quatorze styles, or to the earnest attempts of the modern German and French architects to eliminate a mode of expressing visibly, by Architecture, the spirit and tendency of the times in which they live. The value of a retrospective review, such as Mr. Fergusson has undertaken, depends principally upon its comprehensiveness—upon "its supplying a succinct account of all the principal buildings of the world." As a guide for future efforts, we would also observe, this work could only be entitled to the same character of comprehensiveness on the condition of carefully discussing whether our race is likely to pursue the steps which must either lead modern societies aside from the cultivation of true art, or such as would give them an impulse likely to produce nobler results than have hitherto been attained. We believe that the latter will be found to be really the case, and that the future destinies of Architecture will be more glorious even than its past career; but without here entering upon the discussion suggested by this consideration, we may fairly express our surprise that Mr. Fergusson should have ignored the productions of a period during which the human mind had in other arts and sciences exerted itself with a sustained energy—had displayed an originality and achieved a progress beyond parallel in its previous history. It is true that a certain school of architectural critics, composed principally of men who have never executed a single building, and are, therefore, necessarily theoreticians, affect to despise the merits of some of the phases of architectural development they cannot appreciate or understand; but Mr. Fergusson has shown himself so superior to this school, that we are at a loss to explain his reason for the singular omission to which we allude.

Most distinctly do we join issue with Mr. Fergusson in the attempt to range all the various modes of architectural expression under the two great divisions of Christian and Pagan art. He is not alone in the endeavour to arrogate the title of Christian to a style of Architecture which, it must be confessed, has only been applied in some countries where Christianity exercises its inestimably beneficent influence. But Mr. Fergusson and his friends forget that the early Christians for centuries adopted the Architecture of the ancient world; and that, at a more recent period, Europe deliberately laid aside the style of art

asserted to be particularly characteristic of its faith, to return to one it is now the object of a certain school to hold up to ridicule and contempt. It may, indeed, be fairly questioned whether it would not be as correct to designate the style of Architecture which prevailed in Western Europe, during the Middle Ages, by the name of feudal, as by any other; for although we do not usually attach any meaning to that word separate from the political constitution of society, and, therefore, may be startled by its application to the style of art observable in religious constructions, yet it is not the less the case that the feudal system so decidedly and distinctly impressed itself upon all the modes of thought and action pervading society during its reign, that its name may well be taken as characterizing the precise epoch during which the phase of architectural development alluded to prevailed. It is certain that the transition from classical to mediæval architecture corresponded chronologically with the transition from the ancient forms of government to the feudal system,—that the style of Architecture in question attained its greatest development at the period when the feudal system had succeeded in establishing itself thoroughly, and in moulding the whole frame of society to its own image; and that precisely in proportion as the feudal system was broken down, did its cognate style of Architecture decline. The term Gothic, after all, seems to us to be even a more correct indication of the origin and character of the Architecture of Western Europe the new school of critics persist in calling Christian, than that more religious title. The Gothic tribes appear almost alone to have practised it, with a real vital faith in its excellence; the Latin, the Hellenic, and Sclavonic races endeavoured to eliminate for themselves a new and distinct style; but this was as much inspired by the Christian feeling as the form of art adopted in the West of Europe, whilst it is as distinctly separated from classical art as its contemporary. The fact is that the modes of expression of the human intellect cannot be brought under any such arbitrary classifications; and the terms, Pagan and Christian Architecture, are worse than ridiculous, because they only tend to mislead. There is no common, or, so to speak, inevitable principle pervading the styles Mr. Fergusson calls Pagan, which should justify their being grouped together; nor has Christianity always adopted an external architectural symbol so peculiar as to entitle it to be called "Christian," to the exclusion of all others. We wish, however, not to be misunderstood on this matter. When we contend that Christianity, *in se et per se*, has not produced a distinct style, we are far from contending that it is powerless to modify the expression of men's thoughts as exemplified in

Architecture. On the contrary, we believe that the purer religion did much to modify and improve the tone of sentiment ruling the heart of hearts of society in Western Europe, and that there was and is a deep feeling, unknown to the professional men of the purest epochs of classic art, even in many of the worst buildings of ancient or modern Christian times. The philosophical mind is not so painfully impressed with the recollection that he is contemplating "temples made by men's hands," even in some of the architectural abominations of the last fifty years, as it is in the religious edifices of antiquity. But the influence of Christianity upon Architecture seems to us to be confined to its effect upon the sentiment with which the architects worked; whilst the manner of such working—the style—in fact, depended upon the organization of society in political matters, far more than upon its religious belief. The peculiar turn of mind incident to race has also exercised an amount of influence upon the development of architectural excellence, which has not been sufficiently appreciated by Mr. Fergusson and his friends; and it is one we would commend to the especial consideration of inquirers into the principles of aesthetics.

By the way, we here take an opportunity of reminding Mr. Fergusson, that when he is discussing the merits of two styles, he only considers them comparatively, and that, therefore, the use of the superlative degree is a mistake in grammar. He uses the phrase, "as the Gothic is certainly derived *most* directly from Rome, and is by far the *most* important style of the two," &c.; when he ought to have written, "*more* directly," and "*more* important." We do not desire to be hypercritical, but really the man who attempts to lay down laws of art, ought not to offend against these simple rules of grammar.

But if we pass from this technical detail to the consideration of the principles which Mr. Fergusson endeavours to inculcate with respect to "the true principles which ought to guide us in designing or criticizing architectural *objects*" (we think the word *subject* would have been more appropriate), it will be found that he has reasoned, with respect to them, as incorrectly as in the attempt to restrict the application of the term Christian Architecture. For firstly, there can be no more reason to stigmatize the Cinque-Cento, the Renaissance, or the Louis Quatorze styles as *shams*, than there can be to apply that fashionable cant phrase to Roman, or even to Greek art. The latter were, after all, but gradual developments of the styles those respective nations borrowed, or inherited, from other countries; just as the styles of modern Europe, subsequent to the revival of classical literature, were borrowed from the

examples of ancient architecture still in existence, or from the writings of Vitruvius, whom our merely theoretical critics of the present day pretend to treat with such utter scorn, because, it is sorely to be suspected, they cannot even read his works in the language in which they were originally written. We agree with Mr. Fergusson that no society can produce a real, earnest form of art, unless it labour to make that form in strict conformity to its own distinctive character, and such as to express the modes of thought, and even the social organization, of the people to whom it is applied. In this sense we yield our entire assent to his denunciation of shams; but we are far from being convinced either that the revived classical Architecture of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, was not "a real and earnest form of art," or that our modern revival of Gothic Architecture is not entitled to that praise. Men did really and earnestly worship the ancients, and the modes of thought of a certain period of classical antiquity, at the time when M. Angelo, Raffael, and Titian painted; Palladio, Scamozzi, and Vignola built; or Giovanni da Bologna, Cellini, and Jean Goujon carved; and surely the works of those wonderful men were sincere enough to remove them from the category of shams. Wren, Perrault, and Mansard thought for themselves with sufficient vigour and originality to warrant their exclusion from so sweeping a censure. And again, the revival of Gothic Architecture in the present century corresponded with so mighty an intellectual movement of the human race; it was connected, in fact, with so remarkable a psychological phenomenon that it cannot by any means be set down to a superficial or fashionable whim of the moment, or fairly be called "a sham." The revival of the style we persist in calling Gothic corresponded, it is to be observed, with the reaction of men's minds from the negative analytical philosophy of the eighteenth century, and was connected, intellectually, with the introduction of the historic-romantic school so worthily represented by Scott, Hugo, and Manzoni. Having felt the inanity of the doctrines of the philosophers who had prepared the destruction of the forms of government and the modes of faith possessed in Western Europe, men turned with "a longing, lingering look behind" to the opinions and forms of a society they believed to have been blessed with stronger faith than they themselves had in their respective destinies or modes of belief. People became admirers of Gothic art, of mediæval institutions and literature, because they had ceased to attach any serious importance to the art, institutions, and literature around them; and because they hoped by a return to a former state of society to fill the dreary, aching void of faith under

which they knew existing society was suffering. To say that they who headed this movement were not earnest is, we think, to display a want of power to appreciate noble motives, mistaken though they may be: to say that there is no real art in many of our modern buildings is simply, in our opinion, to confess an absence of artistic perception. We are far from advocating any description of revival, be it classical or mediæval, which is not removed from copyism; but we hold that both revivals may be consistent with good faith and deep convictions, and, as such, perfectly able to produce schools of art sufficiently real and earnest to warrant their exclusion from any sweeping accusation such as Mr. Fergusson has addressed to the profession of Architecture in Europe during the last three or four hundred years. If there be any meaning in his attempt at a second classification of Architecture into two great divisions—of true and sham, it is because the former is inspired by, and represents visibly, a definite condition of the human mind at the time of its production, whereas the latter is but a pale copy. Neither St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's, the Louvre, the Invalides, the Escorial, however, can be said to have been produced by men who did not feel, or express the tendencies of the ages in which they lived: nor can it be said that our modern Gothic Architecture is not a fair exponent of a passing revulsion of public opinion to a state of things happily long passed away. Such schools are retrospective instead of being prospective, and Mr. Fergusson erred in not discovering this radical and fatal defect in them, which must always render those schools sterile in the perpetual onward movement of human society. Equally was he in error when he said that they were not real and earnest, for that depends on the professors, not upon the effect produced by an art. Mr. Fergusson must, we fear, still learn the lesson that calling nicknames by no means proves a fact; and that the consideration of the intellectual phenomena of an active, energetic age is not to be disposed of in a few sentences.

Then Mr. Fergusson has been singularly unfortunate in his attempt, in Diagram No. 1, to illustrate what architecture really is, and in what its merits consist. He takes, firstly, a façade of a width we will call unity, and he then proceeds to consider how this element of the problem may be handled, and gives drawings of five modes of so doing; but the width of the second compartment is only about three-fourths of that of the first, that of the third is equal to the second, that of the fourth is nearly equal to the first, or to unity, whilst the fifth is equal to twice the same unity; so that the comparison between these different designs is rendered impossible by their

varying dimensions. If, however, we pass over this inexplicable inaccuracy, and examine the various designs and Mr. Fergusson's explanations of them, they will appear more unaccountable still. The second design differs from the first, which is nothing but a brick wall with square holes left for windows and doors, simply by the introduction of pilasters in the spaces between the openings, by crowning those pilasters with some kind of impost, and connecting them, under the coping, by means of arches of a more or less ornamental character. Mr. Fergusson proceeds to say that this division of his illustration is better than the first: "The arching of the upper windows binds together the weakest parts, and gives mass where it is most needed to resist the pressure or thrust of the roof; and the carrying down the piers between the windows gives strength where wanted." Now in these few words there are precisely as many philosophical errors as there are distinct assertions. Arches do no act to bind parts of a building together; but, on the contrary, unless their effects be counteracted, either by the inertia of their abutments, or by the adhesion of the cementing materials with which they are constructed, they act decidedly to disrupt the mass. Then, it would have been necessary for Mr. Fergusson to have given some description or sketch of the roof to be employed over a building of this character, before he cited, as a merit of its design, that the increased quantity of material at the top of the wall increased the resistance to the thrust of the roof. "In any very common-place utilitarian building," the kind of roof usually employed is either what is called a V roof, or it is a tie-beam roof with king or queen post truss; neither of these exercise any thrust upon the walls beyond that produced by their dead weight; so that the increased thickness Mr. Fergusson calls an improvement, is firstly useless, and secondly injurious, because it is applied in a situation where the leverage it would exert on the foundations would be most sensibly felt. As to the additional strength given by the pilasters between the windows, it may be required to support the arches; but unquestionably the design given by Mr. Fergusson contains no indication of its being wanted for any other purpose. "In this stage," says our author, "the building belongs to civil engineering, which may be defined as the art of disposing the most suitable materials in the most economical, but scientific, manner to attain a given utilitarian end:" it being, however, to be observed that hitherto Mr. Fergusson has said nothing on the subject of materials, to which he would, from this sentence, appear to attach so much importance.

The third division of this illustration differs from the second

in the introduction of some panels in the blank spaces, of some dentil ornaments in the cornice, and in the advancing the pilasters under the archivolt. How the materials can be said to be "better disposed" constructively in this case than in the last is, we confess, as difficult to be understood as the "better disposition" of the materials grammatically. There is nothing in the design to account for the manner of arranging the materials in either case; and with all deference to Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Pennethorne, or any other architect's opinion, we contend that it is almost always a mistake to panel brick or stone walls, because the motive for panelling is simply to save material where large spaces have to be covered, and where strength is not required. The dread of blank spaces is but a sorry proof of the taste of an architect; no good engineer would regard panels as conducing to the more logical distribution of materials. "The ornament is not *more* than would be considered, in some states of society, indispensable for even the *most* utilitarian buildings. The cornice" (which appeared in the second division, by the way) "may be said to be required to protect the wall from wet; the consoles to support it" (the wet? or the cornice?); "and the mouldings at the springing of the arches" (which also appeared in the second division) "may be insertions required for stability." Why, we pause to ask, this attempt to depreciate utilitarian buildings, or what does the phrase mean? is utilitarianism a reproach? Wiser men than Mr. Fergusson have held that usefulness was a source of beauty, and certainly they were nearer to the truth than the man who could use the word "utilitarian" as a term of contempt, without explaining his reason for attaching a new and unusual meaning to it. But, to continue our quotation. "In the present day, however, even this slight amount of ornament is almost sufficient to take it" (what? the antecedent to which Mr. Fergusson refers, "the building," is only to be found in a sentence separated from this relative pronoun by four full stops) "out of the domain of useful art into that of Architecture!" Oh! most lame and impotent conclusion! We are, on Mr. Fergusson's authority, in future to consider that Architecture is not a useful art, notwithstanding the universal opinion to the contrary which has prevailed since the world began. Nor is this a casual or unintentional admission; for in his notice of the fourth division of the diagram, Mr. Fergusson makes the claim of the design to rank as high art, depend entirely upon the amount of ornament applied; whilst "the fifth division carries the advance still farther." The fifth division being twice as wide as any of the others, it is, we would observe, absurd for Mr. Fergusson to attempt to draw any

comparison between the distribution of the parts, or to argue with respect to their grouping, under circumstances so essentially different.

"If it is" (instead of, if it be) "admitted that the last division in the diagram is an object of Architecture" (instead of, an illustration of the application of Architecture) "which the first is not, it follows from this analysis" (there has been none, but only a description of the assumed characteristics of the designs) "that Architecture is nothing more, nor less, than the art of ornamental and ornamented constructions" ("the analysis" having only treated of ornamented constructions). Such is the language, such the reasoning, and such the æsthetical philosophy of Mr. Fergusson with respect to the art he professes to cultivate! Most decidedly and distinctly do we demur to the whole system so expressed, and in direct opposition to him do we maintain that ornament, so far from being the aim and end of the architect's labours, is but an accessory—often a very insignificant accessory too, withal—to an art which deals with abstract science and with the application of all descriptions of knowledge of physical laws, quite as much as with the study of form, or of picturesque effect. Mr. Fergusson, in fact, degrades Architecture from the rank of a scientific pursuit to the level of the scene-painter's art; and the species of contempt with which he speaks of the modern subdivision of Architecture, known by the term of Civil Engineering, proves that he knows but little of the real characteristics of either that branch, or of the parent stem, Architecture.

We dwell upon this fundamental error of Mr. Fergusson's opinions with respect to what Architecture really is, and in what its merits really consist, because the ideas formed upon this subject, must give the key-note to all future reasoning upon the art to which they are applied. In our opinion, Architecture consists in the study and the application of the means and appliances by which the wants of society are supplied in all matters connected with building, or with the infinite variety of objects comprised by the ancient Romans, under the term "ædilité." For many years, in fact, Architects were road-makers, bridge-builders, hydraulic engineers, and undertook, as their very name implies, the task of directing and guiding all the workmen engaged in those various pursuits. In more modern times, Inigo Jones, Mansard, and Mylne, were architects and bridge-builders—of surpassing merit, too, in their own days. Leonardo da Vinci, M. Angelo, and Da Vignola, were as skillful in military, as in civil engineering and architecture. And although, from the marked differences of style observable in the civil, or, to quote

Mr. Fergusson's word, "the ornamental" buildings of the Roman Empire, and the constructions, such as bridges, aqueducts, &c., of the same epoch, he would call "utilitarian," it may be suspected that the same artists were then rarely employed to superintend both classes of operations, yet there is no trace of such distinction between the "useful" and the "ornamental" branches of the art to be found in any ancient author. Even in modern history, and notwithstanding the propensity of our civilization to divide and subdivide labour, it is hard to define where Architecture begins, or where civil engineering ends; and, perhaps, after all, the best mode of characterizing the difference between those pursuits would be, to say that the latter is more immediately concerned with the application of the arts of building when it is only necessary to study the rational and economical application of the principles of the physical laws involved; whilst the former admits, in addition, of the study of picturesque effect. Such a distinction, however, is more apparent than real; for, in the first place, a building cannot be executed in strict conformity to natural laws, without being at the same time entitled to be considered beautiful; and any one who dispassionately investigates the æsthetic effects of Peyronnet's or De Prony's bridges, of Smeaton's lighthouse, of Telford's, or of some more recent engineers' viaducts, must admit that they are as entitled to be called works of high art, on account of the simplicity and grandeur of their outlines, the arrangement of their masses, and even their effects of light and shade, as the most highly decorated works of our most renowned modern architects. Mr. Fergusson's very badly worded observations on this subject, may, therefore, be passed over. In the second place, the provinces of the civil engineer and of the architect, are not, we believe, necessarily distinct; for if he, like the vulgar world, recognize any difference between the professors of the two branches of the same profession, the explanation is only to be found in the incompleteness of the studies of those professors themselves; and, perhaps, one of the reasons why Architecture does not occupy the position in social estimation, to which it is entitled as a profession, is to be found in the fact, that architects do not strive to be "the chief workmen," and have latterly concentrated all their attention on unnecessary ornament, or unmeaning detail. The aim and object of their art ought to be to render the various buildings with which they are concerned, consistent with and indicative of the wants, thoughts, feelings, faith, and intellectual condition of the age in which they live. All this may be done without ornament of any description; and to say, therefore, that Architecture is the art of ornamental or ornamented construction, is to mistake one of the means for

the end,—“it is to worship the gods amiss;” and the sooner architects turn to the studies, which, if we are to believe Mr. Fergusson, they have abandoned to the civil engineers, the better it will be for the interests and the dignity of their own profession. Sir Christopher Wren never called upon a civil engineer to assist him; nor did he, as Mr. Fergusson recommends, “delegate the mechanical part of his task to another,” in order to restrict himself entirely to the artistic arrangement and ornamentation of his (whose? the engineer's, or the architect's?) design; but we are convinced that any candid observer will at once admit that there is infinitely more artistic merit in the outline, even if there be defects in the details, of St. Paul's, than in the joint production of Messrs Barry, Reid, and Walker, notwithstanding the lavish abuse of ornament upon the latter. There must be uniformity of design in any really great work of art, such as can rarely, if ever, be attained when its elimination is entrusted to several independent minds. Mr. Fergusson's notion of leaving the arrangement of the constructive details of a large building to an engineer, and that of the artistic details to an architect, would, therefore, in our opinion, simply result in a failure in both respects: division of labour is, after all, only admissible when the operation to be effected is purely mechanical, and when it is already so well understood as not to require the *mens divini* of the designer. The style of reasoning, however, which our author has adopted on this subject is so singularly confused, and he contradicts his own previous assertions in so extraordinary a manner in the subsequent parts of his observations, that it is almost impossible to form any opinion as to his real meaning, or to grapple seriously with his propositions.

It is, indeed, very painful to be obliged to follow the dogmas of a man who has evidently received so little logical, or grammatical, training as Mr. Fergusson appears to have done. He goes on to say that one great cause of the confusion which has arisen in applying criticism, or in defining architecture, is to be found in persons applying to the constructive art of architecture, principles derived from the imitative arts of painting or sculpture, while in fact no two things (he has cited *three* forms of art) could in reality be more essentially different. “Neither painting or sculpture were ever useful arts, except” (thus, after making a direct assertion, destroying it by a very equivocal exception) “in the most barbarous times, and by the most remote analogy.” “Their object” (that of the times, the last antecedent? or that of painting and sculpture, as we gather from the context?) “is to tell a story, to reproduce an emotion, or to pourtray a scene or object of nature,” &c. “Architecture, on the other hand, was originally one of the useful arts, invented

to provide for one of the three great wants of man," &c. "In none of its stages is imitation an element of composition," &c. "A building can tell no story, and it is only by inference that it can be made to express an emotion!" These are broad and tangible assertions in their distinct form; but we very much question, from the tenour of the rest of his work, whether Mr. Fergusson meant them to be understood literally; and certainly there is hardly one of them which is not capable of refutation, or which does not require modification.

None of the authors, whose works we have been able to consult, have seriously confused the principles which regulate arts so essentially different as those Mr. Fergusson has alluded to, and although certain fanciful resemblances have been supposed to exist between the proportions of some of the orders, and of the male and female figures, we confess to an utter ignorance of serious attempts to judge of Architecture by the principles admitted in painting or sculpture. But be that as it may, it is to say the least, singular that our author, who has hitherto made one of the great recommendations of Architecture consist in the assumed fact that it is not utilitarian, should, at this stage of his reasoning, dwell upon the fact that neither painting or sculpture were ever useful arts, as a proof of the absurdity of applying the same description of reasoning to them and the useful art of Architecture. It is equally inexplicable that Mr. Fergusson should insinuate that "in the most barbarous times," painting and sculpture as arts were useful. As a means of communicating knowledge by a species of pictorial writing, or as a means of maintaining in the minds of the populace some semblance of devotion by recalling the images of the objects of their worship, it is true that painting and sculpture might be considered to have exercised such influence upon society as to be entitled to be considered useful arts in barbarous ages. But most distinctly do we assert that the measure even of usefulness of those arts has increased with the advance of civilization; and that "to tell a story, to reproduce an emotion, or to pourtray a scene or object of nature," is likely to produce, really, a greater and more useful effect than any end to which painting or sculpture could be applied in barbarous ages. The usefulness of intellectual pursuits of the highest kind cannot be appreciated without an effort of the understanding, and it would not have been a source of surprise had we met with the expression to which we so strongly object, in the works of ordinary observers. But for an artist such as Mr. Fergusson desires to be considered, and really is, to convey the deliberate impression that other branches of art as noble as his own are useless, is "flat heresy."

To say that "in none of its stages was imitation an element

of composition," is either to play with words, or to overlook with strange carelessness the development of Architecture, as recorded in the Hand-book itself. A great deal of the transitional Buddhist Architecture is evidently imitated from the style of composition adopted in the rock caves of their predecessors; whilst the Lycian monuments bear unmistakable impress of a style of composition imitated from the wooden huts of other periods. The Egyptian art, and that of early Greece and Asia Minor, are also strongly impressed with the characteristics of an imitation of a style of composition rendered necessary by the use of materials essentially different from those employed at later periods of the civilization of those regions. And though there may be something strained and far-fetched, in the analogy between a grove of trees and a Gothic cathedral, yet there is still to be discerned in Gothic art an imitation of natural objects which must make us demur to Mr. Fergusson's broad and unmodified assertion. Alas! we fear that it is precisely because imitation has been in so many of its stages an element of architectural composition, that its followers have neither merited nor attained the consideration to which their profession would otherwise have entitled them.

But the strangest assertion of all, in this most strange introductory chapter, is that in which Mr. Fergusson says that "a building can tell no story, and it is only by inference that it can be made to express an emotion!" We are sure that no man of education and taste can agree with an opinion so diametrically opposed to the feelings and convictions of every form of society. It may be that to understand thoroughly the meaning of any work of Architecture, a considerable degree of cultivation is required; but to say that such buildings as the Pyramids, the rock-cut temples of India or Egypt, the Parthenon, the Colosseum, our marvellous Gothic cathedrals, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, or even the outside of St. James's, Piccadilly—ugly as it is,—to say that any, or all, of these buildings can tell no story, is to avow an utter absence of the power to "find sermons in stones, books in the running brooks," without which it is impossible to become an artist. Victor Hugo felt more truly, and expressed himself more correctly, when he said that "he who knew how to observe, could distinguish the character of an age, even in the design of a door-knocker;" and Mr. Fergusson himself contradicts his previous denunciation of the want of expression in Architecture, so far as to say that all true Architecture develops its various styles in such strict accordance with natural laws, that is possible, from a small fragment, to restore the whole of a ruined edifice, which would evidently be impossible, if there were no voice or understanding in the art which

co-ordinated those ruins; and, moreover, he adds, (p. iii.), that "Architecture is, in all cases, as correct a test of race as language, and one far more easily applied and understood." If this be so, how can he pretend that Architecture can tell no tale? A fine building will always shadow forth the ends for which it was erected, the social state for which it was designed, and the extent to which its designer had identified himself with the feelings, wishes, belief, and intellectual character of his age. A building cannot be true, or beautiful, without being harmonious in all its essential parts; and in contemplating a fine cathedral, or, in fact, any other beautiful building, to whatsoever end it may be devoted, we ourselves have always felt an influence analogous to that described by old Sir Thomas Browne, in the case of the church music upon himself, which influence, by a fine enthusiasm, he extended to "even that vulgar and tavern music." "There is something of divinity in a harmonious edifice more than the eye discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God; such a harmony to the eye, as the whole world well understood would afford the understanding." We do not believe that there is any affectation in claiming a state of feeling or frame of mind so well expressed by the slight alterations we have made in Sir T. Browne's words. There must be many educated, and uneducated, who think and feel in this matter as we do; and to say that to such people "a building tells no story, and that it is only by inference it can excite an emotion," is strangely to mistake the constitution of the human mind. We cannot believe that Mr. Fergusson means what he thus appears to say, for the whole tenour of his arguments upon beauty in Architecture, is to show that unless a building bear the impress of thought, it cannot be true or worthy of admiration; but the power of producing the mere perception of this thought, is, in itself, "to tell a story, to express an emotion," and the most favourable explanation to be given of the contradiction is that Mr. Fergusson is still sadly deficient in the art of clearly expressing the thoughts which float in his mind.

The manner in which Mr. Fergusson has explained his opinion upon "the leading principles and elements" of Architecture seems to us as open to serious objection as the preceding portions of his theoretical ideas on its end and aim. He says that "the first and most obvious element of architectural grandeur is size." This is a truism, for no object can be considered "grand" unless it be large, or unless we change the meaning of that particular epithet. But we suspect that Mr. Fergusson meant to use the word "sublimity," instead of grandeur: at any rate, it would have been more logical, and would

have agreed quite as well with the subsequent reasoning. Stability he makes the most important element (of what? of architectural grandeur?) next to size; and it must be admitted that it is an essential element of architectural beauty. But when Mr. Fergusson says "that all utilitarian exigencies, and many other obvious means of effect, are sacrificed to this" (what?), "and with such success, that after 3,000 years, still enough remains" (of the Hypostyle Hall at Karnac) "for the admiration, which even the most unpoetical spectators cannot withhold from its beauties," he makes a singular jumble of causes and effects, of subjects and objects, which renders it almost impossible to understand what he really means. In the first place, stability itself is essentially a utilitarian exigency in a building; and if it be attained, it is impossible to say that all utilitarian exigencies are sacrificed. In the second place, we cannot understand the necessity for a poetical imagination to perceive the beauties of a building in which everything has been sacrificed to the production of the effect of stability; and, lastly, Mr. Fergusson, who had hitherto simply discussed the question of architectural grandeur, in the case of the Temple of Karnac, introduces the far more complicated one of beauty. In the remarks upon the porticoes of the Parthenon and of the Pantheon, our author also strangely reverts to the consideration of mass as an element of grandeur, for he makes the superiority of the former—which, by the way, we are hardly prepared to admit—consist in its strength and solidity, as proved by the greater areas of its columns beyond those of the Pantheon. The same may be said with respect to his remarks upon the Norman cathedrals, for evidently he considers that their solidity depends upon their mass, and in nowise upon the constructive skill necessary to inspire the idea of stability without reference to that of mere juxtaposition of materials. As for the remark that it is more difficult to make a brick-and-slatted cottage look picturesque, or well, than to attain the object with rubble stone, or even mud walls and thatch, it must be evident that considerations of mass or stability have nothing to do with the question. Rubble stone or mud walls may be more picturesque than those constructed with bricks; but certainly they are not more stable, nor can the spectator from the outside usually perceive that they are more massive; as to the thatch, there can be no doubt with respect to its instability; and oddly enough, Mr. Fergusson, the bitter enemy of shams, dwells in this case entirely upon the *apparent* solidity of the coarser materials. The errors of Mr. Fergusson, in his appreciation of the artistic, or rather the æsthetic, effect of the three elements of mass, stability, and material, are mainly, we believe, to be attributed to the narrow

view he has taken of this portion of the subject. They all act to excite the imagination or the feelings of the spectator, individually or collectively; but the most serious impression they can produce arises more from the vague idea of force exerted and difficulty overcome,—of labour, skill, and self-sacrifice,—than from any physical beauty in the objects themselves. It may be true that “if a brick and a stone edifice stand close together, the design of both being equally appropriate to the material employed,” the effect of the former would be inferior to that of the latter; but we suspect that the manner of accounting for this fact is to be found rather in the necessity for adopting, for a small material, a design of an inferior character, than in the size or quality of the material itself; and we doubt seriously whether the introduction of the most expensive descriptions of bricks would ever obviate the effect produced by the design required for the application of that particular material.

Whilst upon this part of our subject we would observe that it always appeared to us that one reason why the architecture of Paris is superior to that of London, is to be found in the fact, that in the former city building stones, easily wrought and of large dimension, being obtainable at small cost, the architects of that city are enabled to treat their buildings without reference to the conversion of materials of small but definite sizes. The same effect may be observed in many of our own provincial towns, and the buildings of Edinburgh, of Glasgow, Bradford, Leeds, and Bath, have a monumental character, which, all things considered, is far superior to that of similar constructions in our metropolis. But that the definite dimensions of the bricks have great influence in producing this result, is, we believe, proved by the more picturesque character of the constructions erected with small irregular rubble masonry.

Mr. Fergusson's remarks upon construction are as objectionable, in our opinion, as those he has made upon mass, stability, and material; and, indeed, there can be no reason why, having discussed the second of the elements of Architecture, as he calls them, he should return to the consideration of “construction,” which means nothing more than the application of the conditions of stability. It would lead us into a repetition of much that we have said with respect to the limits of the subdivisions of Architecture and civil engineering, were we to dwell upon the numerous errors of this part of Mr. Fergusson's theory; but there can be few professional architects of eminence, we should hope, who would consent that the public should believe that it was a fundamental dogma of their profession that “they ought always to allow themselves such a margin of strength that they may disregard, or play, with their construc-

tion." Really, if architects are thus to be taught to squander money in order to produce what they themselves call ornamented, or ornamental, buildings, there can be little reason for surprise at the ease with which the new class of civil engineers have "thrust them from their stools." The language of this portion of Mr. Fergusson's book is equal to the logical sequence of his ideas; and we earnestly recommend him if he should ever publish a second edition of the Hand-book, to allow a sincere friend to correct the innumerable grammatical errors of which he and the Rev. Charles Penrose seem to have been unaware.

Upon the subject of form, of proportion, of ornament, of colour, uniformity, imitation of nature, and of ethnography, as treated in this book, we have little to say beyond this, that we are puzzled to discover what connexion ethnography has with the principles of Architecture, although, of course, we are prepared to admit that it has much to do with the modes of its expression. Our notice of the introduction to the Hand-book has indeed extended to such a length, as to leave us little space for an examination of the body of the work; and, therefore, we dismiss the important questions raised by Mr. Fergusson upon those divisions of his subject, and also with respect to a new style, and the prospects of the art, by observing that we agree, in the main, with him. To say that the human intellect is powerless to produce a new style of Architecture, is to assume that its progress is susceptible of limitation in one of its spheres of activity, whilst we know that in all others there is actually going forward a struggle, and that an advance is being made which bids fair to leave far behind all the past efforts of our race. We live in times when all the physical and intellectual faculties of man are strained to the uttermost; and social and moral revolutions are taking place around us on every side. It may be that the result of this mighty turmoil may not be conducive to the immediate happiness of the generations immediately exposed to its effects, just as the destruction of the Roman empire, and the diffusion of Christianity, appeared for ages rather productive of misery and suffering, than of the blessings they ultimately procured for Western Europe. "Suffering is perhaps the badge of all our tribe" during periods of revolution; and so we may be destined to pass through long phases of misery ere we arrive at the correct solution of the great social problems which have forced themselves upon public attention of late years. There is abroad, and at home, an uneasy dissatisfied spirit at work, which makes men believe that the system of organization, which has so long prevailed, is not in accordance with the feelings, or the wants of humanity. Society is in the throes of a new birth, and if the result of this labour

be to inaugurate a condition of humanity superior to any of those which have yet prevailed, we may be sure that it will make to itself new forms of artistic, and of poetical expression, as characteristic of itself as the Classical and the Gothic art and literature were of their respective periods. When living Dantes and Giotto shall have identified themselves with the humanity around them, they may strike out a path as original, and as immortal, as those created by the master-minds of the Middle Ages. The first thing needed for the invention of a new style of Architecture, is that the professors of that art should turn their backs resolutely on the past, and advance boldly with the society around them towards the future; at present, they are like rowers who look in a direction opposite to that in which they seek to advance. Ecclesiologists, and the amateur public, cling, we believe, to past forms of art, because artists themselves neither believe in the present or in the future. Let but a few earnest men arise to show what can be effected by a strong faith in the real end and objects of art, viz., to express visibly the sentiments, thoughts, and feelings of the actual period, and the exclusive fashions for classicality or for mediævalism will pass away. Errors will be committed no doubt. There will be many failures, and much disappointment; but eventually, and in proportion as society assumes the definite form it must shortly approach, will a new style of art be eliminated. Mr. Fergusson says truly that no great result of this description has ever been produced by individual efforts. Men are somewhat like beavers: their great works must be produced by long-continued and collective efforts. The impulse once given to our race, however, the end must be worked out; and as beyond the shadow of a doubt, we are on the verge of a great change in our social state, so we may be sure that Architecture, sooner or later, will participate in the movement, and new styles will arise.

The detailed history of the progress of Architecture, introduced in Mr. Fergusson's Hand-book by the observations we have felt it our duty to notice thus at length, will serve to point the moral of the observations we and our author have made on the circumstances which are likely to produce such new styles of art. Every distinctly defined community—that is to say, every community possessing a social organization, a code of laws, a form of belief, exclusively its own—has, in the course of time, produced its own characteristic literature and Architecture. This tendency of men to range themselves in what may be called national, intellectual series is even observable in modern Europe; the various states, though evidently derived from the same and having a faith which only differs from one to the in minor points of doctrine, besides inheriting the same

traditions from the ancient world, have, nevertheless, their own peculiar characteristics in art and literature. In ancient times, when communications were more difficult between the various states than they are now, and knowledge was far less generally diffused, these differences were more strongly defined; and as may be learned from the Hand-book, the visible expression of the various states of society, as manifested by the styles of Architecture they adopted, differed in an equally marked manner. When, either from excessive barbarism, or from the prevalence of Socialist doctrines—the point at which the excessive refinement of modern times seems likely to meet barbarism—when individuals are effaced before the state as the representative of all society, then nearly all the forms of art concentrate themselves in the edifices required for the purposes of religion, or in palaces, or public places. Our notions of ancient Architecture, in fact, are derived from buildings of those descriptions, and it is very remarkable that the remains of the domestic constructions of all the schools grouped by Mr. Fergusson under the title of Pagan (if we understand him aright), are so insignificant that it is hardly possible to say how they were adapted to the wants of the people. We have no traces of Greek houses, very slight ones of those in Asia Minor, merely pictorial representations of those of Egypt, and had it not been for the miraculous preservation of Herculaneum and Pompeii, little or nothing would have been known of those of the Romans. The traces of ancient civilization to be observed in the monuments which have survived to our age are, therefore, to be considered rather as representing the abstract than the intimate feelings of the nations who executed them. Yet how infallibly has it happened that every distinctly new and original form of organization has produced its own peculiar art, and bearing this law in mind, the study of the various styles recorded by Mr. Fergusson rises from a mere question of archeology to the rank of an essential branch of the study of the history of our race. At the same time, the more we examine this portion of the subject, the more we must be convinced that there is still hope for the production of a new style, could our society only assume a new and distinct form.

It would require far more space than we have now at command to examine in detail the historical part of Mr. Fergusson's Hand-book of Architecture. It is carefully and elaborately prepared, we would however observe; but, unfortunately, it is also disfigured by the bad grammar, the slipshod style of composition, the want of logical arrangement, a narrow view of the various descriptions of operations which either now or formerly constituted the province of an architect's duties, and in some cases

so far affected by the disposition of the materials in the supporting walls, as that if the latter fall, evidently the domes must fall also. There are other errors in the opinions contained in this work on the subject of construction which really do make us regret that some civil engineer had not been consulted with respect to them, or that Mr. Fergusson should not have studied the science of his profession with the same zeal he has evidently bestowed upon its history, and upon its ornamental details.

ART. VI.—*First Report of Her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners; together with Appendices.* London. 1856.

ALTHOUGH the Russian war has entailed upon this country sacrifices so numerous, varied, and severe, as to project the shadow of comparative adversity over coming years, yet that calamity has not been without a few important compensations.

To discover a disease, and to ascertain its nature and extent, is only next in importance to a cure: as respects the administration of our public affairs, we have gained this terrible advantage to an extent which society but a few years ago would not have deemed possible. The practice of purchasing commissions,—officers whose incapacity was notorious,—promotions by seniority, rank, and court favour, rather than by merit,—placed in the highest positions of the army and navy, a number of men one-half of whom were disqualified for their duties by age, and the other half by inexperience; while in the various departments of the civil service, the system hitherto pursued has been corrupt from beginning to end. Venal constituents have sold their votes at the poll for a promise, and to redeem that promise venal members of parliament have sold their votes in the House of Commons for the gift of appointments for the constituent and his sons in every branch of the civil service.

The results, we say, of these baneful and corrupt systems, have shown themselves in all their frightful dimensions during the progress of the Russian war. Incapacity, neglect, and blunder have been the three fates that have woven the tissue of its history. Abroad, an army whose sustenance and comfort were provided for by the almost unlimited use which parliament was willing to make of the resources of the exchequer, has perished, man and beast, for want of the essential necessities of life, food, medicine, shelter, and clothing. Trumpery fire-arms, trumpery pickaxes and tools, and the criminal omission to construct roads and vehicles, the toils and perils of an un-

induced by the irruption of the Moors of Africa, about 1091, when the Saracenic kingdom was beginning to wane; nor can the account of the Mediæval French Architecture be considered more satisfactory because an attempt has been made in it to group the marked local varieties which prevailed in that country, into divisions which are both too few in number, and too absolute in character.

Altogether, we repeat that we rise from the perusal of Mr. Fergusson's Hand-book with feelings of great and bitter disappointment, mingled with sincere regret that so much pains, and so much industry and conscientious love for Architecture, should not have secured a more satisfactory result. A good hand-book of Architecture is still wanting. They who would in the meantime acquire tolerably correct opinions on the history of the various stages of its development, may refer to Mr. Fergusson's book; but we recommend them by all means to correct the impressions they receive from it by reference to other, and more detailed works. The little histories by Ramée and by Batissier, are still the best we possess on the general progress of Architecture. It is painfully mortifying to be obliged to express such unfavourable opinions upon the labours of a man we personally respect; but the irreflective commendations which have been lavished upon them render it necessary to speak the truth plainly and distinctly. It is possible, that at some future day, we may return to the examination of the historical part of this work, for we feel that we have made that portion of our notice too subservient to the discussion of Mr. Fergusson's personal opinions upon æsthetics. Should a second edition be called for ere then, we recommend Mr. Fergusson to carefully revise the result of his long and arduous labours, if he desire to leave an enduring reputation in the art he loves so well; and amongst other details, to reconsider the remarks upon the construction of domes at pages 441 and 442. As they stand, they are worse than nonsensical, for they are radically incorrect, and lead to an unfavourable explanation of many of the opinions expressed in the previous portions of the work. The only valuable observation upon this branch of construction which Mr. Fergusson has inserted is that in which he says, that "if the section of the dome, given in cut 352, represented an arch or vault," it could not stand one hour, but he ought in fairness to have added that the merit of calling attention to the flat contradiction given by the oriental domes to the usually received theories on that subject is originally due to Mr. J. W. Papworth. The display of constructive reasoning on the subject made by Mr. Fergusson is radically defective, for the secret of the resistance of the oriental domes lies entirely in the adhesion of the materials, and is only

so far affected by the disposition of the materials in the supporting walls, as that if the latter fall, evidently the domes must fall also. There are other errors in the opinions contained in this work on the subject of construction which really do make us regret that some civil engineer had not been consulted with respect to them, or that Mr. Fergusson should not have studied the science of his profession with the same zeal he has evidently bestowed upon its history, and upon its ornamental details.

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paralleled siege, orders misgiven and misunderstood, officers disunited by jealousy and pique, a staff of feather-bed soldiers with superannuated commanders; and, worst of all, clashing departments at home,—Admiralty, Horse Guards, and Ordnance, mutually thwarting each other—with their practical business performed by clerks so grossly ignorant and incompetent, that they could not earn porter's wages in any commercial house in London;—all these causes, in combination, have led to inconceivable sufferings with correspondent mortality, and to miscarriages which have covered with disgrace, before the gaze of Europe, both the military and the administrative character of Great Britain. But by a benign social law, whose action produces the cycles of national history, when evils and wrongs become so flagrant as to threaten the very existence of states, they originate their own cure, though sometimes by a political spasm that threatens to be fatal. Happily our own country is little subject to spasms, and its diseases are remedied by a *vis medicatrix* dependent on the good sense and good feeling of the bulk of the community. The first symptoms of the sanative process were the establishment of the Administrative Reform Association, and the appointment of a Royal Commission to superintend the examination of all candidates for appointments in the Civil Service of the crown. It is not our present design to comment upon the constitution, the acts, and the projects of the Administrative Reform Association; but to gather up from the Report before us, and to present to the reader, a statement of the history, thus far, of this most important Commission, and to offer some suggestions as to the means by which the success of its operations may eventually be rendered complete.

The order in council, by which the Commission was constituted, bears date the 21st of May, 1855, and sets forth in its preamble, that, "it is expedient to make provision for testing, according to fixed rules, the qualifications of the young men who may from time to time, be proposed to be appointed to the junior situations in her Majesty's civil establishments." Accordingly Sir Edward Ryan, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, and Mr. Romilly were appointed as Commissioners for conducting the examination of the young men so proposed, with powers subject to the approval of the Commissioners of the Treasury, to appoint from time to time such assistant examiners and others, as may be required to assist them in the performance of the duties assigned to them. After a few months, Mr. Romilly resigned his office, and the conduct of the civil service examinations has subsequently devolved solely on Sir Edward Ryan and Mr. Lefevre, to whom we are indebted for the Report before us. It would, we believe, have been impossible to entrust to better hands the

important but invidious task which these gentlemen have undertaken. They have performed it, in the midst of complaint and detraction, with fearless uprightness and masterly ability; they have produced a Report which forces conviction on every reader, and which for its clearness, candour, and completeness, may well be taken as a model for similar parliamentary papers; and they have laid the foundations of a system of reform in the official administration of this country, the prospective benefits of which are incalculable.

Their duties were prescribed in the following terms:—

“1st. To ascertain that the candidate is within the limits of age prescribed in the department to which he desires to be admitted.

“2nd. To ascertain that the candidate is free from any physical defect or disease which would be likely to interfere with the proper discharge of his duties.

“3rd. To ascertain that the character of the candidate is such as to qualify him for public employment; and,

“4th. To ascertain that the candidate possesses the requisite knowledge and ability for the proper discharge of his official duties.”

This scheme was accompanied by the following provision:—

“After the candidate has passed his examination, and received his certificate of qualification from the Commissioners, he shall enter on a period of probation, during which his conduct and capacity in the transaction of business shall be subjected to such tests as may be determined by the chief of the department for which he is intended; and he shall not be finally appointed to the public service unless upon satisfactory proofs of his fitness being furnished to the chief of the department after six months’ probation.”

As the most bitter complaints have been made of the unnecessary strictness of the examinations already conducted we will briefly state the course that has been pursued by the Commissioners. They first, in conformity with their instructions, placed themselves in communication with the heads of the several departments, and ascertained from them the subjects in which they thought it most expedient that candidates in their respective departments should be examined. The result is thus stated in the Report:—

“Good handwriting, correct spelling, and some knowledge of arithmetic, usually including vulgar and decimal fractions, are requirements which every department, almost without exception, has deemed to be necessary.

“And with respect to candidates for clerkships or other analogous situations, most departments have, in addition to the before-mentioned subjects, required the power of making an abstract or précis of correspondence or official papers, and some acquaintance with English composition.

"When the business of a department has been mainly of a financial character, book-keeping, either by single or double entry, has been included amongst the necessary qualifications of a candidate.

"Other subjects have likewise been prescribed by some departments, which have less direct relation to the business to be transacted, but which test the general intelligence and education of the candidates; amongst them are the outlines of history, geography, Latin, or as an alternative some foreign language, either previously defined or left to the option of the candidate."

Those who except against such a scheme of examination as unduly severe, must have rather singular notions of the demands of the public service, and of the class of persons to whom the subordinate and practical working of the mechanism of the state should be entrusted. To us, it appears to limit its demands to so low a grade of qualification, that to descend still lower, would be to make the examination a farce, and the method of introduction to the civil service, no better than that corrupt system of indiscriminate nomination, of the wretched results of which the public are beginning to be painfully sensible.

With respect to the results of these examinations thus far, the *Times* of the 13th ultimo, supplies the following abstract: The total number of nominees examined from the 20th of June last, to the 4th of March (the date of the Report), is 1,078; the number who received certificates, 676; the number rejected, 309;—so that we are at once justified in concluding that one person out of every three of those nominated to the public service by the present system of favouritism is unfit for the service. The number of rejections of persons unable to pass in arithmetic is no less than 89, of whom 13 failed in arithmetic alone, 33 in arithmetic and spelling, and 10 in arithmetic, spelling, and writing. The number deficient in spelling alone was 41; 23 were rejected for deficiencies in spelling and writing; 27 for deficiencies in spelling and arithmetic; and 72 for deficiencies in spelling combined with other faults;—so that out of the whole number of rejected candidates—309;—upwards of 250 were rejected for gross ignorance of these two elementary branches of knowledge, 25 were rejected for ignorance in languages, 3 for ignorance of book-keeping, and 23 for ignorance in geography. Of the kind of qualifications which have been hitherto deemed sufficient for the service of the public, a good idea may be formed by glancing over the 29th, 30th, and 31st pages of the appendix; and in doing so, we should recollect that the persons under examination, are not of an inferior class to those who have been ordinarily nominated up to this date and appointed *of course* to posts in government offices. In the pages before us, we find in detail the mistakes in orthography of 61 of the rejected can-

didates. Nothing is more common than the substitution of *there* for *their*, *as* for *has*, *where* for *were*, *to* for *too*, and *vice versâ*. We have *veus*, *vains* (veins), *yolk* (yoke), *strickly*, *enequity* (equity), *sutch*, and hundreds of similar blunders. Now, let it be remembered that persons of this amount of education, have heretofore, and under ministers of every party, been smuggled into every department of the civil service. The inference is unavoidable: namely, that one-third of the present junior and subordinate servants of the government are totally incapable of performing their duties. Of the justice of this conclusion we have no doubt, But recently the writer of these pages was requested to give to a young gentleman of highly respectable family, and a clerk in the Admiralty, an examination preparatory to that of the Commissioners, with a view to his promotion to a higher class in the service. He was more frequently wrong than right in spelling the most ordinary words of one syllable, and was utterly unable to specify the quarters of the globe to which such countries as Italy, India, and Canada belonged! It will further be borne in mind, that the injury suffered by the country through such appointments, is by no means to be measured by the guage of a profligate expenditure of revenue on persons who, even supposing them to be diligent, are only qualified for menial service. The detriment incurred through their errors, neglects, and misdeeds, is doubtless incomparably greater than the loss sustained by the perversion of public funds.

The evil then appears to have arisen to an intolerable and even an incredible height. The great question for public consideration is,—How may it be best remedied? And in entertaining this inquiry, it is important to comprehend clearly that very much depends on the initial movements of the legislature, and the Commissioners. The progress of general public business cannot be incessantly interrupted for the consideration of a single matter of detail, however important,—especially, one in which private and personal feelings are so intimately involved. The questions thus opened, are the following: I. How are candidates to obtain access to the chambers of the commission which constitute the vestibule of the public service? II. What is the nature of the examination to which they should be subjected? and, III. From what class should the examiners be selected? These inquiries we propose briefly to pursue.

I. Hitherto these candidates have been simply nominees of ministers, or of their principal agent, the patronage secretary of the Treasury. The 1,078 persons who have been examined by the Commissioners, and one-third of whom have been rejected, would but for that examination have been at this moment discharging, after their manner, the varied duties

of the offices to which they aspired. In a word, the system of nomination has proved a conspicuous failure. How then is this evil to be remedied? We reply, by an open competitive examination, and by that only. The amount of buried talent, buried education, buried earnestness, buried industry in this country is perfectly enormous. The narrow door of patronage excludes ninety-nine hundredths of the *matériel* existing in the nation, and available for the public service. Why should all this public capital be buried and wasted? The refusal of the method, which at present prevails, would, as has been previously hinted in the first place, diminish bribery at elections: a venal vote may as well, and far more conveniently, be bought by a promise, as by a bank note; while the former method of bribery is far less easy of detection than the latter. To abolish, therefore, the system of appointment by government nomination, and to throw the situations under the civil service open to competition, would be to pass a subsidiary reform bill in so far as the purity of election is concerned; but, on the other hand, the purity of the House of Commons would be no less secured by the same arrangement. Has the reader ever seen that sleek and courteous gentleman, the patronage secretary of the Treasury, moving with the noiseless tread of a master of the ceremonies about the lobby and apartments of the House of Commons, greeting with both hands one member, and throwing his head on one side with thoughtful dubiousness to another, or buzzing about among the clubs with the same variety of gesture and expression? He is a gentleman at all points. He is what may be vulgarly called cadging for votes: a simple method of political swindling. He is practising on the stupidity of elderly country members, and on the inexperience of the young and adventurous. It is thus that houses are made and unmade. It is thus that majorities and minorities are concocted, both at the hustings and at the division; and it is thus that the Treasury, the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, the Ordnance, the Customs, and the Excise, and all the other departments of the state, are filled with persons who are utterly unfit for these, or any other positions which require industry or intelligence. We say again, let scope be given for the employment of the administrative talent which lies buried in that portion of the community which is excluded from interest, and which is inaccessible to a bribe. A universal competitive examination appears to us to be the only remedy for the evil.

Some ministers who have held office under the present administration, appear to have been partially prepared to act upon this principle. And we will now present their expressed opinions on this all-important subject. We have before us, in this

Report, the recorded judgment of the late Sir William Molesworth, as to the nature of the examinations which should be instituted in his own department, that is, the Colonial department. The Commissioners say,—

“After inviting our assistance to form a scheme of rules establishing tests of intellectual fitness, he proceeds thus :—

“These rules ought, undoubtedly, to be such as to secure a considerable degree of natural talent and educational attainment in every gentleman sent out, considering the great importance of the duties which are entrusted to the members of this service. But we must not proceed as if we were in search of the endowments which qualify for imaginative or speculative authorship. What we want is the practical ability and information which is appropriate to the superintendence of public affairs, and the transaction of public business. I am, therefore, anxious that the scale of subjects and tests which you are to suggest, while, of course, comprising the leading features of a liberal education, should be given, as far as possible, a practical character.”

On the premature death of Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Labouchere succeeded to the Secretaryship of the Colonial department, and transmitted to the Civil Service Commissioners some more explicit opinions as to the nature of the examinations which should be conducted in his branch of the service. Mr. Labouchere's statements are so closely relevant to this subject, that we will give them *in extenso*.

“A sound, and, if possible, a quick and versatile judgment, a mind trained to reasoning, retentiveness of memory, facility and accuracy of composition, a good knowledge of modern history and geography, and some knowledge of the elementary principles of law and jurisprudence, especially constitutional,—these are among the qualities, natural and acquired, which may be said to be most frequently in requisition here, and which it is very desirable to ensure, as far as this can be effected, by the test of previous examination. To these may be added a knowledge of the most generally diffused modern languages, not as of the same essential importance here as perhaps in some other departments, but still as valuable both directly for occasional use, and indirectly from the extensive range of knowledge which it opens to its possessor; and knowledge of figures and accounts, for which there is very frequent use; and lastly, classical acquirement, not of course as in itself often available, but from the test which it affords of early habits of application, and from its tendency to aid in mental development. Mr. Labouchere would also suggest, that, for the purposes of this department, great ability in one particular line should every now and then be received as a compensation for deficiency in others, as by a division of labour such special talents may easily be made available.

“It is Mr. Labouchere's opinion, that whatever may be the value

of an examination by way of test, if conducted by able and experienced hands, for eliciting proof of qualities such as these, yet a far greater and more effective security will be afforded by examinations conducted to a certain extent on the competitive principle.

"But it is essential to bear in mind one consideration, which it may be feared rather adds to than diminishes the difficulty of dealing with the subject. Although the above description of the qualities required in the higher departments of this office is in no degree exaggerated, it is nevertheless true, to revert again to the opinion expressed in the Report already cited, that the 'official education' which occupies generally the first years of a clerk's employment (more or less according to circumstances over which the clerk himself can have but little control), must partake, in a great degree, of a mechanical character. Something has been done, since that Report appeared, towards carrying out its recommendations, that this class of business should be entrusted to copyists and others not on the establishment. Nevertheless it remains the case, and must in Mr. Labouchere's opinion so remain, that a large proportion of work, of little more than routine order, cannot be properly performed except by the regular clerks.

"It may, therefore, be a considerable time before the higher qualities of which I have spoken are put seriously in requisition in each case, and in the meantime another order of qualities is required, not always found in combination with them. Mechanical accuracy, habits of carefulness, a ready and precise memory of details, punctuality and neatness in the discharge of minutiae, a readiness to take interest in comparatively uninteresting work, that gentlemanly spirit which prompts at once to co-operation with superiors and subordination to them,—these and such as these, are the qualities which in the Colonial Office, as elsewhere, are most commonly called into use during the earlier part of a clerk's employment.

"The conclusions which Mr. Labouchere draws from these various, and to a certain extent conflicting, considerations, are the following:—

"That the preliminary examination should be so directed as to draw out as far as possible the latter as well as the former class of qualities, a problem of which he recognizes the difficulty, and can only leave it to the practised experience of the members of the Civil Service Commission.

"That whatever may be the character and acquirements of those who may succeed in the examination, the year of probation, at present required, ought by no means to be dispensed with.

"Further, Mr. Labouchere believes that a system of open competition, under which duties, such as above described, should be simply entrusted, without other guarantee, to the performance of the cleverest and most ambitious youths, would be at least of doubtful advantage for the purposes of this department. Mr. Labouchere, however, does not wish to enter on this important general question further than is necessary to explain his intentions. For the present he means to place on his list of candidates for the office a certain limited number of young men, of whose character and qualifications

he may have had reason to form a favourable opinion. When a vacancy in the establishment occurs, it is his design to leave it open for the competition of his list, leaving the decision between them to the Commissioners, if they do not object to this demand on their time and services. It would, of course, be open to the Commissioners to combine the system of competition with that of test, and to report, if such were their opinion, that no candidate before them was fit for selection."

Before proceeding to an examination of Mr. Labouchere's official statement, or we might rather say in substitution of such a criticism, we will present the reasoning of the Editor of the *Times* upon the report before us, to which we give our cordial consent. His first observation is as follows:—

"The Commission has also conducted a number of competitive examinations for no less than 58 situations, for which 175 candidates have been examined; and they record an emphatic opinion that the candidates selected on these occasions are very superior to those who have succeeded in passing the ordinary examinations. They then proceed to lay before the public the inferences they have drawn from their experience in examination.

* * * * *

"We desire to draw no strained inferences from this Report, but it would be impossible to deny that it establishes some conclusions of the very gravest nature with reference to the public service, and the present education of the middle and upper classes. The first is, that the power possessed by ministers of state of appointing persons to situations has been abused to a degree which nothing but the most undoubted testimony could have led us to believe possible. That one person out of three should have been rejected altogether, and that the standard should be kept injuriously low in order that the public service might not be damaged by a paucity of appointments, are facts which those who met the aspersions cast on the civil service with a general laudation, will find it impossible to get over. The second inference is not a very satisfactory estimate of the efficiency of a service every third member of which ought, it appears, on no overstrained estimate of proficiency, to have been rejected altogether. A third, is as to the disgraceful state of the education which produces such fruits. A fourth inference is that the matter cannot be allowed to rest here, and that, while there are in the country innumerable young men of talent and good education, able to satisfy the requirements of the public service, it is monstrous to lower the standard of writing and spelling in order that the public service may not suffer by the rejection of too many of those incompetent persons to whom these appointments are confined. If so many of the clerks we get even under the present system are bad, and if, as the Commissioners say, competition secures a much higher rate of attainment, on what principle will government justify the filling these offices with worse men when better are to be had, and withholding from the great body

of the nation the entrance to its own service, in order to lavish patronage on idleness, ignorance, and inefficiency?"

In the next impression of the *Times* (March 14th), we find the following observations in a second leading article on the Report:—

"It appears that the most important deficiencies have been found in simple spelling, but in connexion with this must be mentioned another defect, which has been strongly felt in all the candidates more or less, but on which the examiners have not insisted as a test. The power of writing out an abstract or *précis* of official papers or correspondence is essential in many departments of the public service. In few ways can a clerk be more useful to his superior in office than in presenting him with a concise, correct, and clear abridgment of documents, and it is unfortunately not yet a part of general education to teach this happy art. In the present report there are many examples of what is wanted in this way—acts of parliament to be abridged, a correspondence to be summed up in a few sentences, documents to be drawn up from a slight brief, letters to be answered from one or two minutes endorsed on them,—all requiring a clear head, and such practice in composition as is not always afforded in public schools. When these requirements are more generally known it may be presumed that the candidates will be more qualified to undergo a severe test as to this kind of excellence; and every year, indeed, we may perhaps expect that the examinations will become—at least they ought to become—more strict.

"Besides the qualifications of candidates, on which the present report gives the most satisfactory information, there is another subject on which the report says very little. It will be understood that these appointments are not made by open competition. The candidates undergo merely a pass examination, and the question arises—Ought this system to be maintained? Mr. Labouchere proposes, indeed, that it should be partly abolished, and that a system of limited competition should be adopted; in other words, that, instead of nominating one candidate for one office, a number should be nominated, and the best should win. We cannot help thinking that, if there is to be a competition at all, it should be perfectly open. The only defence of the present nomination which exists is that the patron is sure of the moral character and gentlemanly bearing of his nominee. Let that defence pass for what it is worth—we say nothing against it; but the moment the principle is introduced of naming several candidates, instead of selecting one, the chief value of the old system is gone, and the competition might as well be thrown entirely open to the public. There is all the difference in the world between the head of a department selecting a single candidate to fill a particular appointment, and his picking out a dozen or half-a-dozen to fight for it. In the one case there is the responsibility of selection, and perhaps attachment to his choice; in the other there is little choice, and no responsibility."

Mr. Labouchere is evidently verging towards the right and only course, but what does he mean by a partially competitive examination? We cannot conceive that the line to be drawn can be otherwise than arbitrary; and we, therefore, encourage the hope that the commissioners will be empowered to throw open the appointments under the civil service to universal competition, and that they will henceforth be responsible to parliament, and not to the crown under an order in council.

II. As to the nature of the examinations, the first requisite obviously is, that the attainments of the candidates should be suited to the nature of the situations which they propose to fill. The majority of these are of a very humble kind, and the examination should, in all justice, be proportioned to these qualifications; and even in the higher departments, great experience in examination is required, in order to test the qualifications of the candidates. In elementary subjects they cannot be too severe, but in classics and mathematics many may be rejected who might be most useful to the public service. That these subjects are important as general tests is not to be denied. They may be fairly taken as the gauges of early education; but an intelligent examiner, well acquainted with the requisitions of the public service, will not put the ability to solve an equation, or to demonstrate a given proposition of Euclid, before that of writing a concise, but comprehensive abstract, or a clear, grammatical, and elegant letter.

III. We come, thirdly, to the important inquiry as to the class from which the examiners should be selected, and here we have no hesitation in pronouncing our opinion. In one word, they should be men who, in the first place, have been accustomed to teach and to examine; and, secondly, who have been habituated to teach and examine that class of persons who are proposed, or who may propose themselves, for appointments under the civil service of the crown. And we here are compelled to take a most grave exception against the arrangements of the Civil Service Commissioners, whose general scheme, and whose intelligent perception of their important functions, we have so strongly commended. It is with extreme regret that we have observed that all the examiners whom they have appointed, both permanent and occasional, are graduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

We are the more surprised at this, inasmuch as one of the Commissioners is the Chancellor of the University of London, and the other is one of the most active and influential members of the council of University College. The effect of these appointments will be manifest to any practised examiner who inspects the appendices to the report. Many of the questions

are unexceptionable, but a large number of them show that the gentlemen employed have been accustomed to examine, not for those practical purposes which Sir William Molesworth so wisely indicated, but rather for university honours. We cannot but think that many of the Latin passages are very ill-chosen, requiring, as they appear to us to do, an amount of recondite scholarship which is quite unnecessary for the purposes of the public service. In university examinations they would be perfectly appropriate, but for the civil service we cannot but think that they are ill-adapted and superfluous.

These considerations naturally lead us to some further remarks on these appointments. The first is, as just intimated, that the gentlemen appointed have not, in all probability, been accustomed to teaching and examining upon those branches of education which are most useful in the junior departments of the civil service; but our second objection is one which we most earnestly commend to the consideration of the Commissioners. Every examiner which they have appointed is a member of one of the two Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. Hence, every examiner is a member of the Church of England; and as would appear from the present system of appointment, all other persons, however high their qualifications, are absolutely excluded. This system of exclusion is in total opposition to the liberal spirit of the age, out of which spirit all real reforms must necessarily spring. The Royal Commissioners are *ex officio* reformers, and we implore them not to mar the high function committed to them by the adoption of an exclusive and sectarian principle. A university degree confers no recommendation which cannot be equalled by proofs of competency which may be presented by the most highly qualified men, who could not conscientiously take that honour; and if these pages should reach the eye of Her Majesty's Commissioners, we respectfully urge upon them not to vitiate the grand reform which they are initiating, by complying with a system which has been the pregnant source of inefficiency and mal-administration, by repudiating those liberal principles in which all useful reforms have their origin, and by entombing one-half of the talent, the intelligence, and the capacity for the public service which exists among their countrymen.

Brief Notices.

Glimpses of Jesus ; or, Christ exalted in the Affections of His People.
By W. P. Balfern. Second Edition. London: John Farquhar Shaw.

A BOOK is a good book, if, while it embodies right principles, it presents them in a manner attractive to any considerable class of readers. In this sense we can truthfully commend the volume before us. It consists of meditations on some of the most remarkable events in the life of the Saviour, and being written in an animated style, abounding in metaphors often striking and happy, will, we think, prove an acceptable book to many. For circulation amongst persons whose leisure for reading is limited, and by whom a few valuable thoughts expressed in a novel and easily to be remembered manner, are better appreciated than trains of close thinking, these "glimpses" are especially suited. We find, occasionally, great point in the writer's mode of putting an argument. For instance, the chapter entitled "Jesus in the Synagogue, or a word to the National Religionist," is very striking, and we could wish to see it printed as a separate tract for distribution at the present juncture.

Echoes of the Universe. From the World of Matter and the World of Spirit. By Henry Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., &c., &c.

THIS is a work useful in its tendency, sound in its views, and, for the most part, just in its reasonings and conclusions. It is one of those works which have, for some time, been appearing before the public,—works called for by the character of the age in which we live, and rendered necessary by the philosophy, falsely so called, which is but too prevalent at the present time. The writer ranges through the most interesting topics taken from the worlds of matter and of mind; in the former, Astronomy, Light, Geology, and Cosmography; and in the latter, the Personality of the Deity, Divine Appearances under the Law, Angels, Demoniical Possessions, the Immortality of the soul, and other cognate subjects. The matter contained in this volume was first delivered in the form of lectures to the members of a branch of the Young Men's Society for promoting Missions at Home and Abroad, and is, therefore, popular, and somewhat superficial in its character. Though there is a natural disinclination in the mind to the didactic, whether in matter or manner, yet, unless a subject is treated with sufficient speciality and minuteness, it will be unsatisfactory even to the class for whom it is designed. This remark will apply to some parts of this volume. The doctrine of the eternity of matter is dismissed in a way not calculated to satisfy a mind which has any doubts on the subject, that is, by a simple reference to

Gen. i. 1.: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," compared with, and explained by, Heb. xi. 3: "By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do (did) appear." The citation of these passages, the writer observes, must set the question at rest. We should say so too, if he had shown that they contained the orthodox doctrine of the creation of matter, but this he fails to do. The creation of heaven and earth *may* mean nothing more than their formation out of preceding materials. And the expression "not made out of things which did appear," may refer to Gen. i. 3, where it is said, "Darkness was on the face of the deep." If darkness was on the face of the deep, then the world was formed out of things that did *not* appear. Now, we do not say that this is the meaning, but surely it behoved the writer by a proper exegesis of the passage, to have shown that his doctrine was really contained in this portion of Scripture. There are other things to which we might object. We do not approve of such language as that we find in page 194, where it is said that "Christ is a part of God." Such language explains nothing, teaches nothing, and were much better avoided.* Nor do we think it is proper to say that "when God set a mark upon Cain he made a covenant with him" (p. 196). Some divines have thought it probable that the benefits of the death of Christ may extend to the whole universe of rational minds, but have expressed themselves with becoming reserve and modesty on the subject. Our lecturer, however, is much more bold, and declares that there is not one corner of this vast expanse (the expanse of the creation) where the merits of Christ's passion and the consequences of his death are not felt. However pleasing such sentiments may be, the reader expects, at least, to see them sustained by probable evidence. In another place, he tells us "that revelation teaches the immortality of the soul." It behoved him to have shown where and how it gives such teaching. The declaration that the gospel "has brought life and immortality to light," he must be aware, will not be considered as proving the point. Immortality may be the fruit of Christ's death, and may be enjoyed by all believers without being an original condition of the human mind. Again, his philosophical argument for the immortality of the soul is open to objection. He founds it upon the soul's immateriality—the latter being taken for granted. Had this point been first proved, the argument would have been more conclusive. "The soul," says he, "having no elements into which it may be resolved, must remain in its original condition." But the reader would wish to see it demonstrated that it *has* no elements. We believe that this has been shown, but surely not by our lecturer. However, notwithstanding these remarks, and others of a similar kind which we might make, we can cordially recommend the work on account of its spirit and tone, and the variety of valuable information which it conveys.

* This, however, is not Mr. Christmas's own language, but occurs in a quotation from Slack's "Church of the Future."—Ed.

Lights and Shadows of Spiritual Life. By Henry Welsford. With an Introduction by the Rev. George Redford, DD., LL.D. London: Snow.

WE regard this as a thoroughly excellent and valuable book, the work of one to whom religion is indeed a vital thing, we should say *the* vital thing; and the author brings to his subject, not merely an earnest mind, but one rich in the results of experience and thoughtful observation. In the delineation of various classes of character involved in the scope of the work, the writer is peculiarly happy. The power of discrimination displayed is great, and while the announcement of Christian truth is uncompromising, the total absence of everything like extravagance in thought or expression, leaves no room for even the least candid of the opponents of religion to cavil. We hope that this volume will obtain a large circulation. As a gift to those who have begun to look on life as an earnest thing, and who need thoughtful guidance in religious truth, we think few books could be more suitable; while those, also, who are advanced in life will find in it much matter for wise consideration, and will do well to hold intercourse with a writer who so evidently speaks of the things which he has known and felt.

Life in Jesus: a Memoir of Mrs. Mary Winslow; arranged from her Correspondence, Diary, and Thoughts. By her son, Octavius Winslow, D.D. Pp. 503. London: J. F. Shaw. 1856.

WE have often uttered our protest in the pages of this Journal against the daily increasing evil of obtruding upon the reading community the biographies of persons who occupied a private station in life. That evil has reached so great a height in the present day that we may reasonably expect a reaction against it, and we are inclined to believe that the time is near at hand when many of these memorials of devout persons, whose names and worth were known during life only to a small circle of friends and admirers, will be consigned to "the tomb of all the Capulets," the dreary limbo of unsaleable and unreadable books. Neither literature nor religion can receive any considerable detriment from these often hasty and ill-advised effusions; just as the glories of mediæval and modern art suffer no depreciation from the multitude of gaudy pictures which every season produces. The sad result of these memoirs is, that oftentimes a weak and sentimental religion is exhibited for the popular approval and imitation, as if any persons leading a reckless and evil life could be allured to better habitudes by reading the self-laudatory diaries and the wordy biographies of those whose names, in many cases, have been known to the public only since their departure from the world, and whose practical goodness was restricted to a very small sphere. Mankind with one accord raise statues and memorial piles to their statesmen and heroes; but we are not as yet prepared, notwithstanding all our economical and military reforms,

to vote these honours to clerks and subalterns, however admirably these may have fulfilled their duty.

As regards the handsome volume now before us, we have to remark that it contains the biography of an accomplished and eminently pious lady, compiled from various letters and family papers by her son, who is well known as the author of numerous works, which have had an extensive sale among a considerable section of the religious public. Beautifully got up, and not uninteresting in its details, it will be an acceptable book to many who have perused Dr. Winslow's previous publications. The volume, however, is too large; some of the letters and reflections which are published in it might profitably have been omitted, and the work would have gained in value what it lost in bulk. There is a redundancy of epithet and metaphor here and there, which, if allowable in a popular discourse, are not suitable to an elaborate and carefully written historical memorial. These trifling blemishes, however,—for such many persons will deem them—the worthy writer may readily remove when a second edition may be called for.

“The son of parents passed into the skies” will ever find it a delicate and difficult task to present to the world a faithful portrait of his departed kindred; and in the present instance, Dr. Winslow has endeavoured to give a handsome and affectionate tribute to the memory of a lady whose character was worthy of all imitation, and whose friends were neither few nor inconsiderable. That this memoir may be of utility to many persons, whose religion hitherto has been a tender sentiment rather than the grand and unfailing business of life, we do not doubt; and while our criticism has reference principally to the colouring and finish of the picture, we hope that the eminent goodness recorded in these pages may produce in many minds the earnest longing after the attainment and daily practice of that true virtue which Christianity alone inculcates. The truly good are so few in this changing world of ours, that the departure of any of them must be a cause for grief to those survivors to whom they were endeared; but we cannot acquaint ourselves with the records of their lives without a thankful joy “that such as these have lived and died.” Among these, the good and noble of the earth, may justly be ranked this excellent lady, the story of whose life has been feelingly written by her son.

The Works of the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, with Notes by Richard Hurd, D.D., late Bishop of Worcester. A New Edition, with Large Additions, chiefly unpublished; collected and edited by Henry G. Bohn. 6 vols. Bohn.

THIS is, on more accounts than one, a highly valuable work. It presents, in the first place, all the writings of this justly admired author, at a singularly small cost, and yet in an elegant typographical form. As the latest, it may be assumed to be the purest text; and, as a crowning advantage, it contains, though at so late a date, about

a hundred letters of Addison, which have never before been printed. These unexpected memorials, while they possess comparatively little of intrinsic value, are acceptable as a literary curiosity. Nothing, indeed, can be devoid of interest which is in any way related to such a man. For some editorial defects Mr. Bohn feels it necessary to apologize, and perhaps the most candid critic must admit that these volumes would have been far more worthy of praise had they been produced under the hands of some one with whom literature is the main occupation of life, rather than of a gentleman whose attention must be so largely devoted to the claims of an extensive business.

Russia; its Rise and Progress, Tragedies and Revolutions. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans. 1856.

THIS is the former of two volumes, of which the second, to be entitled "Nicholas and the Caucasus: the Mountains, the Tribes, and the Wars," will be devoted to the reign of the late Czar, and complete a general view of the history and policy of Russia. The volume before us commences with the introduction of Christianity into the Russian territory in the middle of the ninth century; and is continued to the accession of the late Emperor Nicholas in 1825. It is a heart-sickening history of barbarism, superstition, and cruelty, and suggests the necessary connexion between a false religion and a despotic government. No race of mankind could have tolerated the brutal administration of the Emperors of Russia whose souls had not been debased by embracing a hideous caricature of Christianity. The only retribution which could be visited on the oppressors in such a state of society is the wild justice of revenge. Accordingly assassination has generally done that work which should have been undertaken by the most solemn tribunals of justice; and where this has been effected by the less obvious agency of poison, the dying tyrant has generally manifested a horrible consciousness that he is not obeying "kind nature's signal to retreat." Even in the absence of evidence, there seems, in some cases, to have existed a dark suspicion to embitter the hour of death. The writer thus describes the end of the Emperor Alexander: "He had been ill at intervals during the whole tour, and left the Crimea, suffering from its intermittent fever, which had a fatal termination, December 1st. From first to last he refused to take medicine, trusting for recovery to the vigour of his constitution, and, perhaps, influenced by the predestinarian views he was known to entertain. 'My friend,' said he to Sir James Wylie, his physician, who constantly attended him, 'it is the state of my nerves to which you must attend: they are in frightful disorder.' 'Alas,' rejoined the physician, 'that happens more frequently to kings than to ordinary men.' 'Yes,' said the Emperor, with animation, 'but with me, in particular, there are many special reasons, and, at the present hour, more so than ever.' Some days afterwards, when his brain was almost delirious, the Czar gazed intently on the doctor,

his whole countenance manifesting intense fear. 'Oh, my friend,' he exclaimed, 'what an act, what a horrible act! The monsters! the ungrateful monsters! I designed nothing but their happiness.'" —Pp. 493, 494.

Theological Essays reprinted from the Princeton Review. With a Preface by the Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, D.D.

THE essays of which this volume is composed are extracted from an American journal of eminence, and are from the pens of some of the ablest divines on the other side of the Atlantic; they are here reprinted for the benefit of the English scholar, and will abundantly reward the labour of perusal. We have essays on "The Decrees of God," "Original Sin," "The Doctrine of Imputation," "The Power of Contrary Choice," "The Inability of Sinners," "The New Divinity Tried," "Beman on the Atonement," and "Regeneration." To these are added some on several points of the Popish Controversy, and two or three on the errors of the German Philosophy and Pantheism. One of these, the essay on Transcendentalism, is a very masterly production, and calculated to be useful at the present time among our young divines, both by the clear exposition which it gives of the authors and subjects treated of, and by the solemn protest which it enters against the most dangerous heresies of the times. The philosophies of Kant, of Fichte, of Schelling, and Hegel are clearly explained, and the dark atheism to which they lead faithfully portrayed. Among the essays we would direct the attention of the young student and others anxious for correct information on these points to this, as an able refutation of the theories to which it refers.

Review of the Month.

THE DEBATE ON SIR WILLIAM CLAY'S MOTION ON CHURCH-RATES, HAS ISSUED IN THE SIGNAL TRIUMPH OF THE FRIENDS OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM. In presenting a view of the present position of this question in parliament we shall adopt the concise statement put forth by the Liberation of Religion Society: "The Church-Rate Abolition Party succeeded in carrying the second reading of Sir William Clay's bill, on the 5th March, by a majority of forty-three. It is a significant circumstance that although about the same number of members (four hundred) voted in 1854, 1855, and 1856, the opponents of church-rates have each year increased their

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majority, and, as no less than eighty-seven liberal members were absent on the 5th ult., they calculate on a still further increase, while the supporters of church-rates have, it is believed, brought out their utmost strength. On this last occasion the government, as such, voted for the bill, instead of leaving it an open question as heretofore; reserving to themselves, however, the right of proposing some material alterations in committee. These have since been published, and their character, as well as the view taken of them by the leaders of the abolitionists, may be learned from the following resolutions on the subject, passed by the executive committee of the Liberation of Religion Society. 'That this committee, retaining the conviction, that the entire repeal of the law of church-rates would be most consistent with sound policy, and conducive to the interests of religion, is earnestly desirous that the bill introduced for that purpose should receive the sanction of legislature. That having examined the amendments in such bill, of which notice has been given by the Home Secretary, it finds that they, in effect, entirely abolish church-rates in a large number of parishes—give power to other parishes to retain or to abolish them, at their discretion—and, where rates may continue to be levied, exempt from payment all who may think fit to declare themselves not to be members of the Church of England. That as these provisions are in harmony with, though falling short of, the object aimed at by this committee, and do not preclude further proceedings for securing its complete realization, the committee deems it expedient to support the government in its efforts to carry the bill, as so amended, through both houses of parliament. That in arriving at such determination, this committee holds itself at liberty, in the event of the rejection of the measure, as so modified, to take any steps for giving complete effect to the principle already affirmed by successive and increasing majorities of the House of Commons.' The 30th of April is fixed for going into committee on the bill, but determined opposition will again be offered to it at that stage." The debate, which was long and excited, indicated all that ignorance of the principles of religious liberty, which is engendered by the habitual recognition of a state-established church, but the self-exposure of Lord John Russell was perfectly lamentable. The kernel of the noble lord's speech in opposition to the motion will be found in the following passage: "I conceive that the case as it stands at present is this—Here is an ancient law, declared to be so by the most eminent judges of the land, which imposes on each parish the legal obligation of repairing the fabric of the parish church, and providing for the celebration of divine worship in that church. Chief Justice Tindal and Lord Truro, among other learned judges, have maintained that this legal obligation exists; but they have said at the same time that it is an obligation which could not be enforced against the will of a majority of the parishioners. They have asserted, not that the obligation ceased or that the law was abrogated, but that the obligation is one that can be evaded. Well, it appears to me that the persons who have a grievance on this subject are, in fact, the members of the

established church (cheers from the opposition); because they may say—Here is an ancient law imposing an obligation, which was confessedly intended for and necessary to the sustentation of the established church, but that obligation cannot be enforced. Some persons may say, as my right hon. friend has said to-night—‘If we were to attempt to give force and validity to the law, and to compel persons to fulfil the obligation, which great judges have said attaches to them, we should disturb the peace of the country, we should create a great deal of ill-feeling, and we should provoke hostility to the church itself.’ I think the church may fairly answer, ‘That is a question for ministers of state; we accept your allegation; we are willing to acquiesce in what you say; we will not attempt to enforce obligations, which, in your opinion, might affect the peace of the community; but do tell us in what other way you propose to provide for the maintenance of the church.’” Need we suggest the reply to Lord John’s hypothetical theory. How are those places of worship sustained which weekly accommodate the majority of worshippers in this country? By voluntary contribution. Yet these edifices do not fall into decay, though the wealth of their attendants is not to be compared with that of the established church. If the state establishment, as such, has so utterly lost the respect of its members that they do not care to preserve its places of worship, the sooner it is abolished the better for the peace of the country and the credit of Christianity. Antiquity so far from sanctioning a political abuse, is like the lapse of time during which a tumour in the body has grown unnoticed. In both cases the necessity for a total excision is proportionate to the duration of the evil.

THE QUESTION OF NATIONAL EDUCATION HAS AGAIN BEEN THROWN, LIKE THE APPLE OF DISCORD, INTO OUR MIDST. The measure now before Parliament is the offspring of Lord John Russell. His motion was made on the 6th of March, and embodied the following resolutions: “1. That in the opinion of this House it is expedient to extend, revise, and consolidate the minutes of the Committee of Privy Council on Education. 2. That it is expedient to add to the present inspectors of church schools eighty sub-inspectors, and to divide England and Wales into eighty divisions for the purposes of education. 3. That it is expedient to appoint sub-inspectors of British, Wesleyan, and other Protestant schools not connected with the Church, and also of Roman Catholic schools, according to the present proportions of inspectors of such schools to the inspectors of church schools. 4. That on the report of the inspectors and sub-inspectors the Committee of Privy Council should have power to form in each division school districts, consisting of single or united parishes, or parts of parishes. 5. That the sub-inspectors of schools of each division should be instructed to report on the available means for the education of the poor in each school district. 6. That, for the purpose of extending such means, it is expedient that the powers at present possessed by the Commissioners of Charitable Trusts be enlarged, and that funds now useless or injurious to the community, be applied to the education of the middle and

poorer classes of the community. 7. That it is expedient, that in any school district where the means of education, arising from endowment, subscription, grants, and school pence shall be found deficient, and shall be declared to be so by the Committee of Privy Council for Education, the ratepayers should have the power of taxing themselves for the erection and maintenance of a school or schools. 8. That after the first day of January, 1856, when any school district shall have been declared to be deficient in adequate means for the education of the poor, the quarter sessions of the peace for the county, city, or borough should have the power to impose a school rate. 9. That where a school rate is imposed a school committee, elected by the ratepayers, should appoint the schoolmasters and mistresses, and make regulations for the management of the schools. 10. That in every school supported in whole or in part by rates, a portion of the Holy Scriptures should be read daily in the school, and such other provision should be made for religious instruction as the school committee may think fit, but that no child shall be compelled to receive any religious instruction, or attend any religious worship, to which his or her parents or guardians shall, on conscientious grounds, object. 11. That employers of children and young persons between nine and fifteen years of age, should be required to furnish certificates, half-yearly, of the attendance of such children and young persons at school, and to pay for such instruction. 12. That it is expedient that every encouragement should be given, by prizes, by diminution of school fees, by libraries, by evening schools, and other methods, to the instruction of young persons between twelve and fifteen years of age." The only organized opposition to this movement, of the existence of which we are aware, emanates from a committee represented by Mr. Samuel Morley as chairman, and the Rev. John Howard Hinton as secretary. The document which they have put forth, summoning the municipal bodies of this country to a united opposition to the proposed measure is so conclusive in its reasoning, and so comprehensive and concise in its statements, that we shall avail ourselves of the most important parts of it without further acknowledgment. The measure, as to its principal provisions, did not wholly originate with Lord John Russell, but with the government of which he is no longer a member. On the opening of the session it was announced by ministers that it was in contemplation of the crown to institute a specific department of the state under the direction of a responsible minister of education; an object for the effectuation of which a bill has been brought in, and carried through the upper house, to enable Her Majesty to appoint a vice-president of the Committee of Council on Education capable of sitting in the House of Commons. On the 14th of February, without any previous intimation, a bill "for promoting Education in England and Wales" was by the Lord President of the Council—who is also President of the Committee of Council on Education—laid on the table of the House of Lords, where it still awaits its second reading. This bill proposes to constitute the town councils in all boroughs, and an elected body of persons in all parishes, com-

missioners of education, and to empower them to "take such measures as they deem expedient for promoting education in their borough, or parish, or parishes, by establishing and maintaining, or contributing to the establishment and maintenance, of a new school or schools, or by aiding any existing school or schools, with a view to extend the benefits thereof, or by all or any of the means aforesaid, as they shall think proper." (Clause 21.) The whole expense of such proceedings is to be thrown upon the rates (not exceeding sixpence in the pound), upon the security of which money may be borrowed from the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. The bill is permissive, but may be made operative in any borough by two-thirds of a meeting of the burgesses, and in any parish by two-thirds of a meeting of ratepayers. It must be obvious, on a mere glance at the facts briefly stated above, that the measures in progress supply no unreal cause for anxiety and alarm. The proposed appointment by the crown of a minister of public instruction is evidently an advance on the composition of the Committee of Council on Education, and one by which the education of the people will be more completely than heretofore under the control of the government. As to the two schemes of education so singularly brought forward at the same moment, the one by the government itself, and the other by a private member of the House of Commons, totally unlike as they are to each other, they exhibit a common hostility to our principles and our aims. The bill of the Lord President is mainly characterized by the studied evasion of every difficult question, and throws over, without scruple or exception, all the problems which have hitherto baffled the wisdom of the legislature, into the hands of town councils and parochial commissioners—bodies of men certainly far less qualified to decide them. Nor is it possible that such questions can either be introduced into such bodies without giving rise to local dissensions and party conflicts, or be determined by them without inflicting in some cases, at least, and probably in many, serious injustice and injury. It is an aggravation of the mischiefs thus sure to ensue, that they would be without remedy, no appeal lying from the decisions of the local commissioners, as no rule is laid down for their guidance: a scheme for subjecting popular education to a thousand tyrannies instead of one. "What, then," say the committee, "becomes of the religious question? Are these schools, supported by public rates, to include any religion or none? And if any, which? Any one, or all alike—heterodox and orthodox; conformist and nonconformist; Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish? Lord John abhors the thought of schools for the poor without religion; therefore, he insists that 'the Holy Scriptures shall be daily read in the school.' What more? Nothing, absolutely nothing! He slyly adds, 'Such other provision shall be made for religious instruction as the school committee may think fit;' such school committee being probably in many parishes the clergyman and the churchwardens, and possibly in others a group of freethinkers. In truth, nothing can be more flagrantly inconsistent in itself, or a more violent outrage on the sanctity of religion, than thus at once to

acknowledge its necessity as an element of popular education, and to reduce the provision for it to a practical nonentity. This is nothing less than trifling egregiously with the religious feeling of the country, while professing to pay it respect." The committee, after enumerating the practical inconveniences which must arise under the operation of such an act, conclude their address in the following terms: "With these remarks on the parliamentary movement in relation to popular education, we submit the case to your consideration. The committee feel it to be their duty to offer to it an unqualified and strenuous resistance, as at once uncalled for and injurious. They are still parental, not state educationists. They still advocate voluntary as opposed to compulsory tuition. Their faith is unshaken, that voluntary educational activity has done much, is doing much, and will speedily do all that the country requires. They trust that you concur in these sentiments, and that you will co-operate with them in opposing the further progress of measures by which, in their judgment, the best interests of popular education are endangered. In particular, we trust you will immediately forward a petition to parliament from the congregation with which you are connected, and engage some of your friends to write in the same sense to the representatives of the place where you reside." In the wisdom and justice of these views we heartily acquiesce. We desire as cordially as any of our legislators can do, a wide extension of the opportunities of education to the lower classes; but we are suffering, in spite of the "massacre of the innocents" which takes place at the end of every session, from the evil of over-legislation. Our country, like Tarpeia, is crushed beneath the multitudinous shields of law. If it be granted that the state should provide even secular instruction of the people, the next step must be to argue that it is its duty, *a fortiori*, to provide the highest and most important of all instruction—that is religious. The voluntary system which has already achieved so much, will, under the blessing of Him who ordained it, yet show itself adequate to all the requirements of a benighted and misguided population.

AT LENGTH ALL EUROPE IS IN CONFIDENT EXPECTATION OF A SPEEDY CONCLUSION OF PEACE. Indeed, it is generally believed that this event will take place before these pages meet the eye of the reader. To the surprise of many, the King of Prussia, whose pusillanimity and double dealing throughout the progress of the war have exposed him to universal contempt, has been invited to send a representative to the Peace Conferences. The ostensible reason for this, as explained by Lord Palmerston, is that it would be necessary to reconsider and reconstruct one treaty to which Prussia was a party; but as it would have been plainly impossible to admit Prussia, who was not a party to the war, to any participation in the discussion of the cardinal points of peace, the invitation of that power was universally received as evidence that the main matters of the negotiation had been already adjusted. One only difficulty appears to remain, namely, the dissatisfaction of Turkey with the arrangements proposed by the Western Powers for the future condition

and government of the Danubian Provinces: the inhabitants themselves are opposed to the supremacy of Turkey as well as of Russia, and desire an independent constitution. The case is a complicated one, and will probably be settled as to its details after the declaration of peace. Most fortunately for the Emperor of the French, the birth of an heir-apparent to the throne coincided in time with the virtual conclusion of a peace. Hence the public rejoicings and congratulations were unmingled with those gloomy anxieties which would have been engendered by the prospect of the continuance of the war. Again, the Emperor has fallen on his feet, and doubtless anticipates that this event will constitute him the founder of a dynasty, though there is something to chill a too sanguine disposition in the fact, that should the son succeed the father on the throne, it will be for the first time that such an event has occurred in the history of France for the last two centuries. It is hoped that one of the results of our alliance with the French, and of the peace which is apparently on the eve of completion, will be at least an approximation to a reciprocal system of free trade between the two countries—an event which would constitute to both countries the best compensation for the sacrifices and calamities of the war.

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PAST MONTH does not present any topics of unusual interest. The controversy, however, between Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Mr. Macaulay, is exciting attention in the literary world. Mr. Dixon prefers a long series of charges against the historian in reference to the character and conduct of William Penn, which have been persistively impugned by the latter. These charges so materially involve the historical reputation of Mr. Macaulay, that we think he is bound to meet them, otherwise judgment must go by default, and the reliability of Mr. Macaulay's future statements will sink materially in public estimation. Messrs. Longman have just given to the public the first two volumes of Southey's Correspondence, and Raikes' Diary from 1831 to 1847, comprising reminiscences of social and political life in London and Paris during that period. These will receive attention in the May number of the *ECLECTIC*. Since the issue of our last number, the controversy originated by our notice of Mr. Lynch's Sacred Poems has been waged with increasing bitterness in the columns of the *Morning Advertiser*. The editor has called on the orthodox ministry to pronounce, and their response has been a warm commendation of Mr. Lynch's volume, a hearty approval of the course adopted by the *ECLECTIC REVIEW* with reference to it, and an emphatic condemnation of the procedure of the *Morning Advertiser*. The editor further called on the religious portion of the newspaper press to give judgment in the case. The *Nonconformist* and the *Patriot* have done so, cordially endorsing the evangelical character of Mr. Lynch's poems, and visiting the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* with severe chastisement and well-merited contempt. The controversy is apparently not yet concluded; and should it appear to us to deserve any further notice at our hands, we shall review it as a whole in our next number.

Books Received.

- Aird (Thos.). Poetical Works. New Edition. Pp. 439. W. Blackwood & Sons.
 Beecher (Edward, D.D.). Papal Conspiracy Exposed. Pp. 351. Jas. Nichol.
 Block (Maurice). Dictionnaire de l'Administration Française. D. Nutt.
 Brown (H.). Albonia: a Pilgrimage. A Poem. Pp. 30. Charles Fox.
 British Controversialist and Self-Educator for March, 1856. Price 4d. Houlston & Stoneman.
 British Educator: a Monthly Magazine of Literature, Philosophy, Science, and Art. No. I., for March, 1856. Glasgow: Thos. Murray & Son.
 Cockburn (Samuel, M.D.). Medical Reform. Pp. 176. R. Theobald.
 Cresswell (Mrs. Frances). Memoir of Elizabeth Fry. Pp. 583. Piper & Co.
 Dickson (Rev. Jno. Bathurst). The Temple Lamp. Price 4d. Pp. 32. Jas. Nisbet & Co.
 Dodd (J. P., LL.D.). Ten Letters on Self-Education. 1s. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
 Dodd (Geo.). The Food of London. Pp. 524. Longman & Co.
 Donaldson (Jno. W., D.D.). Classical Scholarship and Classical Learning. Pp. 259. Cambridge: Deighton & Bell.
 Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle for March, 1856. 6d. Ward & Co.
 Farrand (Banks). The Christian System; or, Teaching of the New Testament. Pp. 511. Longman & Co.
 Fergusson (Jas., M.R., I.B.A.). Illustrated Hand-book of Architecture. 2 Vols. Pp. 991. Jno. Murray.
 Fraser's Magazine for March, 1856. 2s. 6d. Pp. 378. Jno. W. Parker.
 Hardwick (Charles, M.A.). A History of the Christian Church during the Reformation. Pp. 448.
 Hervey (Rev. Lord Arthur, M.A.). The Inspiration of Holy Scripture. Five Sermons. Pp. 90. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.
 Hinton (Jno. Howard, M.A.). Twelve Lectures on Acquaintance with God. Pp. 273. Houlston & Stoneman.
 Illustrations to the Holy Scriptures. 18 Maps and Plans. S. Bagster & Sons.
 "It is written," or the Scriptures the Word of God. Pp. 194. S. Bagster & Sons.
 Labarte (M. Jules). Hand-book of the Arts of the Middle Ages. Pp. 443. J. Murray.
 Leaves of Grass: a Poem. Pp. 95. W. Horsell.
 Leask (Wm.). The Beauties of the Bible. In Ten Lectures. 2nd Ed. Pp. 366. Partridge & Co.
 Lamps of the Temple: Crayon Sketches of the Men of the Modern Pulpit. 3rd Edition. Pp. 597. Jno. Snow.
 Leigh (Thos.). Garlands of Verse. Pp. 208. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Monteith (Lieut.-Gen.). Kars and Erzeroum; with the Campaigns of Prince Farkiewicz in 1828 and 1829. Pp. 332. Longman & Co.
 Perry (Charles, D.D.). Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. Pp. 135. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.
 Raikes (Thos., Esq.). A Portion of the Journal kept from 1831 to 1847: Social and Political Life in London and Paris. 2 Vols. Longman & Co.
 Ridgeway (Rev. J.). Rosalie; or, the Truth shall make you Free. 2nd Ed. Pp. 269. Hall, Virtue & Co.
 Simpson (J. W.). The Urgent Necessity for Tenant-Right Bill for Ireland. Pp. 32.
 Slack (R., M.D.). Old Truths and Modern Progress. Pp. 442. Hamilton & Co.
 The Great Arctic Mystery. Pp. 16. Chapman & Hall.
 The Crisis and Way of Escape. Pp. 24. 4d. Houlston and Stoneman.
 The Homilist and Bi-Monthly Pulpit Review for March, 1856. 1s. Ward & Co.
 Timbs (T., F.S.A.). Things Not Generally Known Familiarly Explained. Pp. 247. David Bogue.
 Tschudi (Frederick Von). Sketches of Nature in the Alps. In 2 Parts. Pp. 266. Longman & Co.
 Vaughan (R. A., B.A.). Hours with the Mystics. 2 Vols. Jno. W. Parker.
 Watter (Jno. Wood, B.D.). Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey. In 4 Vols. Vols. I. and II. Longman & Co.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

MAY, 1856.

- ART. I.—*The Pictorial Bible*. With Original Notes, chiefly explanatory, in connexion with the Engravings, on such passages connected with the History, Geography, Natural History, Literature, and Antiquities of the Sacred Scriptures, as require observation. In 3 large vols. imperial 8vo., and 4 vols. 4to. 1835—1838. Also the Notes separately, under the title of “The Illustrated Commentary,” in 5 vols. post 8vo. 1840. The “Standard Edition” of the Pictorial Bible, 4 vols. imperial 8vo. London: C. Knight. 1847.
2. *Pictorial History of Palestine and the Holy Land, including a Complete History of the Jews*. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. Vol. I., Biblical History, pp. 628; Vol. II., Biblical History, Natural History, and Geography, pp. 592. London: C. Knight. 1840. The latter part was printed separately under the title of “The Physical History of Palestine.” 1841.
 3. *History of Palestine from the Patriarchal Age to the Present Time*. 12mo., pp. 378. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black, 1843. The same work, published as “The Illustrated History of Palestine.” Pp. 426. 1852.
 4. *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 904, 994. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1845.
 5. *The Lost Senses*, 1st Series—Deafness, 18mo., pp. 206; 2nd Series—Blindness, pp. 254. London: C. Knight. 1845.
 6. *Ancient and Modern Jerusalem*, 2 Parts; *the Court and People of Persia*, 2 Parts; *the Tartar Tribes*, 18mo., each 192 pp., forming Parts of the Monthly Series published by the London Tract Society. 1846—1849.
 7. *Journal of Sacred Literature*. First Series, 7 vols. London: Simpkin and Co. 1848—1851. Second Series, 4 vols. R. B. Blackader. 1851—1853.

8. *Daily Bible Illustrations: being Original Readings for a Year on Subjects relating to Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology.* Morning Series—Vol. I., Antediluvians and Patriarchs, pp. 434; Vol. II., Moses and the Judges, pp. 466; Vol. III., Samuel, Saul, and David, pp. 446; Vol. IV., Solomon and the Kings, pp. 446. Foolscep 8vo. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1849—1851.
9. *Scripture Lands, described in a Series of Historical, Geographical, and Topographical Sketches, and Illustrated by a Biblical Atlas of 24 Maps.* Foolscep 8vo, pp. 384. London: H. G. Bohn. 1850.
10. *The Land of Promise; or, a Topographical Description of the Principal Places in Palestine, and of the Country Eastward of the Jordan.* 12mo, pp. 336. London: Religious Tract Society. 1850.
11. *Daily Bible Illustrations.* Evening Series—Vol. I., Job and the Poetical Books, pp. 438; Vol. II., Isaiah and the Prophets, pp. 440; Vol. III., Life and Death of Our Lord, pp. 450; Vol. IV., The Apostles and Early Church, pp. 506. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1851—1853.
12. *Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A.* Compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals, by J. E. Ryland, M.A., Editor of *Foster's Life and Correspondence*, &c.; with a Critical Estimate of Dr. Kitto's Life and Writings, by Professor Eadie, D.D., LL.D., of Glasgow. 8vo., pp. 696, with a Portrait and Vignette, &c.

JOHN KITTO was a rare man in a rare position. Totally deaf from his thirteenth year, he became an inmate of a workhouse when fourteen, a parish apprentice at seventeen, and nearly died of misery, solitude of heart, and unrequited toil under the tyranny of a base master; and yet, despite his small schooling and almost utter friendlessness, he contrived closely to study many of the best books, and wisely to read his own heart, so that before he was eighteen, he distinguished himself by the vigour and chasteness of his compositions, and that in such a manner as to excite the interest and sympathy of several persons of distinguished talent and large-heartedness, by whose help he became the *protégé* of the *literati* of his native town, through whose jealous patronage he steered with modest and grateful independence of spirit. Under the auspices of a noble friend and Christian brother, he at length came forth from manifold trials a laborious Christian, his spirit going out through all his tribulations in the strength of that hope which cannot be confounded, because, springing from the power of God's own love, felt in the heart.

Thus Kitto, by his experience, his learning, and his love, ultimately reached his highest and fittest earthly position, being acknowledged in all directions as the best practical illustrator

and expounder of the divine word in his country or his age. The biography of such a man must be full of lessons of the deepest interest and instruction. But who could write such a biography? No man. A written life is impossible; yet in this volume we possess the nearest possible approximation to such a work; for the editor has wisely taken advantage of Kitto's journals and letters, so that he is made to tell his own story just as those incidents arose which moved his heart to utter itself in words to some few other hearts in which he trusted for sympathy and fellowship. "As face answereth to face in a glass, so doth the heart of a man to his friend." Hence there is a freshness, fulness, and power in this volume which we seldom find in so-called biographies. We get acquainted with the man himself; we see his reflection—we study with him—talk with him—feel with him—retire to the inner sanctuary with him—go abroad with him: in short, enter into his home-life, and look with him along that pathway of light that grows into the perfect day. Such biographies elevate humanity, and cause us to exclaim—

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make *our* lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

Kitto's life is most interesting, not only from the touching incidents, high efforts, and great endowments exemplified in its remarkable course, but also as affording large instruction to the physiologist and philanthropist concerning the influence of bodily peculiarity and outward circumstances on the direction, development, and character of the feeling and thinking being.

He had derived a very sensitive and yet vigorous organism through a race of strong-nerved, hard-working persons, both on the father's and the mother's side. He was born in Seven Stars Lane, Plymouth, on the 4th of December, 1804. It is true he was a puny, sickly infant, and the vigour he afterwards evinced was rather that of the brain than of the muscles; and his energy was rather that which rendered him capable of keeping close to his story-telling grandmother and enjoying in quiet the current of ideas thus early awakened, than the bodily activity in which most healthy children delight. It is not improbable that his ancestors were, as he somewhere tells us, Phœnicians, who settled in Gwennap, Cornwall, where the most ancient and richest tin mines are found, and which was the birthplace of his father. At least his learning has enabled him to determine that the name "Kitto" is Phœnician. In looking at a man's personal peculiarities and mental characteristics, his ethnological deriva-

tion may well be kept in sight, since we know that certain tendencies of mind and body which distinguish races are apt to show themselves in the lives of persons long after their separation from their original stock. And by regarding the influence of the mixture of different races with each other, under the force of outward changes, we shall learn to admire the wisdom of God, by whose providence the peoples are stirred up and distributed so as to produce by their intermingling, the highest forms of intelligence and power, and thus, by books and commerce, preserve the sense of kindredship in all nations.

Kitto's learning has contributed in no small measure to this end; for his works are of a nature to interest all people to whom the Bible is, or may be, an open book. In it God speaks to all humanity, and embraces all in one final interest. To this Kitto always pointed; and we enjoy the notion that he descended from some stray trader in tin in days of old, for the very purpose after due time, to connect more fully the East with the West, and to instruct the men of England and America in the wisdom and goodness of the Divine Galilean. The circumstances of race are to be taken into account in all our efforts to educate either individuals or nations, for differences of race are the stamps of Divine Providence, marking the varieties of mankind for their destined work in the fulfilment of those prophecies which have been since the world began.

The Almighty hand snatched Kitto from destruction, when those from whom he sprang were in danger of sinking down into those vices which extinguish families and nations. His father from being a respected man of good talents, as a master builder, became a drunkard and a pauper in the prime of his life. His mother, however, was a brave, and patient, and pious woman, who laboured with her own hands, for the bread of which her husband's intemperance deprived her children. Probably her son partook largely of her mental constitution, for we find one marked physical peculiarity in which they resembled each other; when anything painfully excited his mother, her wounded feeling was indicated by a *tremulous motion of the foot*, and it is a curious circumstance that any strong mental emotion was accompanied by a similar effect on the subject of this memoir. This indicates a close similarity in their nervous organism, together with great strength of feeling and of moral control, for a like degree of excitement in most persons would be expressed by unmistakable symptoms of anger. He derived then much of his sensitiveness, his patient endurance and persevering hopefulness, from his mother. But his father at the period of his birth was marked for more than average natural ability, industry, and skill; and his mental structure, no less than his outward form,

had strong and distinctive features which his son visibly inherited. How far either father or mother influenced the formation of his character by their impression on his opening mind we cannot know, for at the age of four years he was removed from his father's house and his mother's care, to that of his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Picken, whose affectionate attention to her "Johnny" was well proportioned to his helplessness and necessity. With her his mind was early entertained with wonders, and so it rapidly grew, inquiring, and reflective, and metaphysical, for under her oral tuition he could think of little but witches, wizards, and hobgoblins, subjects of no mean importance for exercising whatever powers of abstraction any child, of lesser or larger growth, may possess. But "Johnny's" amazement was far greater at the fact that his grandmother did not like sugar-stick than at her stories, for these he received in absolute faith while he made patchwork at her side, but not to like sugar-stick was a direct contradiction to his daily experience. The effect of this dear old soul's loving-kindness is worth thinking of; it was such that in long-after years when "Johnny" was about to enter on his chief literary undertakings, he says, "I cannot think of her without deep emotion, and if there were any one of the pleasant things I once hoped for, and which are now impossible to me, that I would sooner than any other wish for again, it would be, that she of all my dear dead ones, should revive or should still have lived, to exult, as she would have done more than any—more than I do myself,—in my little triumphs over the unhappy circumstances in which she left me." Verily this grandmother was a prophetess in her way, for she taught him to enjoy the works of God in creation, and above all taught him to believe in a love that watched over him incessantly, helped him with sympathy in all his labours, rejoiced in his triumphs, and encouraged his further efforts. It was his love for this loving heart, who was, as he says, more than a mother to him, that inspired him with natural confidence in the doctrine of the soul's immortality long before that doctrine was brought to light in his heart by faith in Him who is the resurrection and the life. There was a kind of blind and savage idolatry in his affection for this kind grandmother, as we find in the language of his journal, on her death and burial, which occurred when he was about sixteen. The most striking of the many strong passages on that occasion is this: "*I knelt down and prayed for her departed spirit to Him in whose hands are life and death, and that he would endue us with resignation to His decrees.*" This came of his reading the Apocrypha without instruction: he afterwards knew better. But we are taking a stride too far in advance. Oh, the might

of loving-kindness! What would Kitto have been without this grandmother, with a drunken father and a mother overburdened with the weight of her life? We see many lads in our streets, ragged, wretched, shrewd, and abandoned, who may tell us without words. O ye Christians, clothed in soft raiment, honour and imitate Mrs. Picken.

Next amongst Kitto's early enlighteners we have his friend the story-telling shoemaker, Roberts, who gave little "Johnny" his life-long attachment to books and pictures. As usual among the poor, his first books and favourites, were those that speak most powerfully and plainly of man's interests and destinies; the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress," with demonstrative engravings, filled him with delight; and it is no wonder that he "glorified" those engravings with abundance of red, blue, and yellow paint, as soon as, by the generosity of a neighbour, he became possessed of his fourpenny box of colours. Such was the commencement of his Bible illustrations.

As a child he used to hear Dr. Hawker vicar of Charles, Plymouth, and certainly, from what we remember, Dr. Hawker was a preacher well calculated to impress either man or child by his earnestness, point, and straightforwardness of style, as well as by his spiritualisms, that always gave one the hope of seeing more than appeared. Dr. Hawker then was Kitto's first pattern of a preacher, and so "Johnny" would preach too, taking a chair with the bottom out for a pulpit, much to the scandal of dear Mrs. Picken, who thought this precociousness rather profane; but then, as after, "Johnny," being obstinate, would not read aloud at all, unless allowed to do so in his own way, like an embryo D.D. as he was.

He very early proved his pertinacity in acquiring knowledge and applying it. He bored one of his friends by borrowing her books until he was ashamed to *ask* for a fresh supply, so he tried to express his wishes in notes, and these notes were his first attempts at composition, and were always successful. From notes the transition to authorship is easy. He became an author, and a paid one too, before he was twelve years of age. A cousin had a penny and would buy a story-book. "Johnny" could write a story and wanted a penny, so a bargain was struck, and a long story about "King Pippin" was produced, with a painted picture at the beginning, very much to the satisfaction of both parties. The story related to the doings of the wild men that once dwelt in England. Here we see a mental vigour beyond his years, and in his familiarity with pictured story-books and a box of colours, we trace the commencement of his talent for those pictorial illustrations by which he afterwards so largely drew the attention of the young to the Book of books.

All Kitto's schooling extended only from his eighth to his eleventh year, much interrupted by headaches and changes of master, so that it is really surprising that he became so good a reader, and no wonder that his penmanship and arithmetic were but rude. He was God's pupil. He observed nature closely, and caught intelligence from every fact about him. He collected a museum of objects for his little garret-study and bedroom, and he thought on all he saw. His first study reminds us of Kirke White's at a later period in the poet's life; but Kitto, the pauper's child, with less encouragement and smaller accommodation, evinced even higher tendencies of mind, though we can well imagine Kirke White in Kitto's position, only slightly more gentle-hearted, with kindred tastes, the same poetic sensitiveness, and the same love of souls and of learning, always looking in the most human direction his heart could find, and that is to God in Christ. Kitto's one small room, that served him for everything pertaining to home-comfort, was just seven feet by four; but there was vast variety in its contents, for there he studied pebbles and odd bits of God's handiwork in such a manner as to infer order, mind, will, and moral government, alike from stones and from books. Fancy and hope converted his dingy closet into a dreamy paradise. But a sense of the terrible belongs to nature, for all matter carries the stamp of death upon it, and so Kitto, with a touch of savage philosophy, placed a *memento mori*, or a kind of *teraphim*, as perhaps he would afterwards have defined it, over his bed, in the form of a dog's skull—a veritable skull, into which he had inserted artificial eyes and tongue, the jaws being painted with vermillion, to intensify the seeming fierceness of the devourer. Under the auspices of such a presence, however, he enjoyed the freshness of his soul's first grand discoveries in its search for knowledge in books, and the workings of his own mind and heart; therefore, in after years, he looked back on the time spent in that small garret as his happiest, because his freest and freshest, all privation notwithstanding. Fully to understand the promise of Kitto's mental faculties at the period we must remember, that it was his habit, before he was eleven years of age, to make copious, clear, and useful indexes of all the books he read, and that these were no mean works, for Young and Spenser were his especial favourites, and the Bible his constant study, with the help of Josephus' "Antiquities of the Jews," and such Christian writers as Baxter and Watts. The Hand Divine was guiding the lad, and preparing him within and without, subjectively and objectively, for his futurity of extensive labour and usefulness. "The child *was* father of the man."

In reviewing such a life, the mind recurs to numerous

instances in which individuals, *per ardua*, have in early youth got hold of a clue to the labyrinth of learning, and have followed it out into new paths without any aid from another's instruction, thus, in fact, making greater discoveries at length, than any elaborate schooling would have enabled them to attain. Doubtless this mode of mental advancement has more delight in it, because it has more seeming and unexpected discoveries, than the routine method. We may compare the spirit and zest of such students with the enthusiasm of those persons who set out to prosecute researches in untried territories, and whose love of travelling draws them from valley to mountain, town to town, river to river, sea to sea, never satisfied with their day's horizon. They discover, they enjoy, and they advance from point to point, with little sense of labour, and accomplish their wishes as they enlarge their knowledge. True, many such travellers discover much that geographers could have told them; still the zest of discovery is the chief motive to such efforts; and we think, on the same principle, that those schoolings are most encouraging and most productive of vigorous spirits, in which there is the least actual task-work, and the most opportunity afforded for the youthful mind to find its own way amidst the languages, dead and living, of the story-tellers and the poets of the past and the present. Rules for general guidance, and exercises to strengthen the sinews of the soul, are necessary to prepare the youthful aspirant for his future toil; but each growing mind should, we conceive, have some choice as to its course each day, instead of doing so much of a quotidian task with a mob of other driven minds. What you can, only steady and onwards, should be the law. This might not suit the teacher's trade as it now stands; but parents should be taught to understand that the teacher's is a high office of large responsibility in regard to each pupil, and to be rewarded accordingly. Thus the advantages of self-teaching might be combined with those of school, by a more leisurely co-operation of the teacher and the taught.

Had Kitto been more ostensibly favoured with schooling, probably his delight had been less in books, and he would not have regarded his first closet study as the happiest of his life. At least we often see the very best things undervalued, if not despised, when forced upon men, for human nature cannot be compelled to like, much less to love, even the beauties of truth at the mere bidding of another, and we must prove, by our actions, that we love them ourselves, ere we can gain another's sympathy in our love.

In Kitto's eleventh year, his fond grandmother's means failed, and he became again dependent on his father, whose bad habits

had now reduced him to the necessity of seeking labour as a journeyman and jobbing mason. He took young Kitto to help him as a labourer, and this employment led to the grand crisis in the lad's life, for on the 18th of February, 1817, when thus engaged with his father in repairing the roof of a house, his foot slipped, and he fell from a height of thirty-five feet upon a stone pavement beneath. He remained unconscious for a fortnight, and then gradually recovered, except that from that time he never heard the slightest sound. "Speak! speak! why not speak?" said he to his attendants. Then the fatal truth was written on his slate, "You are deaf." Crushing truth! but as his biographer well says:—

"There were alleviating circumstances, which, to use a phrase suggested by the accident, *broke the fall*. In his state of physical prostration, quiet and silence were to a great degree pleasant and desirable; then his retired thoughtful character and his love of books, which had already become a passion, made him far less dependent than most young persons of the same age, on social sources of amusement. It was also doubtful whether the loss would be permanent, and before hope had ceased, a compensatory process had begun, and the excitement of increased mental power triumphed over bodily weakness."—P. 19.

Here was a beautiful soul attuned, as we know from his productions, to all the harmonies of discourse and reason, living and loving in an inner world full of melodious thoughts, who, henceforth until death, never heard the sweet music of speech, nor caught a sound of all the utterances of love and reason from the lips of friends and wife and children. Who can sympathize fully with such a soul who has not thus had "the porches of the ear" closed to the voice of wisdom and affection? The deprivations of the deaf are more pitiable than those who hear can imagine. We do not learn the mutual dependence of the senses on each other for assistance, without the loss of one or other of them. The balance of the mind is broken without their co-operation, and a great mental effort is required to make up for the want of any one of them. The story of Kitto's own feelings, efforts, struggles, and consolations as a deaf lad, and a deaf man, is charmingly, touchingly, and philosophically told in his very interesting work on "*The Lost Senses*." He views his own case like a Christian philosopher, with the design of benefiting other sufferers by the detail of his own experience. His calm words proceed from a full mind; and well-assured of the love of the Divine Hand, as it rested on his own person, with equal eloquence and pathos, he instructs us where and how the inner man finds his centre of rest. He points to the light that pene-

trates the obscurities of providence and reveals the Source of order, and he aims always to reconcile man to his Maker, by showing how the Restorer conforms all circumstances to Himself, and makes suffering and submission demonstrate the resources of Unfailing Love. It is peculiarly interesting to observe how Kitto endeavours to unravel the intricacies of his own existence, and explain his own sensations as a man shut out from the audible world. The life of the deaf is literally shocking—it is full of surprises. Dr. Kitto enables us better to understand this by his description of the inconveniences to which he was so much exposed by the percussions of bodies near him, or suddenly coming upon his sight. This kind of inconvenience is chiefly due, we conceive, to the circumstance that it is impossible for the deaf to determine the direction of the disturbance, or the probable power or distance of the object producing it. A sense of danger is thus aroused without the ability of appreciating its extent or its proximity, for the faculty of thus discriminating, is mainly dependent on the fine adjustments of nerve-matter in the semicircular canals of the inner ear, and in the totally deaf these are useless. The ear is constantly preparing us for what is coming, but the absolutely deaf having no such warnings but through the eye, is incessantly exposed to sudden jarrings from the unexpected contact or approach of objects with his own body. When the eye is fixedly engaged, and the mind busy with its own objects, a sudden touch startles one excessively, if not preceded by some sound awakening the attention, and suggesting the possibility of such a touch. Hence the violent shock which Kitto felt when his chair was accidentally struck, and the torture he experienced from any movement or concussion on the floor—the percussion reached his brain in an unprepared state, and filled him with trepidation. This dependence on the eye for intelligence concerning the state and proximity of surrounding objects, causes the deaf man to acquire a keen vigilance of vision, and a discriminating aptitude by which he is enabled at a glance to read off the visible meanings of things. The absolutely deaf is a thorough discerner of faces, and the hypocrite had better not approach him, for, though he may deceive angels, the deaf man will probably detect his disguise. This power of face-reading is one of the most marked compensations and accomplishments of the deaf, and it is that which most strongly excites their affections and causes them to cleave with more than common attachment to those with whom they are familiar, and whose features convey a trustworthiness of disposition. Hence, too, the deaf are apt to fall violently in love, as Kitto did, with a charming face. This power of the eye, however, makes but slight amends for the absence of hearing, since

discourse is the attribute of reason, and it is the ear that trieth words,

From Dr. Kitto's total deafness it may be inferred that his terrible accident caused the whole internal auditory apparatus to be gorged with blood, which afterwards became organized in the manner first pointed out by John Hunter, thus entirely obstructing the nerve-actions of the ear. This, however, does not necessarily exclude all vibratory impulses from the sentient being, or a sense of percussion such as Kitto complained of could not be felt. It is possible that even a sense of sound, as such, may be conveyed to a being without ears, for we must remember that the correspondent faculty of every sense, and of every variety and modification of sensation, resides in the brain, and that ideas are produced by the recipient soul on the suggestions induced by the action of the brain-matter with which the soul, *centrally located*, operates in unison, either to act, to feel, or to will in relation to external nature. Dr. Kitto very nearly discovered the art of *hearing* and enjoying music with his fingers. Would he had energetically cultivated the hints he acquired on this point, and with the appliances of science continued his experiments on "*felt sound*;" and we would urge any deaf person who may read this, patiently to study and apply our suggestions on the subject. While at the Missionary College, at Islington, Dr. Kitto accidentally discovered that when his hand was laid on a piano, an agreeable sensation, quite distinct from mere percussion, was imparted to him. He says: "On experiment, I found that the *notes* were most distinct to me when the *points of my finger nails* rested upon the cover, and still more when the cover over the wires was raised, and my fingers rested on the wood over which the wires were stretched." "I have often thought, that if I had cultivated this perception, some finer results might have been obtained." We think so too, and deeply regret that a soul, so endowed and embodied, had not leisure and opportunity to carry out the beautiful inquiry as to the possibility of his own enjoyment of music, by the conveyance of musical vibrations to his brain and soul through other channels than those of the wondrous ear. Let us endeavour to account for the sensations above described, and consider whether aid might not be scientifically afforded to increase the effect desired. It is clear that the nails in contact with the sounding-board actually conveyed the musical vibration to the hearing power of the brain. Kitto really felt the sound. How was this? Merely because bone is a good conductor of sound, and the nails being partially bony, brought the sound-vibrations more directly into the bony frame, which is nearly in contact with the brain. The sound in fact travelled through his bones so completely, that he

could make out the tune. We know that a concert might be laid on and conveyed from house to house, and street to street, and town to town, like gas, not through tubes, but through solid rods of deal or cedar, or any other good sound conductor, only providing that the conductor *touch* the vibrating *instrument*, and also an appropriate *sounding-board* at the place where the desired sound is wanted. Now what are the conditions required to take full advantage of the sound conducting power of the bony frame? We must secure the contact of a good conductor with the vibrating instrument, and also with a vibrating medium in contact with the bony frame, or as nearly so as possible. Suppose a deaf person sitting near a piano. Let a deal rod lie upon the sounding-board of the piano, and also in contact with another sounding-board so formed and so placed, as to be free to vibrate in keeping with the piano; then, if the deaf man place his finger-nails lightly on the second board, he will perceive the vibrations as distinctly as if his nails were in contact with the instrument, and he will enjoy what Kitto calls the "felt sound," but it will have been conducted through the medium of the rod. The same thing would result by bringing the vibrating surface into communication with the teeth, or what would probably be better still, also into contact with the forehead and *mastoid processes*, or those bony prominences behind the ears. This might be conveniently done by means of a band or coronal of thin deal passing round the head closely in contact with those parts, and having a deal or cedar rod connected with it and with the sounding-board of the instrument, or with the instrument itself if a wind instrument. Thus, we conceive a deaf man might by nice contrivance be made to feel his music in a double sense, and even learn to play well. Musical vibrations might also in a similar manner be made visible as well as felt, even by the deaf and blind, for musical vibrations produce different coloured lights when communicated through the optic nerve.

But we return to the poor boy Kitto. His privations were extreme, but there was a mighty spirit stirring within him; and though in a position in which it was impossible for him to get a living, he yet did not despair, for he had the beginning of a treasure that grows for ever, he had some knowledge, much hope, and not a little faith, and all he needed was opportunity for their exercise. The gifts he had he used. He could paint birds, trees, and flowers, after a childish fashion, and children bought his paintings, and with the pence thus earned, he bought books, and so ascended, step by step, the steep path that ultimately gave him such a commanding view of truth. His first readings were of an essentially religious tone. That he early caught this tone, and was early sustained by revealed wisdom under the hard pressure of his lot, is fully evinced

in his life ; and among the first words in his Journal written when he was just sixteen, and while an inmate of the workhouse, stands this sentence : “ He hath declared, whom He loves he rebukes and chastens. Does misfortune render me inferior in Thy eyes, O my God ? No, for Thou hast said thou art no respecter of persons. Thou hearest alike the king and the beggar. Dare I, a worm, the creature of His will (the Almighty Power) repine at his behests ? ” The boy had learned a kind of acquiescence in the Divine disposal then, but there is a sort of “ *quisquis ille* ” in his mode of speaking of the Almighty ; and though he verbally called on his Saviour, he states himself that he did not really know Him as his God and Saviour until years after. His observations upon the character of his early readings are wise and good. “ My mind was thus carried through a very useful discipline. The theological bias given by my earlier readings and associations remained, and the time eventually came, when I was enabled to return to it with redoubled ardour ; and after that another time arrived, when I could turn to rich account whatever useful thing I had learned, and whatever talent I had cultivated, however remote such acquirement might at first have seemed removed from any definite pursuit.” This is a point of importance, and involves an instructive lesson for the young.

Having no relative to support him, he became an inmate of Plymouth workhouse in his fifteenth year. His misery had been previously intense. Slightly clad, unshod, and gnawed by hunger, he yet could not be induced to enter the pauper asylum but by artifice. Like the wolf in the fable, he used to say he would rather starve in a state of freedom than fatten in chains. He even planned his escape from the workhouse ; but, fortunately, he resorted to his pen, and with it pleaded so well that the governor allowed him to sleep in his former study, where he might and where he did continue to devour books. This indulgence was further enlarged by Mr. Burnard, the clerk of the board of guardians, who deserves high praise for that discerning sympathy which first prompted him so warmly and generously to befriend the deaf lad, and which bound him as a friend to Kitto to the end of his career.

While he was engaged from six in the morning till late at night in making list shoes, with a touch of prophetic fire he inserted these words in his well-written journal : “ I had thought of plans for enabling me to visit Asia ! and the ground consecrated by the steps of the Saviour ! Even *now*, notwithstanding my deafness, it would not be impracticable if some kind gentleman, on his travels, would permit me to be his faithful servant.” He knew that his journal was read by his sympathizing friend, and he went on thus revealing his feelings to good purpose. Why should a pauper keep a journal ? He

tells us his motive. He acknowledges vanity; but he wished to produce a book of *his own* writing, and to read some of it to such connexions as would be interested in it. His heart was in his journal, and it proved both warm and intelligent.

Here is an entry: "Nov. 14th. On Monday I had been a year in the workhouse. I have made seventy-eight pair of list shoes and mended many—premium one penny per week." This penny, with any other he might get, was expended on mental food. He used to walk two miles and back, as frequently as his holidays allowed, namely, from Plymouth to Devonport (then Plymouth Dock), for the purpose of getting a cheap reading at a book-stall in the market-place there; and there the writer has often stood by his side while both tumbled over tattered classics and titleless divinity. The stall was kept by a happy old man, quite a character, who allowed boys to read at their leisure around him, though they might borrow books at a penny a week, from "Newton's Principia" to the "History of Tom Thumb." Kitto thus describes himself on the completion of his sixteenth year: "I am four feet eight inches high; my hair is stiff and coarse, of a dark brown colour, almost black; my head is *very* large, and, I believe, has a tolerably good lining of brain; my eyes are brown and large; my forehead high; my eye-brows bushy; my nose large; my mouth very big; my teeth well enough; my limbs not ill shaped, my legs are *well* shaped." He adds: "I never was a *lad*; I have been accustomed to *think*—to think deeply—think as I read, as I worked, as I walked. While other lads were employed in trifles, I thought as a man, felt as a man, and acted as a man. I have walked hours in the most lonesome lanes, abstracted in melancholy musings." In short, Beattie's "Minstrel" might have stood for Kitto's mental portrait; but to the writer, who not unfrequently met him at this period, he appeared like a foreigner, knowing no one to talk with.

The strength of his feelings at this time is best seen in his journal, particularly where he mentions the death and burial of his grandmother already alluded to: "Oh, then—when I saw the corpse—when I saw those eyes, which had often watched my slumbers, and cast on me looks of love, were closed in eternal sleep! those lips which often had pressed mine, which often had opened to soothe me, tell me tales, and form my infant mind, were pale and motionless; when I saw the hands which led, caressed, and fed me for ever stiff and motionless;—when I saw all this, and felt that it was for *ever*!—gone for ever! that is the word of agonizing poignancy. Yet not for ever; a few short years at most, and I may hope to meet her again,—there is my consolation. Joyful meeting! yet a little while to this—

‘Fond, restless dream which idiots hug,
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of *life*.’

Accursed be the atheist who seeks to deprive man of his hope of immortality! What were man without this hope?”

It is thus by a love that has blessed us that *The Father* persuades us of his own personal love for us—all the mystery of sin, suffering, and death notwithstanding.

Kitto wished to be confirmed a short time after this bereavement, and he was approved by the minister; but, like a youth all eye, he was so intently engaged in watching the ceremony and the bishop, that he forgot to go up with the rest of the boys and was never confirmed after all!

His friends Mr. Burnard and Mr. Nugent having been impressed by many proofs of the excellence of his mind and heart, were desirous of drawing him out in the right direction, and for this purpose furnished him with written questions on Christian doctrine, to be answered scripturally. And he did answer them fully and most satisfactorily. He afterwards wrote lectures at the request of the board, to be read to the boys of the workhouse, and great was his joy at this proof of confidence in his ability and fitness! He exclaimed, as he ran about the court on receiving this request, “What I, John Kitto, write lectures to be read to the boys!—and Mr. Burnard thinks me competent, too!” Immediately after these encouragements, from a workhouse inmate he became worse—a workhouse apprentice; and that, too, to an ignorant shoemaker of the Legree stamp, a mere slave-driver. He had been with this man but a short time before he thus wrote in his journal: “*Jan. 19th.* O misery! art thou to be my only portion! Father of mercies, forgive me if I wish I had never been born!” He was cruelly over-worked and ignominiously smitten by his tyrannical master. In his work on Deafness he says: “This was a terrible time for me; I submitted, I acquiesced, I tried hard to be happy; but it would not do; my heart gave way.” “It somewhat moves me to look back upon that poor deaf boy in utter loneliness, devoting himself to objects in which none around him could sympathize, and to pursuits which none could even understand.” In this pity for his former self we thoroughly sympathize, for hard indeed it must have been to macerate that toil-worn body by the nightly denial of needful rest in order to satisfy the cravings of the mind for the knowledge on which it grew. But this was the darkness before the dawn. The suffering soon became intolerable, and he complained in a letter that astonished “the bench,” and awakened such a general interest in his behalf that he returned to the workhouse with some hope. That place seemed a paradise in comparison, for he had friends there, and

Luminary, his mind was turned to the consideration of his fitness for ministerial labour. On this subject he writes: "Were it possible, O my God! that I could become a minister of Thy word; that I could be permitted to point out to erring sinners the paths of peace and salvation, what more could I desire of Thee? If an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, if an unshaken belief in the faith promulgated by Jesus Christ, if a fervent attachment to the Scriptures, and if a deep sense of the *natural* depravity of human nature, are qualifications for the ministry, then I am qualified." This he wrote in March, 1824. It is here worthy of remark that he did not believe himself to have been truly converted until five years after this, the *inner* sins of his mind not being thoroughly felt by him, as he owns to his mother in a letter from Bagdad, in which he says, "I doubt if my heart were ever truly converted to God, till after I was last at Plymouth," that is in 1829. But to preach by word of mouth was not to be his vocation so much as to preach with his pen, as he has done so widely and well in his Scripture illustrations. God provided him the help he now needed in the person of Mr. Groves, of Exeter, a liberal Christian gentleman, who, having read one of his letters, offered to receive him not only as a gratuitous pupil, but to give him £15 for the first, and £20 for the second year. Kitto accepts the generous offer, but adds, "I am afraid, sir, that you do not know me sufficiently; I, unfortunately, do not possess that conciliating appearance, those engaging manners, and social dispositions, which invariably recommend to esteem, to attention, and to love." However, he joins Mr. Groves, and his higher life begins. He becomes more earnest in religion, he finds an answer to his long-continued prayer, the day-spring arises in his heart, he feels himself a new creature in Christ Jesus, and through him seeks and obtains the strengthening influence of the Holy Spirit, enabling him to walk right on in the path of growing light. He now writes to his friends in a new style; he points them to Christ, like a man no longer of this world.

At length his essays and letters were published; and he had gloomy forebodings concerning the publication, which were not fulfilled. His mind ripened with wondrous rapidity after his more personal interest in the work of the Lord began. He fervently desired to be more actively engaged in that work, and being guided by Mr. Groves' advice and assistance, he became an inmate of the Church Missionary Society at Islington, and was placed under the instruction of the society's printer in July, 1825. His letters, while in this institution, are peculiarly interesting, but alas! he soon begins to complain of the little time afforded him for reading and writing. These employments

and he was nearly dumb, and could not hear at all, so that it is but natural, that until his heart was read in his writings, Mr. Burnard's dog appeared to have formed a more sincere and disinterested attachment to him than any rational creature. His pen soon obtained him friends that loved him for his soul's sake, and for whom he could have died. Being aware of his very imperfect utterance, he endeavoured to avoid speaking, but he was cured of this injurious habit in a very Christian and philosophical manner by Dr. Korck, a German physician, who had taken orders in the Anglican Church, and by Mr. Jadownicky, a Polish Jew, both of whom were going with him to Malta. These well-informed and kind-hearted men soon perceived how matters stood with him, and they entered into a conspiracy with the captain of the ship, not to understand him otherwise than orally throughout the voyage. In this they persevered to a marvel, and during the six weeks of the voyage he made such progress in the use of his tongue, as almost to overcome his habit of clutching pen or pencil for the purpose of communicating his thoughts to his present friends; and at length, by diligent practice, his voice and articulation were so much improved that he could be readily understood, even by a foreigner. Nevertheless he confined himself too much to short sentences and to dry, hard words, which, of course, were rather repulsive, except to those who knew his heart. Great was the joy of his little child, who, on first hearing him say "*Dear,*" ran to his mother with the glad news—an incident only less touching than Kitto's complaint, that he never heard that child's voice. How much more important are the gentle, endearing words of our language, that bind hearts together, than those which belong to logic and science! Oh, that our logic, science, and affections were more united and permeated with the endearing terms of Divine love!

His plan of study will enable us to see the means of his mental progress. He divided his week thus: Seven parts open or optional; six for writing to his friends; twelve for reading; nine for grammar; two for extracting, and one for church. He enjoyed sermons and lectures by sympathy; he could feel their effects as visible in those who heard. He at length addicted himself almost exclusively to those books that required to be well digested, and he gave a thorough heart to the study of the Bible as "the only book of sound principles and perfect science ever written."

After some correspondence with his Plymouth friends on the propriety of publishing selections from his essays, and after a still more remarkable correspondence on Christian duty with Mr. Flindell, then editor and proprietor of the *Western*

there he worked with all his heart to perfect himself in shoe-making, that he might go forth and support himself manfully. But other work was waiting for him. In 1823, George Harvey, an eminent mathematician, and Mr. Nettleton, the proprietor of the *Plymouth Journal*, stirred their friends in his behalf; some of his essays were published, their good promise appreciated, a small sum raised for his aid, and he was placed in the public library to read at his will. The committee-room of this institution he calls his *second study*. Strangely enough his reading was here almost confined to metaphysics, and yet it was very natural for a mind so constructed to look into its own nature as far as possible. He was speedily convinced, however, that such studies are more laborious than profitable. Yet, doubtless, the effort of inquiring into the nature and modes of mind was a useful exercise of his faculties, as he states that "Like the alchemists in their search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, I thus obtained some useful knowledge, and drew some useful conclusions." Every enlarged mind does inquire, some way or other, into the conditions and *modus operandi* of its own existence, and whether conscious of metaphysics or not, every rational being is metaphysical, or he would never reach above sensation and get a faith in the Cause of causes. But to gain the proper good of metaphysical inquiry it is necessary to consider the laws of the mind in connexion with those of the body. Both are God's laws, and we ought to study them and obey them. For lack of such knowledge multitudes are destroyed. Kitto would have enjoyed his metaphysics, and realized their practical value, had he been better acquainted with the living mechanism and nerve-powers of his own body. That education is merely memorial, amusing, speculative, dogmatic, and dangerous that does not make us better acquainted with our compound and common nature. Our charity and our adoration are strengthened by intimacy with the most wondrous of the divine works; and by a knowledge of the functions of mind and body in relation to each other, we learn more justly to estimate the largeness of our existence in its capacity for suffering and enjoying for ever; and by contemplating soul and body as derived from one source, and related from first to last to one man and one God, we obtain a fuller idea of the providence and grace that constituted paradise and heaven as *places* where the Divinity walks with man in the person of Immanuel, with a human soul and a human body, one with God.

Kitto had a loving heart. Numberless and unremitted were his endeavours to attach children to him; but he bemoans the transient nature of their attachments. He seemed to forget that souls get attached to each other chiefly through speech,

and he was nearly dumb, and could not hear at all, so that it is but natural, that until his heart was read in his writings, Mr. Burnard's dog appeared to have formed a more sincere and disinterested attachment to him than any rational creature. His pen soon obtained him friends that loved him for his soul's sake, and for whom he could have died. Being aware of his very imperfect utterance, he endeavoured to avoid speaking, but he was cured of this injurious habit in a very Christian and philosophical manner by Dr. Korck, a German physician, who had taken orders in the Anglican Church, and by Mr. Jadownicky, a Polish Jew, both of whom were going with him to Malta. These well-informed and kind-hearted men soon perceived how matters stood with him, and they entered into a conspiracy with the captain of the ship, not to understand him otherwise than orally throughout the voyage. In this they persevered to a marvel, and during the six weeks of the voyage he made such progress in the use of his tongue, as almost to overcome his habit of clutching pen or pencil for the purpose of communicating his thoughts to his present friends; and at length, by diligent practice, his voice and articulation were so much improved that he could be readily understood, even by a foreigner. Nevertheless he confined himself too much to short sentences and to dry, hard words, which, of course, were rather repulsive, except to those who knew his heart. Great was the joy of his little child, who, on first hearing him say "*Dear,*" ran to his mother with the glad news—an incident only less touching than Kitto's complaint, that he never heard that child's voice. How much more important are the gentle, endearing words of our language, that bind hearts together, than those which belong to logic and science! Oh, that our logic, science, and affections were more united and permeated with the endearing terms of Divine love!

His plan of study will enable us to see the means of his mental progress. He divided his week thus: Seven parts open or optional; six for writing to his friends; twelve for reading; nine for grammar; two for extracting, and one for church. He enjoyed sermons and lectures by sympathy; he could feel their effects as visible in those who heard. He at length addicted himself almost exclusively to those books that required to be well digested, and he gave a thorough heart to the study of the Bible as "the only book of sound principles and perfect science ever written."

After some correspondence with his Plymouth friends on the propriety of publishing selections from his essays, and after a still more remarkable correspondence on Christian duty with Mr. Flindell, then editor and proprietor of the *Western*

Luminary, his mind was turned to the consideration of his fitness for ministerial labour. On this subject he writes: "Were it possible, O my God! that I could become a minister of Thy word; that I could be permitted to point out to erring sinners the paths of peace and salvation, what more could I desire of Thee? If an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, if an unshaken belief in the faith promulgated by Jesus Christ, if a fervent attachment to the Scriptures, and if a deep sense of the *natural* depravity of human nature, are qualifications for the ministry, then I am qualified." This he wrote in March, 1824. It is here worthy of remark that he did not believe himself to have been truly converted until five years after this, the *inner* sins of his mind not being thoroughly felt by him, as he owns to his mother in a letter from Bagdad, in which he says, "I doubt if my heart were ever truly converted to God, till after I was last at Plymouth," that is in 1829. But to preach by word of mouth was not to be his vocation so much as to preach with his pen, as he has done so widely and well in his Scripture illustrations. God provided him the help he now needed in the person of Mr. Groves, of Exeter, a liberal Christian gentleman, who, having read one of his letters, offered to receive him not only as a gratuitous pupil, but to give him £15 for the first, and £20 for the second year. Kitto accepts the generous offer, but adds, "I am afraid, sir, that you do not know me sufficiently; I, unfortunately, do not possess that conciliating appearance, those engaging manners, and social dispositions, which invariably recommend to esteem, to attention, and to love." However, he joins Mr. Groves, and his higher life begins. He becomes more earnest in religion, he finds an answer to his long-continued prayer, the day-spring arises in his heart, he feels himself a new creature in Christ Jesus, and through him seeks and obtains the strengthening influence of the Holy Spirit, enabling him to walk right on in the path of growing light. He now writes to his friends in a new style; he points them to Christ, like a man no longer of this world.

At length his essays and letters were published; and he had gloomy forebodings concerning the publication, which were not fulfilled. His mind ripened with wondrous rapidity after his more personal interest in the work of the Lord began. He fervently desired to be more actively engaged in that work, and being guided by Mr. Groves' advice and assistance, he became an inmate of the Church Missionary Society at Islington, and was placed under the instruction of the society's printer in July, 1825. His letters, while in this institution, are peculiarly interesting, but alas! he soon begins to complain of the little time afforded him for reading and writing. These employments

suited his nature and habits; and how could he do otherwise than deplore the necessity of his being at the printing-office, often with nothing to do, when his heart was in his study? He sometimes was tempted to leave the office for his books, and soon received a sharp reminder from the committee, which induced him abruptly and unwisely to dissolve his connexion with the society. He explains the state of his mind to his Plymouth friends; and after his removal nobly opens his heart to the Rev. J. N. Pearson, the principal of the college. His own desires he yielded to the wisdom of better-informed minds, and the result was that he returned to printing on further probation, with the understanding, that if approved, he was to proceed to Malta, to be there joined by his lady friend, with a view to their marriage. To Malta he went in June, 1827, but, alas! his lady-love married another soon after his departure. It was to this lady he addressed those impassioned lines quoted in his work on Deafness, in proof that, though deaf, he could write musically.

“ Oh, Mary, gilded by thine eye
Griefs melt away, and fall in streams
Of hope into the land of dreams,
And life's inanities pass by
Unheeded, without tear or sigh !”

But love at sight, and the poetry of romance, lead to dreams that terminate in very painful realities. “ Oh, my mother,” he writes on this occasion. “ Oh, my mother, you cannot imagine what this has made me suffer! All my hopes and happiness in this life were at once destroyed by this intelligence; I hardly know how to believe it. The Lord is with me, however, and puts a little peace into my heart, else I could not live; my nights are sleepless, &c.” This cup of bitterness had its salutary and strengthening purpose to effect in his soul, and though it at first caused him to desire a rapid transit to his heavenly rest, its ultimate effect was to wean his affections from the evanescent to fix them more firmly on the everlasting. Two months after he wrote those piercing words to his mother, he thus expresses himself to his friend, the Rev. J. Marsh: “ I have felt quite weary of all things, even of myself; and you know, dear, dear self, is generally the last thing people are weary of. Our good Master has been kind to me, and I tremble to conjecture what would have become of me, but for those strengthenings which His ready hand has afforded me. It is for afflictions to show the real value of our privileges. It is for sorrow and trouble to brighten them up, to bring them forth in all their powers. So it has been with me at least.”

Though he afterwards still said—

“No more, no more, oh, never more on me,
The freshness of the heart shall fall like dew,”

yet a higher and more blessed refreshing fell henceforth upon his soul, and that too in due time, in fellowship with a partner worthy of his love. This terrible trial of his heart interfered with his duties at Malta, and for a time quite disqualified him from attending to them. These duties were, however, of a nature but little suited to his mind. He had justly complained, while at Islington, of labour that only reminded him of the period when he slept in the workhouse, of which he says, “I am quite unable to conceive of anything more dark, and wretched, and horrible.” He aimed at a regular course of study, and wished to confine himself to theology, “particularly that part which illustrates and explains the Scriptures.” He says, “Nothing merely secular can ever be to me an exclusive study.” His friends at Malta, knowing this, and well aware of his mental qualifications for higher work, would have been wise to encourage his application to more appropriate employment than that of setting up types in tongues unknown to him. But observe his temper of mind under this constant self-denial. “Before God I bow my head in the very dust.” “I trust he will make good to me all these evils; and that they may be made instrumental in drawing me still nearer to our crucified Lord.” His question had been, “What does Christ say?” and the answer of the Lord’s providence was plain—he was being ^{on} those works which he desired, and which he afterwards ^{so} accomplished. At Malta, he was required to relinquish all ^{literary} pursuits, and his chosen mental refreshments, as disqualifying him for his duties as a printer. He could not but read and think; it so to do was not compatible with his daily labour, except by the sacrifice of the hours of night. The committee deemed his ^{aspiration} to study at any time incompatible with his engagements as a printer. Kitto was perhaps too severe when he said that “If I had employed an equal portion of my evening lolling on the sofa and smoking my pipe, it seems all would have been well.” Whether it was a question of degree or not, the difference led to a separation. Kitto determined to be free, and sailed back to England, which he reached in February, 1829. His friends did not justify him, but events did.

As he incidentally mentions his pipe, we are tempted to add a few words on the use and abuse of “the weed” by thinking men. Why is tobacco so seductive to those who submit themselves to its influence? Its physical effect seems to depend on

its power to retard those changes of the living tissue which it is the purpose of breathing to expedite; in short, it produces a kind of *remora* of life, a tardiness of vital action, by diminishing the influence of the oxygen on the flesh and nerve-matter, so that, while it excites the brain, to a certain extent, to give out force to overcome this delay, it yet relaxes the muscular system, and thus predisposes to bodily repose, while it favours the voluntary act of thinking. Like every agent that retards the removal of carbon from the blood, it induces a kind of dreaminess, and, acting directly on the spinal system of nerves, while it tranquillizes emotion, it lessens alike the desires and the demands of the animal economy. Of course, it is enjoyable only from an unnatural appetite, and must, therefore, on the whole, be injurious, since it substitutes a morbid condition of blood and nerve for the wholesome influences which God has placed within and around us. The very soothing which enabled Newton, Parr, and Robert Hall, to labour leisurely on in their mental greatness, produces indolence, indifference, and it may be cruel heartlessness in inferior minds—in fact, it beclouds the conscience and produces an evil calm as long as they can be thus indulged; but restlessness and irritability when, at the mercy of the habit, the means of enjoying it are lost. Hence it is, at the best, a dangerous *placebo* to the student, whose mind is in health, and he would work more happily with the free use of the muscles in the open air under due alternations of repose and the retirement of the study. The man who digs the earth in the fresh air may profit by an occasional pipe, as it will lessen his demand for flesh-producing food; and the man, who like Kitto, endures some mental misery or bodily deprivation, with inherited nervousness, may temperately smoke without deserved remorse, but to imitate a good man in a bad practice, without a medical reason, is sure to be followed by its punishment in sickness of brain, and whimsicality of every function.

On returning to Plymouth, Kitto sought aid to establish himself in a stationery shop and circulating library as a means of support. He thus aimed at combining his literary taste with business; but the means demanded, though small, were not to be borrowed by so poor a man. Mr. Groves, however, who seemed to see more of Kitto's excellence than his other friends, again came providentially to his relief, and obtained for him the superintendence of a private printing press at Teignmouth, from which a good man desired to bring out a few little works in Greek and Hebrew. He met Mr. Groves in London, but instead of settling down at the press in Teignmouth he was drawn most unexpectedly into those scenes which so admirably fitted him to illustrate the Sacred Volume. He did not quite

sympathize with Mr. Groves in his deviations from the Anglican church, but he fully sympathized with him in the zeal and faith with which he projected a mission on his own plan and at his own expense, and when Mr. Groves said "Will you come?" Kitto, to his surprise, at once answered, "Yes." This, "yes," under Providence, determined the future complexion of his life. In three days he was ready to join the missionary party, consisting of nine persons, he being engaged as tutor to Mr. Groves' two little boys. No one who has read the tales of the Deaf Traveller, published in the "Penny Magazine," need be told how interesting Kitto's letters must have been in describing his journey from St. Petersburg to Bagdad, and his residence in the latter city. Our readers will, we hope, enjoy as we have enjoyed the richness of his letters and journal during this period. It is remarkable that he never seems to be deaf, he is always alive to the utterances around him, and his very fear of death is associated with his fear of losing the voices of those he loved. "Is it not terrible," he writes, "to hear no more the voices of those who have been our music?" He felt "the music breathing from the face," and lived in contact with their visible discourse. He used his eyes with a most discriminating scrutiny, he took in every *minutia*; he saw all objects about him in their exact relations to each other, and his mind and memory became so exact with regard to visual things, that his word-pictures are truly photographic. One almost regrets that his Plymouth friends did not urge him to seek his living by painting, for his wonderful faculty of eye would doubtless have enabled him to take a high place amongst the celebrated painters born at Plymouth. But a higher calling was his. How beautifully his Christian character beams out under the terrible visitations of plague, inundation, siege, and famine at Bagdad. One's heart swells with gratulation to see how Groves and Kitto learned to love one another under the severe trials in which they became more and more intimate with each other's spirits, and recognised in each other more and more resemblance to Him who went about doing good. It is at Bagdad that Kitto's admirable qualities as a man and a Christian, a tutor of youth, a missionary, and a friend, are brought to light. The simple state of his mind is perhaps best expressed in his words to his mother:—

"When I put myself in dear Mr. Groves' present case, and think what I should feel in his situation, supposing that he has the plague himself, and knowing that his beloved wife has; apprehending, also, that he shall leave three little orphans in a strange city, under the care of a deaf man,—when I think of this, I am afraid I could not bear it as he does. For myself I only say, 'Do with me as Thou wilt, only make my will Thine.' I have no ground of consolation in the

prospect of death, but in the free mercy of Christ. My dearest mother, earnestly seek after the salvation of God. Above all do not neglect the Bible and private prayer. God bless you, my dear father, and put your *heart*, or keep it, if it be there, in the true way, which your *head* knows so well. Dear Betsey, dear Mary Ann, dear William, I love you all very tenderly! I hope you may all walk with Christ, and join your elder brother in that house not made with hands. Take care of our parents. Tell little Jack Hickerthrift that his uncle John prays the Great King in heaven to bless him; and that uncle John wants him to learn the way to come and gather flowers in the garden of Paradise." Pp. 420, 421.

Mrs. Groves died, but Mr. Groves recovered to Kitto's great joy. He was anxious to fulfil his duty as a missionary, but the deaf tutor knew the tutor's duties and did them, in a way of his own, indeed, but which gave entire satisfaction to his employer. He taught his boys Hebrew, scripture, theology, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, and English composition. He prepared himself to teach them Greek, astronomy, mechanics, and many other things.

While thus employed he collected materials for a missionary geography of the country between the Mediterranean and the Indus. Thus by labours most suitable and sufficiently abundant, Kitto was becoming qualified for the production of those works which the church in general so much needed when he was brought into the public field.

There are no other expositions of Holy Scripture which so practically and so charmingly combine the experimental, the devout, the learned, and the life-like, as those of Dr. Kitto. They are calculated to raise the general mind of the Christian public to a higher standard of thought and action, by presenting to that mind more of those divine excellences by which the doctrines, and the inward and outward evidences of Christianity, are commended to the conscience and reason of mankind. From youth, Kitto had an eye to those labours by which he was at last so well known, but he did not see his way to their accomplishment even while walking in it; yet the unerring Guide was leading him all the while precisely in the right path to the desired end. And thus, while full of missionary zeal and amongst missionaries, he did not find his proper sphere of labour; and while learning to teach youth, and treasuring up facts for the instruction of growing minds, his thoughts were yet reaching beyond those immediately about him. He was to be a national teacher. So when he was matured for the purpose by lonely thought, by wide observation, and by deep personal experience of Christ's life and love, his occupation at Bagdad began to appear too small for him. His friends also began at

length to say "Kitto, you are sure to succeed as a literary man—in the management of some periodical, for instance." "London, dear London, that is the place for a man of my mood to live in," thought he. So, in the best understanding with his friends, he returns from Bagdad for London. His motives are set forth at large in his interesting letters to his friends and in his journal. But he naturally opens his heart most thoroughly to a lady, and he closes a letter to Miss Paget, of Exeter, in this manner. "My return does not imply that I have turned back from the class of feelings which led me into missionary connexions, or that I have relinquished any principle my heart ever held. I shall ever count the day happy in which I came to Bagdad. I have no desire to magnify my attainments, my feelings, my character, my motives; and if any think badly of my return, let it be so. If I have gained anything more of the true riches than I brought out, may the praise be to the Great Giver, who has forced upon my heart, in hard and bitter ways, truths, lessons, gifts, which but from its hardness, might have been sent gently down upon it, like dew upon the mown grass. The man does not live, who thinks, or can think, so low of me as I think myself low in all high things."

His journal during his travels home from Bagdad presents some points of much interest, and exhibits his character in a new aspect as an observer of the influence of woman. Thus he marks the indoors superiority of the French consulate at Trebizond over that of the English, the latter decidedly indicating the absence of woman by the absence of grace and ornamentation. "The English mantel-piece," says he, "has nothing upon it or over it, a thing that never happens where there is womankind; and indeed there is nothing more pleasant than the glory woman-kind can throw about it." Then, after describing at full, just as Crabbe might have done, the signs of feminine taste in the French consulate, he exclaims: "Verily it would be a blessed case to be a bachelor, with the house of a married man!—above all these (house ornaments), were the happy and happy-making faces of womankind." He then excuses himself for thinking of women and their powers of brightening a home, and adds, "If I studied them more than befits me, it must be my excuse, that I had been so long without seeing any young ladies." These passages are sufficient proof that his disappointed and chilled heart was opening anew to the sunnier influences of humanity, and warming up again under the hopeful geniality of those fair smiles without which man withers into a dry recluse.

He saw Constantinople with raptures, and he says, "He who has not seen Stamboul may be said to want a sense—a feeling of the beautiful which no other object can convey." But he soon

after again betrays his consciousness of a finer sense within him that wanted its object, for when he bids adieu to the missionaries there, he observes that he particularly envies Dwight,—“Married, having children—his blest Madonna-like wife—with heaven here and heaven hereafter.” Goodall, another missionary, desired him to give his love to *all England*, which he says he does with his, especially to *all*. His heart turns more lovingly to dear England as he approaches her white cliffs, where he seems to behold beauty not to be found on the shores of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, for he associates his ideas of England with all that is sweet and sacred in her blessed homes. Thus, while detained in quarantine, he winds up his wise saws on the past and the present, by saying, “Give me a little house, a little wife, a little child, and a little money in England, and I will seek no more and wander no more.” And no more he sought, no more he wandered until after more than twenty years’ toil, he finally sought health and repose abroad, but found both to perfection in that home where sin and sighing may not enter.

While at quarantine in sight of his native land, Mr. Shepherd, Kitto’s fellow-passenger died. Kitto’s endeavours to console the lady to whom Mr. Shepherd was engaged, led him rather often into her society. The result was very natural. In a letter to Lady McNeill, he describes the person whom he fain would comfort as “very interesting, with much information and more understanding. Of course she will wither on the virgin thorn for ever. So *she* thinks—not I. No intense feelings can be lasting, nor any resolutions, permanent, which are formed under their influence. I had firmly made up my mind to die an old bachelor; but now, if I can find any one who will have me, I know nothing farther from my intention.” With this feeling uppermost, he, of course became intensely anxious to secure some temporal provision; and, after many plans that died as they were formed, he at length gets introduced to a certain gentleman connected with the “Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.” He is found exactly suited to their service, and under the kindly encouragement of Mr. Knight, to whom the public is so greatly indebted for cheap and good literature, he settles down into full and sufficiently remunerating employment in connexion with that society. He enjoyed his hard work, for he was, by habit and ability, quite equal to the large demand upon his mind and hand. Being assured, however, of a living by his labour, he took a partner worthy of him, one who contributed very much to the successful prosecution of his literary exertions, and without whose aid Kitto could never have produced so many excellent works as he did. This partner was the interesting lady above mentioned, and certainly she fulfilled her

mission like a Christian, for she must have had much to endure in a man whom nature and habit had bereft of many social amenities, and who could not accommodate the object of his love in a manner commensurate with his affection. How could she bear being shut up with a man who could not hear her voice, and whose eyes were ever on books and papers? She nobly answers the question herself: "I asked my heavenly Father, who had chosen our path, to teach me how to walk in it." As a wife should do to be happy, she identified herself with her husband's pursuits, she became interested in all he did, and she thus associated herself in his mind and heart with all his usefulness and all his enjoyments. She made a large sacrifice, but it was a joyful sacrifice. She informs us that for twenty-one years, she did not spend ten hours separate from him in visits. All the socialities of out-door life were entirely set aside in devotion to the labours of a literary life, in which she and her husband were perfectly assimilated. All honour to such a woman! The fame and reputation are not hers, it is true, yet her reward is better than a name. But what would Kitto's fame have been in comparison with what it is, had she not been his "*hodman*," as he used jocularly to call her? She sought and gathered up the materials necessary for his work. Under his direction, she frequented all the great libraries of London for such matter as he wanted, and knew where to find, for constructing magazines, cyclopædias, books of travels and histories of every kind. Not that he was a compiler, he treasured knowledge, and brought it forth to the delight and benefit of other minds, in new forms, that always evinced alike his good feeling and his wisdom. He was thus employed in a multitude of miscellaneous writings which he acknowledged to be a fine exercise for his intellect.

His first instalment of defined duties, to be undertaken at £16 a month, under Mr. Knight, will present a pretty good notion of his industrial habits and mental powers. He was to write one original article every week for *The Penny Magazine*; to prepare others from correspondents or from books, to read proofs, to register suggestions, to answer letters, to shape contributions, and to return useless articles; for *The Companion to the Newspaper*, he was to prepare the Monthly Chronicle of Events, and to analyse Parliamentary Papers; for *The Printing Machine*, he was to prepare a Journal of Facts in Science, Education, Statistics, &c.; and for *The Companion to the Almanack*, to prepare the Chronicle of the Session, the Parliamentary Abstracts, the Register of Events, and other incidental matters. Who shall say he did not well earn the £16 per month, which he thought so ample a salary? Here was work enough, and it was well done; but the beauty of the thing is, that not one of his

duties failed to afford him pleasure, for he did them all easily, and with a full sense of the delicacy and kindness of his employer, Mr. Knight. As his toil grew, so grew his power to toil, and he published biographies, memoirs, and books in series on foreign lands for the use of children, but which educated men might read with pleasure and profit. Then came forth the "Lost Senses," and several other works fit for "the libraries of the many." "I am delighted at all this," writes he to a friend, "I have been *singing in my heart* all day." "I have never till now, been in my true position, and I am far more useful than I ever was before. I cannot be happy without the consciousness of being *useful*." And as if rejoicing to immolate his love of fame, he adds, "The anonymous character of all that is published by the society also saves me from the imputation of inordinately thirsting after *a name*, a thing to which I am become mighty indifferent."

The name of John Kitto will, however, stand associated with the highest and best of English literati; for notwithstanding the anonymous character of so large a portion of his learned labours, those works which the public possess under the authority of his name, have a living power in them, quite sufficient to establish his reputation for learning and mental power. Those works especially illustrate the Living Word, and that in a style the most manly, clear, unpretending, and convincing; not only because he was largely acquainted with oriental customs, and the land and languages of the Bible, but also because he was imbued, so to say, with the spirit of that grand old book, and manifested that spirit in a practical, demonstrative, and felt eloquence concerning the doctrines and precepts of that wondrous book, as those of God his Saviour.

His religion was not merely a sentiment, it was a life, and a life's work, and a life's delight. It was a glory in him that shone through him. Hence his writings are not party-coloured nor conventional, neither is there any artificial ornament about them: the grandeur of truth is in them. They are full of that beauty that needs no foreign aid from ornament. They harmonize with God's word, and bear upon them the impress of that Spirit who imparts the gifts and graces of faith and love to all his true ministers.

Kitto's employment in behalf of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge well prepared him for his highest and most useful works. That employment cleared his mind of inferior matter, or, rather, turned it up and laid it out, so as to form the good ground from whence sprung up an abundant harvest to God's glory, and for the growth of many souls.

Henceforward he was engaged in those biblical labours for

which all his previous labours trained him. We need not enlarge on his riper works; they are probably well known to our readers. The "Pictorial Bible," the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," the "Journal of Sacred Literature," the "Daily Bible Illustrations," are works which only a mature and a full mind could have devised, and which no man, without a very powerful and God-sustained intellect and industry, could have carried on and completed. These labours were necessarily extensive and prolonged, but his spirit seemed to grow stronger as they proceeded. A higher preparation of soul proceeded with them: he was ripening for heaven by his exigencies, and the exhaustion of his natural energies gave force to his prayers, for his faith failed not. He knew in whom he believed, and so, when weak he was strong, the power of Christ resting on him. He worked on in his Master's service; and the activity and life of his soul, taking step by step, in the strength each moment supplied, prevented his discovering any insurmountable obstacles before him. He kept his eye on his path, and followed the growing light in which the mountains appeared but as steps to heaven.

The life of a literary man is usually a life of severe struggle; but the man, who like Kitto, divested of all false attractiveness, aims at elevating his readers into a purer region of knowledge and love, has toils unimagined by men who traverse the smooth, broad way that delights the multitude. The man who, like Kitto, would induce others manfully to pursue the heavenward course, must first lead the way, and, like Christian the Pilgrim, climb the hill Difficulty on his hands and knees, and, after all, find few to follow him until he has been up and down many times, and, so to say, made a pleasant path for others by his own painful and peculiar labours. Kitto's works are all well calculated to render the ascent of other minds to the higher grounds of truth both safe and easy. That those works demanded an immense outlay of mental labour, no reader of them can doubt. And here we cannot but remark that there must be something essentially wrong in the constitution of our learned institutions, that it should have been left to a foreign university to discover Kitto's claim to the title of learned, and to confer it on him. Any of our universities would have been honoured by his name standing amongst their *alumni*. His works, each in its sphere, being highly appreciated by those sufficiently informed to feel their value, secured a large amount of public approval, and they are all so far very successful; but alas! the remuneration to their author was by no means equivalent to his labour. The deaf doctor of divinity was but ill qualified to trade with his talents in the market of mammon.

It is true that the joy of his work was a high reward, and the anticipation of his Master's final commendation more than money could purchase. He has heard the sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Yet we cannot but regret that toils so abundant and so useful were not better met by those supplies without which the pressure of the *res angustæ domi* is apt to crush the heart and brain. It is right gladsome to a loyal heart to know that our beloved queen and her consort practically estimated Kitto's works, and forgot not to minister to his help when that pressure had overpowered him; but royal bounty ought not to have been needed, since the public were so much indebted to him. He lost much by the "Journal of Sacred Literature." The plan and publication of this work were peculiarly bold, and none but a man thoroughly confident that he had at his command the highest sources of biblical and Christian intelligence could have possessed courage enough to adventure on such a work on his own responsibility. Firmly believing, as the result of his own experience, that the more the Holy Scriptures are investigated the more fully and clearly they appear what they are—the humanized revelation of the Divine mind in respect to all that is essential to man's historic progress and eternal salvation, Kitto invited the learned of all sections of the church to discuss whatever difficulties they discovered or imagined in the language or the facts of the sacred record. It requires great erudition, and the most large-hearted love of truth, rightly to estimate the vast amount of interesting and elucidating matter in this admirable journal. Were the work in the hands of a large number of preachers, the tone of their ministrations might possibly be improved, and that style of dogmatism be diminished, which, more than any attachment to well-defined principle, is apt to nullify pulpit zeal,—to hide the charity, the liberality of our Lord, and to hinder Christian union and co-operation, by putting private interpretations on his world-wide words. Kitto's other writings render the highest learning practical and popular. This is remarkably the case with his "Daily Bible Illustrations." We regard them as calculated to be peculiarly useful in the family, and the rather because there is no obtrusion of dogmatic opinions in them. There is no school, or technical theology—no parade of critical philology—no sectarian bias of doctrinal teaching in them. But there is much evangelical light, much practical godliness, and an abundance of real illustration and intelligence concerning the word of truth in them. There is that in them, we conceive, that will do more towards removing obscurity and seeming incongruity from the Word of God than almost any kind of commentary extant. These illus-

trations, indeed, do not read like those devotional exhortations or pious improvements partaking of the character of diminutive sermons appended to Morning and Evening Readings in the usual manner of godly ministers; and it is for this very reason that we deem them peculiarly fitted to do good when read in the family in connexion with lessons from the Bible. The incessant efforts which godly parents are apt to make to force upon the attention of their children those higher principles and doctrines which advanced Christians enjoy, are the very means, most likely, to repel those children. Not because the doctrines are enigmas, but because they belong to a higher and a maturer life. If our children be of a susceptible turn of mind, or very compliant, or very desirous of approval, by insisting on their receiving abstract doctrines before they are convinced of sin, we run great risk of making sweet hypocrites of them. It is intelligence—actual knowledge of the circumstances, times, places, histories, and persons referred to, or implied, in the text—that young persons need to interest and instruct them. Such intelligence is the best means of convincing them of the truth of the statements and the doctrines presented in the Bible. It is for want of this kind of instruction that so many young persons, otherwise well educated, and brought up in evangelical families, are ready to give heed to the seducing spirits of Romanism, Pantheism, and other superstitions. Those who are deprived of facts are possessed by fancies, and the religion of the imagination takes the place of that of truth, where the heart and the mind, the reason and the affections, are not provided for by the fullest information concerning the circumstances as well as the corollaries of revelation. Dogmatism constantly asserted to untried souls drives them to seek either for the authority of a faith without reason, such as that of Rome, or to that of a reason without faith, like that of the self-worshipper whom Emerson would extol. God manifest as an object of faith in the Saviour is hidden alike from both. Kitto's "Daily Bible Illustrations" are just such as are needed, because they furnish good reasons for believing, for they elucidate the facts on which faith rests.

The copiousness and clearness with which Kitto's writings administer to the intellectual satisfaction of the inquiring mind, may be regarded as their characteristic claim upon attention. But they are not dry and hard in their clearness; they are streams of the waters of life, and they are no less adapted to cheer and strengthen the heart than to fortify the mind. In fact, Kitto's affections were of the kindest order, and his sympathies stirred and animated his reason in all its labours. Had it not been so, could he have devoted his life thus exclu-

sively to the higher interests of humanity and of truth? It was to make men wise to salvation that he thus toiled, and delighted in his toil; it was this that he called usefulness, and it was to this that he sacrificed all that the worldling calls life. That fame was a very secondary object with him is evident from the style of his letters; but any one who has read any of his anonymous works, such as he wrote for the Religious Tract Society, will see that his heart was in those works—and his intellect also—as fully as in any on which his fame depended. That beautiful little work “Thoughts among Flowers,” is a fine instance of the fulness of his thought and feeling irrespective of public reputation.

He lived by his pen, indeed, but had he exercised the same industry and talent in the service of the world instead of the church and our Lord, he would scarcely have been forced to seek pecuniary aid when paralysis caused the pen to drop from his fingers.

He waited on God, who renewed his strength each day for each day's service. He was conscious that his Master's eye was upon him, and he was sustained to work on in the feeling that he could not fail, for he had received the Lord's assuring word to that end, and he believed it, and, in the faith of it, lived on it.

It is not improbable that his confidence in the faithfulness of Him whom he served was sometimes supplanted by a confidence extending beyond the promise; and there is an evidence that he carried his industry in his vocation beyond the demand which his Lord laid on him. In short, it was his temptation to labour too much, because he laboured for bread; and he broke the laws of God while supposing himself only duly devoted to his calling as a Christian. Alas! many good men, very spiritually minded, are in the habit of breaking God's natural laws every day, year after year, and yet do not discover that they are disobedient merely because they are not immoral. But it is unnatural to live as the cherubs on the tombs are represented—like winged heads, moved only in thought and feeling. The muscles of a man require exercise as well as his brain; but those who labour with the pen are peculiarly prone to forget what is due to their limbs and the inner economy on which they live. If a man voluntarily acts as if he thought he might sit in a chair from dawn to day's decline with impunity, he is ignorant of the proper study of man—his own nature. And, whatever his motive, to ignore the requirements of his bodily life by denying himself proper exercise in the open air is to be in willing bondage to a bad habit. Kitto suffered from this habit, and it is pitiable to see how much he suffered. There can be no doubt that he was prematurely cut off by the abuse of his own mental

powers. *He died of over-work of brain.* But it is evident that he might have done all his work, had he allowed himself due intervals of active exertion, such as walking. Refreshment and rest are essential to happy labour; and it is economy of brain in the student to ventilate his blood and divert his nerve-powers by bodily exercise.

It is astonishing, however, to observe what an amount of mismanagement may be accommodated by the inherent powers of the constitution, so that life and thought may go on enjoyably together. But this can continue only so long as the system of mind and body is preserved from any violent jar; for a mental shock or a sudden bodily exposure will, under such circumstances, produce an impression which in a more natural condition of a man's powers would soon pass off without mischief. Thus a weight, which the machine can just bear, may seem to be borne well while it works smoothly; but the instant any impediment to its steady movement occurs, the weight it carries hurries it to destruction. Thus Kitto's system, both of mind and body, was prepared to suffer the more when any shock came to interfere with the mere monotony and momentum of his daily labour. That shock first came in the form of pecuniary embarrassment in 1845, and he endured five years of great mental and bodily suffering. The smoothness of his course was harshly interrupted; the labour that had been his pleasure now brought him pain. But still his heart was in his work; and his industry, being founded on his faith, carried him through, and God provided him friends in his need. His work was hard, and the harder, because it seemed necessary.

In 1849 his working day extended from four A.M. to nine P.M. with little interruption. Is it any wonder that he began to complain of difficulty in carrying out his careful thought and laborious research? He fulfilled his engagements to his employers, but his "excellent constitution was remedilessly spoiled." He endured frequent and intense headaches and neuralgic attacks. The doctors ordered walking—walking in all weathers, six miles a-day. "Think of that," says he, "for a man who has almost lost the power of putting one leg before another!" Surely it could not be deemed obedience to any duty imposed by the God of providence and grace, thus to labour with the mind to the destruction of bodily power. And that was a cruel exaction, that after such services to the public made it necessary for such a man to labour on from day to day through all the daily hours in order to obtain a sufficiency of means to meet the daily demands of his family. He could not recover while thus bound by his necessities. He struggled on, indeed; he "took some spells of some hours' work, without bringing on any very

strong pains." (P. 626.) But the loss of time was a serious matter, and he endeavoured to find a partial compensation; he hoped to be enabled to get through his work with renewed briskness and spirit. He tried the electric chain because, in ignorance, he thought it must be good for a nervous complaint. The disorder of his nerves was that of weariness. He needed rest, and the equally essential refreshment of proper and happy bodily exercise. These remedies he could not get; and then another shock came upon him—he became the owner of a grave—his beautiful young child's grave. His soul was bowed down; but he looked up: "May the Lord strengthen," was his cry. The strength came, but it was strength to suffer. As he grew feebler he felt the claims of his family more forcibly; but still he said, "My work is my pleasure also; and, if it please God to give me strength, I have only to work a little harder!"

His case was hopeless. "I cannot cure him," said the beloved physician, Dr. Golding Bird; "no medical man can. Nothing but absolute rest can be of service. I endeavour to subdue the irritation of the brain—he goes home, and immediately excites it by using it." He is urged to rest—what is his reply? "No! If I knew I should die with the pen in my hand, I will go on as long as the Lord permits." He had received money from his generous publisher, Mr. Oliphant, of Edinburgh, for work promised. He finished the work, and thanked God on his knees, with his dear wife by his side, when the closing sentence was written. But the very next morning, on attempting to rise, he exclaimed, "Oh, Bell, I am numb all down one side." He was partially palsied, and for several weeks he so continued; but yet he resumed his labours. The result was inevitable. He resisted the warnings against mental exertion, which pain supplied. Ill and overtaken, he still endeavoured to triumph by his will over weakness. His love and his necessity constrained him to the struggle. But it was a resistance to God's hand. Our Maker would have us rest on His hand, that our utter helplessness in ourselves may cause us to realize His all-sufficiency. Our weakness thus becomes our strength. But not to lie still and wait, when the supply of power is wanting, can only result in fretting anxiety at our inability, or in the sudden and entire withdrawal of power even to will. Thus it happened with Kitto. Early in the morning of February 4th, 1854, he was seized with a fit, which reduced him to a state of insensibility, and from which he never so far recovered as again to labour.

Thus we are brought to the closing days of his life—a life from beginning to end more remarkable for successful effort to surmount difficulties than any on record. His natural capacity was of the first order, but that alone would never have secured

his triumph over circumstances so formidable. He was endowed with a principle which nature neither possesses in herself, nor, unassisted, has the power to foster. From his childhood he had received gleams of that light which, fully seen, is the perfect day. It was to the Bible he owed the grand truths that so early took possession of his faculties and feelings. Faith in a personal God, an ever-present Saviour, gave vigour to his inner life, and imparted sufficient motive to his energies; and that faith, working by love, filled his heart with heavenly aspirations, and enabled him through the Spirit, to take hold of the Almighty Hand, and walk above the waves that would otherwise have overwhelmed him.

Pain, debility, and incapacity for labour, rendered complete exemption from mental effort at length imperative. Generous aid was needed; the appeal was made, and his friends well responded. He removed to Germany, in hope of gathering new strength.

"IBIQUE VITAM SEMPITERNAM IN CHRISTO INVENTIT."*

The gentle hand, on which all his life he had leaned, pointed his spirit onwards still for the rest into which his works should follow him. It was THE FATHER who spoke to his heart by appealing to his love for his own children, as if to say,—“the love you feel for them typifies in feebleness the infinite fulness of my love. I am *The Father*, who gave you a parent's feeling, that you might confide in me.” Thus God spake to the retiring servant, of the filial home and the Father's bosom, and the glory that was before the world. And to intensify the heavenly attraction, and to fix attention upon the Divine Parent, and on the rest always remaining to faith, God took two of Kitto's children before him. The weary labourer sought repose, the sufferer sought ease, the death-smitten sought a life of health, the palsied sought for power still to serve. And, in life eternal, he found that perfect health which is salvation, and in the enjoyment of which neither the power to do God's will, nor the love that inspires that power can ever fail nor know impediment.

“MORTUUS EST CANNSTADIE DIE XXV. MENS. NOVEMB. AN.
MDCCCLIV.”

He had appeared to be improving, though his medical advisers afforded no hope of recovery. He was prepared to depart, for he read the meaning of the rod, and found it also a staff. The last letter he wrote, dated October 27, 1854, after referring to the death of his children, thus concludes: “I have not been

* From Kitto's epitaph.

allowed to sorrow as having no hope; and I begin to perceive that, by these variously afflictive dispensations, my Lord is calling me 'up hither,' to the higher room in which He sits, that I may see more of His grace, and that I may more clearly understand the inner mysteries of His kingdom. What more awaits me, I guess not. But the Lord's will be done." He was soon called to the place prepared for him, and for which he was now prepared. The Lord received him to Himself, and where the Lord is, there also is the servant who was found waiting and ready.

Every Christian reader will find in Kitto's life and writings, very much to enlarge his heart and warm his sympathies, and those Memoirs, which we have so incompletely reviewed, will be especially acceptable as a very able and most readable exposition of the ways of God towards a most remarkable man. A more instructive life, for the careful perusal of young persons, has never been published, nor any in which the maturer Christian may find more pleasure and profit. The work will commend itself; and the fact that Kitto's widow and children will be benefited, we hope largely, by its sale, need not be mentioned as an additional motive for the purchase of it. These Memoirs are in keeping with Kitto's writings; there is a *Catholic spirit* in them. This spirit is evinced in every way in his works, for they abound with the noblest expressions of Christian sentiment from the fulness of a faithful heart, and the highest and brightest intelligence, while yet it would be impossible to learn from the whole, or from any part of those writings, to what sect or section of Christians the writer belonged. He wrote for all, as did the Apostles, and there is no sign of party attachment or denominational prejudice in what he wrote. It is visibly his desire and design to promote peace and unity, by promoting the reception of heavenly truth, the manifestation of which is the best evidence and argument to frustrate gain-sayers, to convince unbelievers, and to win souls.

God, in His merciful and heart-testing providences, had brought Kitto into contact with men of all grades, and Christians of all extremes, and he learned to admire the grace of the Lord in all who loved Him; and, to conclude, that however the outward mould and form of a man's faith might depend on circumstances of training and association, the true faith always works in the same manner, namely, by love. Thus there is always felt to be a true unity amongst true Christians whenever the occasion to try their faith arises, and they at once manifest their unity, when the true church is assailed by the enemy, by lifting up that standard against him to which they all gather, for their fellowship is with their Lord in heart and in action.

We hope and believe that these Memoirs will prove an admirable sequel to Kitto's own writings in thus promoting Christian love and unity, by extending the knowledge of those grand life-truths on which all Christian sympathy and co-operation depend. "BEHOLD WE COUNT THEM HAPPY WHICH ENDURE."

G. M.

ART. II.—*Hand-book of the Arts of the Middle Ages and Renaissance.*
Translated from the French of M. Jules Labarte. Murray. 1855.

SOMEWHAT less ambitious in its title, and in the preliminary observations of the translator, than the Hand-book of Architecture noticed in the last number of this Review, the work of M. Labarte, in its English dress, must be considered to form a more really valuable addition to our list of illustrated works than the majority of those with which we have lately been inundated. There is good reason to question the propriety of reproducing an illustrated catalogue, such as this work originally was, under the form of a text-book of Art; but the manner in which this has been done is so frankly avowed, and all pretensions to artistic dogmatism are so candidly cast into the back ground, in the very first page of the preface, that it is impossible to apply the same rigid canons of criticism to a book which, with the exception of its title, pretends to so little, that we should have felt ourselves compelled to apply, had a work of an avowedly more important character been under our notice. Yet the question still forces itself upon us, whether it be fair to present a book avowedly designed for one purpose under a title of a far more general character? Had M. Labarte designed to write a Hand-book of Mediæval Art, he would, no doubt, have treated many parts of his subject in a manner different from that which he has actually adopted; the public, too, has a right to complain that, in consequence of the purpose for which M. Labarte's descriptive catalogue was written, the discussions upon the state of Art in the periods alluded to, are introduced more for the purpose of illustrating and explaining the beauties of the objects in the collection, than that the latter are referred to for the purpose of illustrating the essay. It may be that our ideas on such subjects as these are "righteous over much;" but we do hold that in all cases where it is desired to present a hand-book—a guide—in fact, to any study, it is essential to respect even the most fastidious opinions as to the form assumed. English literature upon Art has lately sunk to a very low ebb; and it really appears to us that much of the

evil thus produced may be attributed to the carelessness with which writings of a secondary, or of a temporary character, have been allowed to present themselves in the first rank. On this score, the reproduction of M. Labarte's catalogue, as a hand-book, appears to be injudicious, and it exposes its author to the imputation of pretensions which he himself, in all probability, never entertained.

Before entering upon the examination of the treatise by M. Labarte, we would, however, observe that the translator has made a singular mistake in supposing that archæologists have only of late years attached importance "to the exhibition of artistic talent in objects of common use." It is true that M. Rosellini called attention in a more decided manner to this mode of exhibition of "the character of the epochs in which those objects were made," than his immediate predecessors had done; and that the revivalists of Feudal Art, following in his track, have only within a comparatively recent period attached to the study of these details the importance they merit. But it is equally true that the learned authors of the period of the revival of Classical Art studied, perhaps more fully, the minutest details of the every-day life, the common objects of use in Greek and Roman society, than even the modern authors upon the habits of the Middle Ages have done for the periods they delight to honour. There is something very singular in the tendency of our race, illustrated in both these cases, to despise the productions of the times removed from us by a few generations, whilst we turn with fond admiration to periods a little more remote from us chronologically. At present the researches of the learned commentators upon antiquity, whose works figure in the noble collections of the Aldines, of Grævius, of the Académie des Inscriptions, and of the Benedictines; of such men as Caylus, Winckelmann, Pauw, Millin, Quatremère de Quincy, Bosio, &c., are neglected or forgotten; whilst the authorities connected with the period immediately antecedent to them have become the gods of our idolatry. The partisans of the Renaissance, indeed, set an example our modern critics have not been slow to follow; and they avowed so utter a contempt for the forms of Feudal Art, that they believed themselves to be entitled to ignore all considerations connected with them. Perhaps every man who has a firm faith of any description, is, more or less, a bigot; and thus we may explain the neglect with which the enthusiastic admirers of antiquity, or of the Middle Ages, treat the subjects they themselves are not interested in. But it is important that the public should know that there did exist, in ancient times even, a class of authors upon the domestic arts; that a very numerous and learned class

of writers, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, occupied themselves with researches into every minute detail of the private life of the ancients; and that even Strawberry Hill itself must be considered as an indication of a desire to return to the study of the (then) so little understood state of society produced by, and characteristic of, the passage from the social organization of the Roman world to that introduced, or rendered necessary, by the diffusion of Christianity.

To some extent also we feel bound to protest against the incorrect words, turns of phrase, and grammatical construction of the sentences, observable in "the Hand-book of the Arts of the Middle Ages." There appears to be a "rage" for such neglect of style amongst our modern authors, who, by the way, are kept well in countenance by even "the Commissioners for the Examination of the Candidates for the Civil Service." "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Yet even the slipshod style of these Aristarchi cannot justify the use of such words as "coinheritor," instead of coheir, of "a new technica," instead of "a new style" (of Art); of characters instead of characteristics; of "distinctive feature of a new school of Art," instead of "distinctive characteristic"—(the tautology is no fault of ours), &c., &c.; or the use of such phrases as "they possess, notwithstanding, no signs of ability;" of Mount Athos being "the sole focus of religious Art in the Oriental Church," when the intention of the author evidently was to convey the idea that it was the centre from which the Oriental Church received its artistic development; "to degrade the tones with a single enamel colour," instead of "to soften them off;" and many others of the same description. It may be that we attach too much importance to these details, as we do to the strict correlation which ought to exist between the title and the matter of a book; but we are convinced that "the use of the right word in the right place," is an element of beauty in literary composition, which it is folly to neglect. Generally speaking, this translation is so well and so carefully executed, that its author can bear to have her attention called to the trifling blemishes in the wording to which we have alluded.

The greatest defect of the Hand-book of Mediæval Art—*quasi* Hand-book—is, however, to be found in the fact that no attempt is made in it to reason upon "the irrefragable evidence of the character of the epoch," asserted in the preface to be afforded by the "objects of common use" therein illustrated. Of course it would not have been expected that a mere catalogue of a collection of articles of *virtu* should have entered upon a discussion of this recondite nature; but in a hand-book of Art we are

entitled to require that some allusion should be made to its philosophy, and to its influence upon society. The absence of investigations of this kind in M. Labarte's book must be the more keenly felt, because he has proved that he possesses an appreciation for Art, a technical acquaintance with the various processes employed, and a mind so stored with erudition, as to render it certain that his remarks would serve to throw light on many subjects at present involved in obscurity to the public in general. The book wants an object—the fable has no moral—and there remains upon the reader's mind a vague feeling of *unsatisfaction* (not *dissatisfaction* be it observed) after perusing the very learned, and very clear descriptions of the objects which have been preserved to our times. After the promise contained in the preface, we are disposed to ask, like the mathematician after reading the Iliad, "What does all this prove?" The work, in fact, is not complete.

But if these defects be passed over, there remains little in M. Labarte's work to object to, so far as it is a catalogue of one particular collection. Its peculiar character, in this respect, must serve to explain, *inter alia*, the singular omission of all important reference to the beautiful relics of mediæval sculpture as applied to the decoration of furniture, whether ecclesiastical or domestic. There exist in many of our cathedrals in England, and in those of the Continent, episcopal thrones, stalls, reading-desks, fonts, pulpits, faldstools, and rood-lofts, of surpassing beauty of which no notice is taken; nor is attention called to the wonderful chimney-pieces, beds, chairs, coffres, and presses, enriched by the application of sculpture, often of a very characteristic nature. There is a slight reference to the sculpture in metal, as illustrated by the bronze gates to be found in France and Italy, or by the monumental sculptures of Germany; but the singularly interesting subjects of such tombs as those of Henry V. and VII., and of the Earl of Warwick in the Beauchamp Chapel; of the sepulchral brasses,—of the iron railings, locks, hinges, and door furniture,—of the candelabra, sconces, fire-irons, wells, and fountains, are treated in a very cursory manner. Singularly enough the notice of the history of sculpture is carried down (in the manner adopted in this catalogue) to the beginning of the eighteenth century, without any allusion to the wood-carving in the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Val de Grâce, Versailles, or to our own Grinley Gibbons—an artist far too little admired here, and utterly unknown abroad; yet the notice of the history of painting is abruptly closed at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The explanation of this discrepancy is, of course, very obvious, for the subjects which were likely to form parts of an antiquarian collection were not considered by

the Cinque-cento artists to enter into the sphere of their avocations; and the arts of illuminating and of mosaic work, although far from extinct even now, can only be considered to protract an unnatural existence. The portions of M. Labarte's work which treat of enamels, of the lapidary's art, of the goldsmith's art, the Ceramic art (why this pedantic spelling?) are, however, treated with considerable development, and much skill; though we regret to observe that no allusion is made to the old Chelsea china, and that the beautiful Etruscan earthenware is treated in a very slight, off-hand manner. "The most unkindest cut of all" is, that the art of engraving is dismissed in about four pages; and hardly even a passing reference is made to the wonderful invention of printing, whereby the whole character of society has been so strangely, and so rapidly changed. M. Labarte's catalogue, indeed, was but designed for a particular purpose; and that purpose we should think it must have answered particularly well, for it would have been difficult to have collected, in a mere catalogue, more information, more taste and learning, than is to be found in the one he produced. The error which overshadows the whole of the republication lies in the attempt to raise a temporary production to the rank of a permanent work. Notwithstanding all this, the illustrations are so well drawn and engraved, the text is so well written (always excepting the verbal inaccuracies to which we have called attention), and the whole style of "getting up" is so superior to that of many recent publications, that it is with regret we find ourselves obliged to dwell upon what we conceive to be the shortcomings of a production in itself so commendable.

Yet what a text for a hand-book of Mediæval Art is afforded by the examination even of one private collection! If the subject had been treated thoroughly, and in all its developments, what a web did it offer to weave endless discussions upon the most recondite passages of social history. The character and feelings of an age are as truly—nay, perhaps more truly—impressed upon the objects of daily and hourly use, than they are upon the public buildings which state policy may prompt its rulers to erect; for involuntarily we force those who supply our daily wants to comply with the vital, actual taste of our period, whilst public buildings do but reflect the abstract deliberate opinions of the times in which they were erected. And though unquestionably there will always exist an indefinite link between the domestic and the public artistic feelings of an epoch, easily enough recognized by the philosophical archæologist, yet the mere attempt to discover this link will be a source of unbounded pleasure to the learned, an insight into some of the most recon-

dite passages of our physiological organization to all who are content to read without running. Our regret is, therefore, the more poignant that M. Labarte had not been invited to treat the whole of this subject *de novo*; because the sample he has actually produced convinces us that the task could not possibly have been confided to better hands than his, or those of his fair translator.

Much has been written on the subject of the Middle Ages, and the progress of civilization since the decline of the Roman Empire, yet we confess that we have never yet met with what appeared to be a satisfactory statement, either of the state of society between the fifth and the tenth centuries of our era, or of the means by which the darkness of the latter period was dispelled. How fearful it is to think that a system of government so wonderfully elaborated as that of Imperial Rome, a state of civilization so refined, should be swept away by the inroads of half-clad barbarians! and how the thought should come home to us that our government and our civilization are exposed to dangers perhaps as great as those which overthrew the empire of the Cæsars! Certain it is, that at the beginning of the tenth century, the nations of Northern Europe, were but very slightly in advance of the civilization which the Spanish invaders found amongst the Aztecs of Mexico; indeed, we even question whether the celebrated Bayeux tapestry can be considered to indicate a condition equal to that met with in Central America. The furniture, jewels, and ornaments of this period too, were as clumsy and as inelegant as those found amongst the Mexicans; yet, strange to say, the architecture of such buildings as the churches of Léry and of St. Georges de Bocheville, exhibits traces of a true feeling for Art—a knowledge, vague and uncertain, though it be, of the true principles of composition. The aqueduct of Spoleto attributed, no doubt incorrectly, to Theoderic the Goth, and many of the irrigation works of Northern Italy, appear to belong chronologically to this period, when intellect in all its phases is supposed to have been in abeyance; and the Arabs of Spain had brought the splendour of their kingdom, the development of their civilization, and the cultivation of the arts, to a very remarkable perfection. During the reign of the Ommiyyades, architecture, metallurgy, agriculture, the manufacture of textile fabrics, of leather and of pottery, were cultivated in a manner, and with a degree of excellence, unknown in the rest of Europe. At the same time also, the *Lower* Roman Empire, as it has been strangely, but universally called, retained dimly the light of ancient civilization, and some of the traditions of classical Art. With the exception of the extreme south-western and south-eastern corners of Europe, then, it seems that a dark heavy cloud of barbarism

was spread over the fair face of the world. Suddenly, however, the cloud began to rise, and to allow the bright beams of learning to enlighten and improve the inhabitants of the countries of late so sunk in darkness. Historians relate these facts, but they do so in a dry, didactic manner, without giving any clue to those innermost workings of men's minds which must have accompanied, or produced, so marvellous a transformation. We want such a history of what may be called the heart of society; and it would seem that a careful investigation of the domestic manners of the mediæval period, as exemplified in its laws and political institutions, its furniture, sculpture, arts, dress, and arms, would materially advance our acquaintance with the true character of the times which have so strangely modified the form and expression of even the society of the present day. The sketch of the history to be written according to our notions is a very broad one, difficult indeed to complete; but we think that it would be in vain to attempt to form opinions upon the character of so distinctly marked an epoch, without duly examining all the phases of the subject so briefly alluded to above.

M. Labarte, confined as he was by the nature of his subject, could not enter upon discussions of this kind, which ought certainly to have occupied a prominent place in a hand-book such as his catalogue is now proposed to be called; and to descend from general to particular instances of the want of comprehensiveness with which we reproach his work, we would observe that it is strange that so little should have been said with respect to the influence of the early Christian Art of the catacombs upon that of Northern Italy or of Byzantium. One of the peculiar characteristics of the Christian Art of the Middle Ages (using that term in contradistinction to the Mahomedan Art) consists in its symbolism; and many of the earliest productions in sculpture at least, of the men who insensibly eliminated the peculiar style, formerly called Gothic, were so closely allied in their general taste to that of the sepulchral monuments of the catacombs, as to lead to the conviction that their author must either have retained the traditions of some earlier period, or that they must have studied the relics of those times with more servility than we are usually disposed to believe. But without stopping to inquire from whence the earliest Gothic sculptors derived their inspiration, it must always be a subject of surpassing interest to endeavour to explain how the Art they professed passed from the lifeless, hieratic forms to be observed in the monuments antecedent to the twelfth century, to the freedom of handling, the breadth of treatment, and the spirited composition to be observed in such works as the west front of Wells Cathedral, the tomb of the Bishop of Noyon in the Cathedral of Limoges,

or many of the statues and tombs of St. Denis. In sculpture, perhaps more than in other branch of the Fine Arts, the distinction which has lately been attempted to be drawn between the Christian and Pagan styles, actually exists; and it is with a feeling of impatient disappointment that we turn from the book assuming to discuss "the evidences of the character" of the wondrous period of transition between the more refined ages of either style, which passes over without comment of a philosophical character at least, the various stages of a revolution in men's innermost souls of so portentous a character. It is true that the irruption of the barbarians about the fourth and fifth centuries, the civil wars in Western Europe amongst the successors of Charlemagne, and the invasions of the Normans and of the Saracens, so disturbed the nations exposed to those evils from the ordinary occupations of civilized life, that the cultivation of arts was certain to be lost sight of by rulers or by nations who were constantly absorbed by the struggles for a bare existence. But these circumstances would only account for the temporary eclipse of Art; in nowise can they explain why, even when again revived under the traditions of the ancient schools, we moderns should have struck out for ourselves a path which is essentially different from that of the ancients. The inspiration has evidently been different in the two periods. How is this inspiration to be defined, and wherein does it consist? Surely the study of the objects of daily use ought to afford the most intimate light upon this class of investigation; for as the every-day thoughts, actions, and feelings of men must influence the tone of their minds, and the form they impress upon the mute objects around them, so the articles which form as it were part and parcel of their intimate existence, must assume a character analogous to that of the precise epoch. It is precisely this law of the connexion between the expression, so to speak, of the furniture, arms, jewels, &c., of an age and its character, which we consider it would be so desirable to study; and it is also on account of the absence of any serious attempt to clear away the obscurity which overshadows some of its details, that M. Labarte's otherwise charming sketch has disappointed us in the manner it certainly has done.

Perhaps the most marked distinctions between the metaphysical doctrines of Paganism and of Christianity are to be found in the opinions which prevailed with respect to the moral and personal responsibility of all the children of one Almighty Father for their individual actions, the belief in the freewill of man, and the aspiration after a degree of happiness, the search for a type of beauty, not to be met with on this earth. It is not to be supposed that they who lived in the Dark Ages—and dark,

indeed, do they seem to have been—could have formed to themselves any very definite opinions upon subjects of the recondite nature of those alluded to above. Even now, we do but see “through a glass dimly” in these matters, notwithstanding the undoubted advance made in every branch of moral and intellectual philosophy. Yet practically the great principles of Christianity were in operation from the very moment the Apostles were sent forth on their mission; and, to descend from the sublime contemplation roused by this allusion to the subject immediately before us, it is to be observed that even under Pagan Rome itself the conviction that the soul was to rise again free from every mortal taint had modified the artistic expression of the works of the early Christians. Ancient sculpture, it has been well said, was but a glorification of beauty of the senses; very rarely, indeed, did it attempt to appeal to the sentiments or feelings. Even when it did depart from its usual type, as in the groups of the Laocoon, the Niobe, or the Dirce, there was no attempt to raise the soul from the contemplation of things of the earth, earthy. The only moral attempted to be conveyed by those exquisite works of art is, that it is dangerous to provoke powerful and vindictive enemies. Who would presume to compare works composed in such a spirit with those of the German and Italian sculptors of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, when the Christian inspiration was certainly less alloyed by the cultivation of classical learning than it has been since the Renaissance? There is an awkward, exaggerated display of anatomy in the works of Michael Angelo, which is not to be found in the works of the Greek and Roman sculptors; but what work of antiquity can compare with the Moses of the great Florentine for its grandeur and sublimity? In contemplating the works of antiquity, the cultivated eye perceives everywhere traces of the influence of the doctrine of an inevitable, overruling Fate, and an application of the maxim “Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die;” whereas in the works of Christian artists there is an evident straining, often unknown to themselves, after a spirituality, a longing for things not seen, which strikes the key-note of thoughts of the deepest and most ennobling kind. This characteristic difference is to be traced even to the artistic mode of treating the objects of common life; and any one who is accustomed to observe these matters, must be convinced that it is possible to recognize the distinctive spirit which has animated the various phases of our intellectual development as easily in the arts applied to the decoration of furniture, &c., as in the more ambitious productions of artists. Very strangely, and it may be very remotely, is the influence of Christianity as a religious element of artistic

inspiration to be thus traced throughout the best productions of the men who have ministered to the daily wants of society since the days of Constantine; but, however strange this may be, it is not the less true that, antecedent to the Renaissance, there prevailed a spirit of composition in the minor branches of Art as strongly marked in its nature as that observable in the nobler branches.

Much of this must no doubt be attributed to the change in the social organization superinduced by Christianity. At the period of their first irruption, the barbarian tribes were, it is true, willing enough to follow the example of the former masters of the world, and to adopt as a fundamental law the awful iniquity of slavery. But when they had embraced Christianity, the doctrine that all men were equally created by, and were responsible to, the same Almighty Being, confirming their own wild notions of independence and freedom from temporal restraint, soon led to the belief that it was essential that every one should be able to act as a free agent, and to exhibit his own individuality. The tendency of political events in the mediæval period was certainly democratic; that is to say, to destroy all strong central governments, and by degrees to create what it is now the fashion to call "local self-government." Possibly the difficulties of intercommunication may have had much to do with this development of local feeling; but so long as men believe that they are personally responsible for their actions, so long will they insist upon thinking and acting for themselves, and will naturally assume a character corresponding with the circumstances in which they live, and move, and have their being. Moreover, the doctrine—pervading the whole of our modern civilization—that the ultimate destinies of our race are to be decided in another and purer state of existence—that our passage here is but a preparation for eternity—has impressed upon the minds and feelings of all true thinkers, all real artists, an aspiration after an ideal standard of excellence and beauty, both moral and physical, which the ancients, who made their gods after their own image, could neither suspect nor appreciate. Religious feelings and political organization, have then alike, we believe, combined to impress a peculiar character upon modern Art in all its modifications. In every century subsequent to the conversion of Constantine, and in every distinctly marked nationality, these causes have produced their own peculiar effects; and the work which could be considered worthy of being called the hand-book of Mediæval Art, must investigate the more hidden psychological laws which have produced these results, rather than occupy itself exclusively with the discussion of the mechanical processes or the technical

details of the various subjects that Art was applied to. However learnedly the mode of executing any particular process may be described, the general reader cannot be expected to feel much interested in so special a subject: the vital principles of Art address themselves to all alike, and their discussion should at least have occupied a portion of the book professing to introduce us to the history of the period during which they were in course of development.

In ecclesiastical utensils especially, if we descend from these general considerations upon the principles of Art, the influence of the spiritualism of the Christian feeling must naturally display itself in the most decided manner. Yet there is no attempt on the part of M. Labarte to call attention to considerations of such importance; nor even can his sketch of the history of the development of the art of sculpture, as applied to these utensils, be considered of a nature to throw much light upon the subject. In his notice of the goldsmith's art, too, the same defective treatment of the real and essential part of the investigation is to be observed; for the productions of the period between the sixth and the twelfth centuries are passed over hastily, although it was during those ages that the modern civilization assumed its characteristic development, whilst the productions of the period between the fourteenth and the eighteenth centuries are noticed in detail, and illustrated with remarkable care and skill. Unquestionably the productions of the Renaissance in all the branches of Art, in the application of sculpture to furniture and to goldsmith's work especially, were extremely beautiful. The models produced by such men as Brunelleschi, Lucca della Robbia, Ghiberti, Arditì, and Benvenuto Cellini, will always command the respect and admiration of lovers of Art; yet we still sigh for a sketch of the proceedings of the "tailleurs d'images," the "huchers," and the "bahutiers," who were recognized even as distinct trade-corporations in the beginning of the thirteenth century. There is a passage in "*Le Livre des Métiers d'Etienne Boileau*," containing a curious illustration of the manners of the age in which it was written, and an indirect proof that the doctrines of political economy were better understood then in some respects than they have lately been in civilized Western Europe, and which makes us regret that more is not known with respect to the productions of these men. The passage is as follows: "*Il peut estre peintres et taillières imagiers à Paris qui veut pourtant que il œuvre aus us, et aus coustumes du mestier, et que il le sace faire, et peut œuvrer de toutes manières de fust, de pierres, de os, de cor de yvoire, et de toutes manières de peintures, bonnes et baus;*" and from other parts of the same

work it appears that the goldsmiths, jewellers, and silversmiths formed the sixth in rank of the trades of Paris. It is curious that Theophilus, in his "*Schedula Diversarium Artium*," should not mention crucifixes or pixes of the kind we are accustomed to see at the present day, although he gives detailed accounts of the mode of preparing the gilt, enamelled, and jewelled cups, the incense vases, and other goldsmith's work used in churches. It has been suggested that this may be accounted for by the fact that it was not customary in the age in which he lived to represent the Saviour on the Cross in relief; and that the consecrated wafers were kept in a dove, suspended by a chain from the ciborium. But it was precisely for the purpose of clearing up the uncertainty attached to these interesting questions of Archæology that a hand-book of mediæval domestic Art, in contradistinction to architectural Art, is required; and the singular taste of the early feudal period, its contempt for correctness of drawing, its lavish employment of precious materials rather than its study of form, and the remarkable manner in which the goldsmiths of that period attempted to reproduce the architecture they saw in progress of development, must require something, we believe, beyond a passing parenthetical notice. The manner in which M. Labarte has treated the furniture, sculpture, and the goldsmith's art of the Renaissance, may indeed be referred to as an illustration of the susceptibility of the same arts of an earlier period, of elegant, though still unsatisfactory, treatment.

To our minds there has always been something strange—something worthy of more serious examination than it has hitherto received—in the analogy to be observed in the expression of the early Grecian and of the early Gothic sculpture. Stranger still is the mixture of refined sentiment and gross sensuality, so often to be remarked in the literature as well as in the arts cultivated by the followers of the spiritual doctrines of Christianity. The Dædalean school, in fact, produced works which presented a type so similar to that observable in the best productions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries in North-western Europe, that if it were not that the sentiment which modified the expression of the two schools had differed in a very perceptible manner, it would be difficult to fix their dates by a casual examination. A very short period was, however, sufficient to enable the respective schools to assume their peculiar characteristic developments; but the problem to be explained is, how did the rude uncivilized races of both ancient and modern times adopt nearly the same generic forms of Art? and how did they, in their turns, adopt such future modifications as led to thil timate establishments of the Pagan and the Christian

enamel and painted glass decoration is to be attributed to the same revolution in opinion which led even the Parisians—the modern Athenians—to disguise their elaborately beautiful mural decorations under coats of whitewash. To say that any arts decline simply because they appear to rival others, is, we conceive, to take a very unphilosophical view of the subject. Beyond doubt the law holds in all human pursuits, that every science, every intellectual occupation, has its periods of origin, progress, glory, and decline; its maxima and minima, in the language of mathematicians. But we are far from being convinced that either glass painting, or enamel, have yet attained their apogee; still less are we convinced that the decline they certainly have suffered, has arisen from the mistaken endeavours of their professors to extend the limits of the arts they practised. The attempt to imitate oil painting by either of the processes to which we refer, may have led to errors and failures; but it could not have led to the loss of the processes themselves. This is a deeper phenomenon, and one which is connected with the operation of some of the more recondite laws of our organization; of so complicated a nature indeed, as to require a separate treatise, if it were desired to discuss them thoroughly. It would be found, that in these, as in many other cases, the history of an art is to be sought for as much in extraneous events, as in the development of the technical details themselves; that the moral and religious feelings of men surrounding and influencing the modes of thought and belief of the artists are more powerful in their action upon the average degree of excellence they can attain, and still more upon the public appreciation of the arts, than the greater or lesser degree of perfection of mechanical processes can ever be.

M. Labarte has given some very pleasant chapters upon the Ceramic arts, upon glass making, and upon Oriental Art, which are accompanied, in this edition at least, by many admirably drawn and engraved illustrations. It must not be expected, however, that these various subjects have been treated in a more scientific or complete manner than the others which have been already noticed; or that the technical information is of a higher character, or the mode of discussing the particular subject under notice at any one time, more logical, than those adopted by him in the earlier portions of the catalogue. From beginning to end, the work is of conversational, irregular character; such as might have been inspired by the inspection of a collection. But he who would really study the history of the various processes named above, must seek it in works such as Brogniart's "*Traité des Arts Céramiques*," in that wonderful production, "*Les Œuvres de Bernard Palissy*," in Winckelmann,

in Dusommerard, Meyrick, Senoir, De Lasteyrie, Quartremère de Quincy, De Caumont, Bossio, Rosellini, Visconti, and the numerous other works descriptive of the arts of ancient or modern times. The materials for a philosophical history of the useful arts, that is to say, of those applied to every-day use, indeed exist in abundance, in separate treatises, or in the miscellaneous transactions of the learned societies of Europe. The misfortune is that no one has yet been found able to collect and arrange this strangely confused mass of information, or to present a really complete and useful hand-book of the arts of any of the distinctly marked phases of the development of our race. Yet what a field is here open for deep philosophy, for interesting inquiry! If it be true that "the noblest study of mankind is man," how important must it be to study the manner in which he has impressed his thoughts, feelings, and belief, upon the objects immediately around him; and how strangely does the inquiry into what are usually considered to be mere abstract questions of archæology, assume the character of an important metaphysical investigation! That M. Labarte has not treated the subject he undertook in this general, philosophical manner, is indeed proved by the utter neglect with which he has treated the Ceramic arts applied to the daily wants of society, and has only referred to the more ornamental productions of the epochs he has alluded to. The rich vases of the Moors, the Majolica ware of Italy of the fifteenth century, the rarest productions of Palissy, and of the Dresden and Sevres manufactures are noticed, in a manner so pleasing, it is true, that we have hardly the desire to complain of the accompanying defect; but, nevertheless, it does strike us as affording a subject of regret that no notice should have been taken of the tile pavings, of the ornamental brickwork, of the common earthenware of mediæval times, or even of the remarkable productions of Mr. Wedgewood, of the same date as some of the Sevres vases M. Labarte has described.

Upon the whole, however, although we think we have reason to complain of the manner in which M. Labarte has been introduced to the English reader, we cordially acknowledge our admiration of the industry and skill with which he has treated the portions of the history of the arts of the Middle Ages requisite for the explanation of the collection he desired to illustrate. The book is a very pleasing one, and we think well translated; the wood-cuts, both new and old, are remarkably well executed; the printing and the paper are good; and, indeed, with the reserve we have kept in view throughout, we believe that the hand-book in question is one of the most entertaining, even if not one of the most philosophically valuable, addi-

enamel and painted glass decoration is to be attributed to the same revolution in opinion which led even the Parisians—the modern Athenians—to disguise their elaborately beautiful mural decorations under coats of whitewash. To say that any arts decline simply because they appear to rival others, is, we conceive, to take a very unphilosophical view of the subject. Beyond doubt the law holds in all human pursuits, that every science, every intellectual occupation, has its periods of origin, progress, glory, and decline; its maxima and minima, in the language of mathematicians. But we are far from being convinced that either glass painting, or enamel, have yet attained their apogee; still less are we convinced that the decline they certainly have suffered, has arisen from the mistaken endeavours of their professors to extend the limits of the arts they practised. The attempt to imitate oil painting by either of the processes to which we refer, may have led to errors and failures; but it could not have led to the loss of the processes themselves. This is a deeper phenomenon, and one which is connected with the operation of some of the more recondite laws of our organization; of so complicated a nature indeed, as to require a separate treatise, if it were desired to discuss them thoroughly. It would be found, that in these, as in many other cases, the history of an art is to be sought for as much in extraneous events, as in the development of the technical details themselves; that the moral and religious feelings of men surrounding and influencing the modes of thought and belief of the artists are more powerful in their action upon the average degree of excellence they can attain, and still more upon the public appreciation of the arts, than the greater or lesser degree of perfection of mechanical processes can ever be.

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science as the *Studien und Kritiken* was well qualified for the task he has undertaken, not only by the possession of such an amount of general theological and ecclesiastical knowledge as alone could enable him to conduct with credit and *éclat* the ablest and most erudite organ of sacred literature in the world, but also by previous special researches into the topics treated of in these volumes, the results of which he had already communicated to the learned, in scholar-like monographs such as the German *literati* alone are in the habit of producing. And however mere sciolists may sneer at these essays to exhaust a subject, these trials of strength and gymnastic prolusions with which the intellectual athletes on the Continent are wont to brace up their energies, and string their muscles and sinews for the labour of a lifetime, no man of real culture is ignorant, either of the value of such monographs in themselves, or of their worth as discipline. We have an instance at hand in Macaulay, who would never have been the historian he has proved himself but for his preliminary jousts in the lists of the *Edinburgh Review*. With the knights of the Teutonic order this method of winning their spurs is the rule, and not the exception, as here; and to this law of the literary chivalry of his country, Dr. Ullmann has manfully conformed. His principal monograph treated of "John Wessel as a Forerunner of Luther," which is the subject of his last book, the most extended of the four, in the work before us. This separate treatise was published at Hamburg in 1834, seven years before the appearance of even the first volume of the "Reformers before the Reformation," and eight before the second saw the light. Thus he had the advantage of a literal observance of the Horatian maxim, *Nonum prematur in annum*. Moreover, in 1835, his earlier production, the full title of which is given below,* was translated into Dutch, and enriched with valuable annotations by a learned Hollander, Munting, who, as a countryman of Wessel's, was able to supply a good deal of interesting local information, of which our author has, of course, thankfully availed himself in the present publication. We have mentioned

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these few particulars because, unhappily, Mr. Menzies has not had the grace to present his readers with the usual "Translator's Preface,"—a sin of omission, which we deem not a little reprehensible. And now we have the rod in hand, we must not let him go without calling him, or the publishers, to account for another default of a more serious kind, and one which is still more likely to interfere with the extensive circulation a work so superior richly deserves. We know not whether Dr. Ullmann has done himself the injustice of ushering his performance into the world without an *index*, not having the original at hand. But, however this may be, this piece of literary journey-work should not have been grudged here. There is no case, perhaps, in which our homely proverb about "spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar," is more applicable than this. How often is the truism to be repeated, that a good index doubles the money-value of a good book to every real student? The Messrs. Clark must be making fair profits out of their republications, or they would long ago have relinquished the enterprise. It is not our business, of course, to remind them that shabbiness in their literary expenditure is one of the grossest commercial blunders they can commit. They are reputed to be shrewd men of the world, and, doubtless, are much better acquainted with their own affairs than we can pretend or desire to be. But in the interests of the reading public we are entitled to protest against any parsimony in the matter of an index. It may be said that Ullmann's work is furnished with a tolerably good Table of Contents, and we cheerfully admit that we have often seen worse. But, then, we have also often seen better, and a copious index (that cynosure to all who buy books for use and not for show) besides. "Neander's Church History" is a model in both these respects, which ought to be imitated in the case of every historical work that is worth reading at all.

We have already incidentally mentioned the subject of Dr. Ullmann's fourth and last book. It is a full-length gallery-portrait of John Wessel. The third brings before us a family group, and one which powerfully appeals to the heart and noblest sympathies of every genial spectator. Under the denomination of the "Brethren of the Common Lot," there sprung up in the Netherlands some time after the middle of the fourteenth century, a society of quiet, but, at the same time, active and practical mystics, which may be said to have been, in a most important sense, the cradle of the Teutonic Reformation. They were sometimes styled, and that, too, by themselves as well as by others, the "Friends of God," and their fraternity formed the nucleus of an ever-growing reaction against the

science as the *Studien und Kritiken* was well qualified for the task he has undertaken, not only by the possession of such an amount of general theological and ecclesiastical knowledge as alone could enable him to conduct with credit and *éclat* the ablest and most erudite organ of sacred literature in the world, but also by previous special researches into the topics treated of in these volumes, the results of which he had already communicated to the learned, in scholar-like monographs such as the German *literati* alone are in the habit of producing. And however mere sciolists may sneer at these essays to exhaust a subject, these trials of strength and gymnastic prolusions with which the intellectual athletes on the Continent are wont to brace up their energies, and string their muscles and sinews for the labour of a lifetime, no man of real culture is ignorant, either of the value of such monographs in themselves, or of their worth as discipline. We have an instance at hand in Macaulay, who would never have been the historian he has proved himself but for his preliminary jousts in the lists of the *Edinburgh Review*. With the knights of the Teutonic order this method of winning their spurs is the rule, and not the exception, as here; and to this law of the literary chivalry of his country, Dr. Ullmann has manfully conformed. His principal monograph treated of "John Wessel as a Forerunner of Luther," which is the subject of his last book, the most extended of the four, in the work before us. This separate treatise was published at Hamburg in 1834, seven years before the appearance of even the first volume of the "Reformers before the Reformation," and eight before the second saw the light. Thus he had the advantage of a literal observance of the Horatian maxim, *Nonum prematur in annum*. Moreover, in 1835, his earlier production, the full title of which is given below,* was translated into Dutch, and enriched with valuable annotations by a learned Hollander, Munting, who, as a countryman of Wessel's, was able to supply a good deal of interesting local information, of which our author has, of course, thankfully availed himself in the present publication. We have mentioned

* *Johann Wessel, ein Vorgänger Luthers. Zur Charakteristik der Christlichen Kirche und Theologie in ihrem Vebergang a. d. Mittelalter in d. Reformationszeit.* Hamburg, 1834. (John Wessel, a Forerunner of Luther. An Essay towards a Characteristic Delineation of the Christian Church and Theology in their Transition from the Mediæval to the Reformation Period.) Compare also the biographical monograph by Ullmann's meritorious predecessor in the same field, W. Muurling, published at Utrecht in 1831, under the title, *De Wesseli Gansfortii cum vita tum meritis in præparanda sacrorum emendatione in Belgio septentrionali. Pars prima (vitam complectens).* 8vo. (The Life of Wessel of Gansfort, and his Merits in paving the way for the Reformation in Northern Belgium. Part I., comprising the Life.)

It is a great phenomenon, since it marks a turning point where the church began to retrace her lost steps, and after her weary pilgrimage of error, to seek the ancient paths. It was in the nature of things that these free brotherhoods of devout mystics should become the hearth on which was tended the sacred fire of Reformation. Or, to change the figure, under the shade of the gaudy flower of the mediæval church, there was swelling and burgeoning, until it should be strong enough to cast off the faded petals, the green seed-pod which enclosed the germs of the world's regeneration.

The practical need of co-operation in the works of Christian benevolence, was the immediate occasion of the formation of these fellowships. In order to meet this need, and, at the same time, to lead, in edifying communion with kindred souls, a life of quiet contemplation, there arose in the Netherlands, so early as the eleventh century, and partly in consequence of the disproportion between the sexes caused by the Crusades, the female societies of the Beguines. In the thirteenth century they were followed by the male communities of the Beghards, or Men of Prayer, whose oldest establishment was founded at Louvain, in 1220; and then, about the beginning of the next century, first appeared around Antwerp the fraternities of the Lollards, or Psalm-singers. They soon spread through the Netherlands and Lower Germany, so that at Cologne, for instance, there were in 1250, more than a thousand Beguine sisters. Since they, for the most part, formed a decidedly favourable contrast to the monks and clergy in the blamelessness of their lives, and did much good in various ways, they gained the love of the people, who welcomed them to the towns in which they came to settle, and supported them liberally when their earnings fell short. The magistrates, and even the popes at first, protected them, after a temporary oppression under Clement V., in 1311. Their chief foes were the inquisitors and the mendicant friars; the secular clergy, moreover, can hardly be said to have regarded them with favour. But so long as they remained true to the Christian ideas, out of which their organizations had sprung, their enemies were comparatively powerless against them. At length, however, after the close of the thirteenth century, questionable tendencies appeared in their midst. Their one-sided piety, not being sufficiently ballasted with religious knowledge, rendered them too easy a prey to fanaticism, and various sects of enthusiasts, particularly the Apocalyptic Franciscans, the Fraticelli, and the Brethren of the Free Spirit, with other wild Pantheistic separatists, got possession of their societies, and thus brought about their dissolution in the course of the fourteenth century. One of the most influential of these Pantheistic

ossified scholasticism and the corrupt hierarchy of the times. The proper founder of this particular institute was Gerhard Groot, but the way had long been smoothed by a succession of free spiritual associations, which, although bearing something of the monastic form, were less intimately connected with the outward framework of the church than the strictly conventual communities, and being animated by a more evangelical idea, and a simpler endeavour after practical Christianity, became the nurseries of an ever-growing opposition to the papacy. This opposition, it is true, was often unconscious, although in single instances it was very decidedly felt, and not less strongly expressed. The church which was originally intended, and, according to its scriptural idea, was admirably designed and adapted for the satisfaction of the yearning after religious communion created and fostered by Christianity, had, in the Middle Ages, utterly sunk into a kingdom of this world, a church of the priesthood, and of legal formalism. She ruled the nations by forcing them to bend to a yoke infinitely more oppressive than that of the Mosaic dispensation, from which the Gospel was given to free the soul; and strove to mould men to her purposes by forcing them to conform to a vast and oppressive system of human traditions. She had thus lost that evangelical spirit which works from within outwards, and drawing all salvation and all the powers of the Christian life from the fountain of living waters in the Redeemer, irrigates every parched field of human activity with these quickening streams. Hence the manifold attempts to recover the simplicity of the apostolic mode of life, with its power to overcome the world by the holy energy of faith and love. Often these attempts, owing mainly to a defective apprehension of the true nature of apostolic piety, were of too morbid a character to effect any real and permanent good, since they bore within themselves the seeds of the same spirit of externalism and legality, which it was their business to counteract. Thus the rise of one monkish order after another only set the seal of failure on previous efforts, and prepared new disappointments. Each fresh intoxicating draught only inflamed instead of slaking the unquenchable thirst of besotted Christendom, until, at length, men began to turn towards the more wholesome wells of salvation, which had so long been neglected and forsaken for the maddening wine of the mother of harlots. Towards the close of the Mediæval period, we discern marked symptoms of a purification of that impulse which had formerly produced only fresh swarms of monkish drones; and, henceforward, free associations of Christian men, bound together by common religious instincts, wants, and aims, rather than by formal vows, begin to make their appearance upon the scene.

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Mystics, who are carefully to be distinguished from the more Christian sort, was the celebrated Master Eckart, of whom Dr. Ullmann gives a very interesting account.

The spiritual need, however, still prompted men to seek out some sphere of seclusion from the growing corruptions of the age, whence, as from a safe vantage ground they could best be grappled with; and the Brotherhood of the Common Lot was the result. Its spirit was not less practical than that of the older unions of the sort, but it embodied an essentially new element of great importance, viz., a most lively interest in the attainment of a purer and more profound evangelical knowledge, and in its diffusion amongst the people, and especially amongst the young. Its tendency was mystical, but the mysticism which it cherished was free from pantheistic and antinomian elements, and was of a thoroughly theistic, enlightened, and earnestly ethical character.

Gerhard Groot, the founder of the Brotherhood, was born at Deventer, in the Netherlands, in the year 1340. He studied at Paris, where he graduated in 1358, and upon his return to his fatherland, tolerably stocked with the theological lore of the time, and not without a secret love for even the occult sciences, he obtained a canonry at Utrecht, and afterwards at Aix-la-Chapelle. For some time he lived a very worldly life, until awakened by a casual remark let fall by an old friend, Henry Æger, when present as a spectator at some public games. "Why dost thou stand here," said Æger to him, "intent on vanities? Thou must become another man." Gerhard Groot from that moment became another man. For three years he betook himself to the convent, of which his friend was prior, and then came forth, although not in orders, as a preacher of repentance. The Bishop of Utrecht at first sanctioned his proceedings, but when the mendicant friars and the other clergy, bursting with envy at seeing the whole population, wherever Groot came, neglect their meals and their work to hear the unbought appeals of the new John the Baptist, raised a fierce outcry against him, his diocesan succumbed, and silenced him. But the stream thus pent up soon made itself a new channel. Gerhard, about this time, had been to visit the famed Mystic, John Ruysbroek, prior of the canons of Grünthal, or Green Valley, situate in the midst of a great beech forest, not far from the field of Waterloo. Ruysbroek, "the Ecstatic Doctor," of whom Dr. Ullmann furnishes an able sketch, represents the Theistic, as Master Eckart, the Pantheistic, Mystics of that age. Groot was powerfully impressed by his interviews with him, and with the mode of life followed by his canons; and when he returned to Deventer, he gathered around him a company of

youths, since he was forbidden to instruct those of riper years, and with the assistance of John Binkerink, a pious clergyman, and Florentius, a well-read scholar, promoted their studies, and procured them the means of earning a little money, and himself and his friends the luxury of doing good, by setting them to copy the Scriptures and other good books. Out of this mediæval Bible and Religious Tract Society sprung the Brotherhood of the Common Lot in the manner thus described by Dr. Ullmann :—

“His affection for Holy Scripture and the Ancient Fathers kindled in Gerhard’s bosom the liveliest zeal for collecting the records of Christian antiquity. He was, as he himself says, avaricious—and more than avaricious—of good books. Nor was it merely their external beauty for which he cared; although he believed that the Sacred Scriptures, and other useful works, ought to be particularly well written and carefully preserved, in order to be all the more extensively useful. Hence, he had long before employed young men, under his oversight, as copyists, thereby accomplishing the threefold end of multiplying these good theological works; giving profitable employment to the youths; and obtaining an opportunity of influencing their minds. This he continued more and more to do. The circle of his youthful friends, scholars, and transcribers, became from day to day larger, and grew at length into a regular society. Having thus in part owed its origin to the copying of the Scriptures and devotional books, the society, from the outset, and through its whole continuance, made the Holy Scripture and its propagation, the copying, collecting, preserving, and utilizing of good theological and ascetical books, one of its main objects.”

“The immediate impulse from without, to the *institution of the fellowship* was as follows:—The young Florentius, whom we have already mentioned, then vicar at Deventer, one day said to Gerhard, ‘Dear master, what harm would it do, were I and these clerks, who are here copying, to put our weekly earnings into a common fund, and live together?’ ‘Live together!’ replied Gerhard, ‘the mendicant monks would never permit it; they would do their worst to prevent us.’ ‘But what,’ said Florentius, ‘is to prevent us making the trial? Perhaps God would give us success.’ ‘Well, then,’ said Gerhard, ‘in God’s name commence. I will be your advocate, and faithfully defend you against all who rise up against you.’ In this manner they formed themselves into a private society; and as their manner of living in community was imitated, they grew at length into an extensive confederation.”—Pp. 69, 70.

Gerhard Groot presided over the brother-house at Deventer with fatherly love and wisdom, till his death, in 1384, when he was succeeded by Florentius, the instructor of the celebrated Thomas à Kempis, whose treatise “On the Imitation of Christ” was reputed, until “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” deprived it of this honour, to be the most widely-circulated book ever written, next

to the Bible. To Thomas à Kempis we owe the biography of his old master, as well as that of Gerhard Groot. The last words of Florentius to the brethren at his death, in 1400, were: "Abide in humble simplicity, and Christ will abide in you." Gerhard Zerbolt, who had long been his right-hand man, had died two years before, at the early age of thirty-one. He is distinguished as the theoretical and practical champion of the use of the Bible and of prayers in the mother tongue. He wrote several treatises upon the subject. Elaborate biographical sketches of all these men adorn Dr. Ullmann's pages. That of Thomas à Kempis in particular is a charming piece of writing, and is worth whole folios of the voluminous "*Acta Sanctorum*," compiled by the Bollandists. Thomas was a true saint, and is recognized as such by all the churches. Such a "beautiful soul," who is truly described as "the blossom of the practical Mysticism of the Brethren," could not but be in that age, however unconsciously to, and even in spite of himself, a Reformer before the Reformation. The fraternity of which he was so bright an ornament were the pietists of the mediæval church; and their very existence was a powerful protest against the hard externalism of the ecclesiastical life of the times, and the horny theology of the scholastic divines, which was its intellectual exponent. The Christianity of the Brethren, like that of all the Mystics, was even more subjective than that of the Reformation. Thomas à Kempis and his school resemble John in laying the emphasis upon love, whilst Luther, like Paul, insists most upon faith. With both, however, the inward life is the main thing as opposed to all that is merely outward. It cannot be denied that there is a taint of the predominant Pelagianism of the times still cleaving to the theology of the author of the "*Imitation of Christ*." But this is counterbalanced by other elements of a decidedly reforming character, and these not only of a negative, but even of a more positive kind. If he does not impugn the distinctively ecclesiastical dogmas, neither does he defend them, and, in like manner, he ignores the hierarchy and its interests; or if he refers to them at all, it is to warn men against clerical and academical ambition, and to testify against the extravagant wealth of churches and monasteries, simony, pluralities, and other spiritual abuses. But this is not all. As Dr. Ullmann points out:—

"Thomas everywhere insists upon the Christian principles of spirituality and freedom, which formed the basis of the Reformation. Besides, the spirit of his fraternity led him to do many things involved in the general current which brought about the Reformation. To him the *inward life*, the disposition of mind, is the great matter. No work or external thing is of any value except through

love. Where there is genuine love it sanctifies all. In like manner he knows not anything more exalted than *freedom*. Freedom of mind is, in his eyes, the supreme good in the spiritual life. To be detached from all creatures, dependent only upon God, but in this dependence perfectly master of one's self and of all other things, this is to him the great mark, which the spiritual man ought to strive to reach. It is true that Thomas is not *intentionally* a Reformer, for he does not apply these principles outwardly. But he nevertheless is a Reformer; for he desired the self-same objects as Luther and his friends; the only difference being that the latter also prosecuted them to their outward consequences. But besides, in the spirit of the fraternity of which he was a member, Thomas did many things to pave the way for reform. These consisted chiefly in zealously inculcating the reading of the Bible, and the transcription of copies of it, a work in which he himself took an active part; in laying the chief weight, not upon Moses or any sort of law, but upon Christ and his gospel, upon grace, repentance, faith, love, and the appropriation of the spirit of scripture by the Spirit of God in the soul; in labouring much for the religious revival and instruction of the people by sermons and *collationes*; and in practically evincing a lively concern for the literary, and especially the philological education of the rising generation. All this included the germs of future evolutions, although the harvest which they bore was such as Thomas never anticipated, and if foreshown to him, would scarcely have recognized as the growth of his own seed. We have to observe that, under Thomas's immediate influence, a man was trained up in whom we find these germs developed to a very high degree. We speak of John Wessel."—Pp. 160, 161.

After detailing the subsequent fortunes of the brotherhood during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—how it was fiercely attacked by the mendicant monks, and accused before the Council of Constance, (which burnt John Huss and Jerome of Prague,) where, notwithstanding such ill omens, its cause was ably and successfully pleaded by the great Chancellor of the University of Paris, Gerson, and the influential Cardinal D'Ailly, so that it was recognized by Pope Martin V., who was followed by other popes, especially by Eugene IV., Pius II., and Sixtus IV.,—how from the Netherlands it spread to Germany, and even to France,—and how at length, having fulfilled its destination with honour, it fell, not owing to any outward assaults, but by crumbling to pieces of itself in the new religious and intellectual development undergone by the age, Dr. Ullmann returns to speak in the closing part of his third book of the ramifications of Mysticism in Germany, until the Reformation. He first takes Henry Suso, as the representative of Poetical Mysticism, "the Minne-singer of eternal love and wisdom," as he styles him. Suso was a Suabian, and was born about 1300, of an aristocratic but worldly-minded father, and of a deeply

pious mother, who, however was compelled to keep her religion secret, since from fear of her husband's anger, she never once attended mass for thirty years. He was a beautiful and blooming boy, of great natural vivacity, and even at that tender age used to gather flowers in spring, and twine them into a garland for the image of the Virgin, "because she was the loveliest of all flowers and the summer-rapture of his heart." At thirteen, he was taken into the Dominican convent at Constance; but for the first five years of his monastic life felt no inward awakening. But in his eighteenth year he felt himself secretly drawn "as it were by a bright light" to God, and was seized with an ardent longing to be a *servant of Eternal Wisdom*—her spiritual knight. It is thus that he describes the appearance of his celestial mistress:—

"She floated high above me in the vaulted choir; she shone like the morning star, and seemed as the sun sporting in the dawn. Her crown was eternity, her robe was bliss, her word sweetness, her embrace the fulness of all delights. She was distant and yet near; high aloft, and yet deep below. She was present, and yet unseen; accessible, and yet not palpable to the touch. She accosted me affectionately, and gently said, 'Give me thy heart, my child!' I knelt at her feet, and thanked her from my inmost heart, and in deep humility. Such was my vision, and none greater could I have received."

From his eighteenth to his fortieth year he resigned himself to a course of the most severe self-maceration, but at the expiration of this interval relaxed this outward discipline, his term of service as a squire being now over. Henceforward he was to learn the lesson of perfect resignation to the Divine will, after the model of Christ's entire submission to the Father, as became the higher degree of knighthood. To signalize his entrance upon this more exalted service, a beautiful youth appeared to him in a vision, with knightly shoes and armour, and leading him into a spiritual land, thus addressed him:—

"Know that hitherto thou hast been a mere squire. It is God's will that thou be henceforth a knight. Survey the heavens above thy head. If thou canst count the multitude of the stars, then mayest thou also count the sufferings that await thee. And as the stars appear little, and yet are of vast magnitude, so are thy sufferings small in the eyes of inexperienced men, but in thine own sense of them they will be great to endure."

Amongst these sufferings were those which Suso endured from the contradiction of the unruly monks when he became prior of his convent, and those to which he was necessarily exposed as a powerful preacher of repentance. He laboured indefatigably to gain by his sermons as well as by his pen, faithful lovers for *Eternal Wisdom* and true friends for God.

Not only Suabia, but Alsace, also, and even the Netherlands, listened to his inspired harangues, which came back from a heart so radiant with seraphic love that his face shone when he spoke. On one occasion, as he was preaching at Cologne, a devout hearer declared that he had seen his countenance "transformed into a ravishing glory, and three times become like the sun in brightness, so that he beheld in it his own image." Hear his beautiful comment on the sacramental formula of *Sursum corda*, of which passage Herder has made good use in his exquisite poem entitled, "Eternal Wisdom."

"These words, *Lift up your hearts*, have always,' says Suso, 'awakened within me three emotions, either single or combined. First, I placed myself with all that I am, body and soul, and every faculty before my inward eye, and around me I set all the creatures ever made by God in the realms of heaven, on earth, and in the elements, each with its own peculiar name. There were birds of the air, beasts of the forest, fish of the water, leaves and grass of the ground, innumerable pebbles of the deep, and besides these all the little atoms that glimmer in the sun-beam, and all the water-drops that ever fell, or are now falling, from dew, or snow, or rain, and my desire for them was, that every one, from first to last, should have a sweet and piercing instrument of music formed of my heart's inmost substance on which to play and raise a new and high-souled laud to the praise of the loved and loving God, from eternity to eternity. And then passionately were the loving arms of my soul stretched far and wide towards the innumerable multitude of created things, and it was my wish to enlist them all in this work, just as a free and cheerful leader of a choir stirs up his fellows to sing with alacrity, and offer up their hearts to God,—*Sursum corda!*'"

In like manner in the second place, he encloses in his own heart the hearts of all men who still wear the fetters of perishable love, and calls to them,—

"Up! ye captive hearts, break away from the narrow bonds of transitory passion! Up! ye slumbering hearts, rise from the death of sin! Up! ye voluptuous hearts, forsake the lukewarmness of a slothful and inactive life! Mount with an entire and single conversion aloft to the God of love!—*Sursum corda!*"

And then, thirdly, he embraces all well inclined hearts, but which still wander and go astray within themselves, and waver between God and the creatures; and including himself in the number, he exhorts them to a bold venture and "a complete turning away from self and created things."

Another great and no less eminently successful preacher, John Tauler, follows next as the representative of the Mysticism of Sentiment, amongst the Germans. Of him Luther writes to Spalatin in

1516: "If it will gratify you to become acquainted with a solid theology in the German tongue, perfectly resembling that of the ancients, procure for yourself John Tauler's sermons, for neither in Latin nor in our own language, have I seen a theology more sound, or more in accordance with the Gospel." As might be anticipated from this strong commendation of Luther's, Tauler was a man of a much more decided reformatory tendency than Suso, and was even on one occasion in open conflict with the Pope, who, since he had exhorted the priests to pay no respect to the interdict, excommunicated him, and ordered the Bishop of Strasburg to commit his writings to the flames. Not much is known of his biography, and Dr. Ullmann laboured under the disadvantage of not having seen the valuable monograph by Professor Schmidt of Strasburg on this early Reformer, although it was published some months before his own second volume saw the light in 1842.* He was, however, cognizant of the fact that it was in preparation, as we learn from his note on p. 204, and entertained high expectations of it. From it we learn, through Neander's posthumous volume (for we ourselves have not access to Schmidt's own work), that Tauler was born at Strasburg in 1290, and entered the Dominican order in 1308. At a later period of his life he entertained doubts of the propriety of this step, and says in a sermon: "Had I known when I was my father's son, what I know now, I would have lived by the labour of my hands and not upon alms." He studied at Paris, and preached in Cologne and other cities on the Rhine, down to his death in 1361. His conversion took place in his fiftieth year, and is ascribed by himself to a layman, whom Dr. Ullmann leaves unascertained, but whom we now know to have been no other than the pious Waldensian, Nicholas of Basle, of whom a very interesting account is given from Schmidt by Neander. Nicholas survived his illustrious convert several years, and closed a life of great usefulness, as a martyr at Vienne in France. He had heard of Tauler's fame as a preacher, and travelled thirty miles to hear him. For twelve weeks he listened to the Dominican, and then besought him to explain fully in a sermon how a man may rise highest and nearest to God. Tauler delivered the discourse, and, after the manner of the scholastics, explained his views. Nicholas, however, though he owned that Tauler was no common preacher, and had said many things well, was far from being altogether satisfied. In short, the new Aquila took the new Apollos, and expounded to him the way of the Lord more perfectly. Tauler submitted with all the docility of a child to the teaching of his lay instructor, and im-

* Johannes Tauler von Strassburgh. 8vo. Hamburg, 1641.

posed on himself a silence of two years, during which he lived entirely according to the directions of Nicholas. Then he came forth again, but at his first fresh attempt to preach, could not speak for tears. The second was more successful. His text was, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him," and so powerful was the impression produced that one of his audience exclaimed aloud, "It is true," and dropped as though dead on the floor. This was the beginning of a brilliant series of successes as a preacher. His contemporaries styled him the *Theologus Sublimus et Illuminatus*. Luther's opinion of him has been cited above, and Melancthon's was equally high. Moreover, even in the later Catholic Church, this great Mystic has numbered among his admirers such men as Bossuet, Bona, Petrucio, and Du Pin.

The profound work entitled "The German Theology,"—whose author is unascertained, although it is variously supposed to have been one or other of two equally unknown men, Ebland or Eblend, and the Physician Gratalorus,—Dr. Ullmann takes as representing the Speculative, just as Staupitz, Luther's own spiritual father—so far as such a Melchizedek can be said to have had one at all—is chosen as the representative of the Practical Mysticism of the Teutonic school of "Reformers before the Reformation."

An English translation of "The German Theology," with a commendatory preface from the pen of the Chevalier Bunsen has recently been published, and seems to have puzzled the smaller fry amongst our religious editors not a little. They should have had Dr. Ullmann's work at hand, or some other intelligent account of this most curious and intensely interesting production, which would have preserved them from some ludicrous blunders. We had marked for extract a passage which gives in a small compass the Christian spirit of the whole treatise, but our space is exhausted and we must forbear.

Wessel, the great subject of Dr. Ullmann's fourth book, deserves an extended article to himself. Luther says of him: "If I had read Wessel sooner, my adversaries would have presumed to say, that I had borrowed my whole doctrine from him—our minds are so consonant to each other." He was, however, after all, more the forerunner of the Zwinglian and Calvinistic, than of the Lutheran Reformation, and in this point of view is particularly interesting to those whose religious and ecclesiastical principles are upheld in the ECLECTIC REVIEW. The world owes much to the *Lux Mundi*, as the teacher of Agricola and Reuchlin was reverently denominated by the men of his time, and some rays from this "light of other days" still shine upon the free churches of our own and other lands. But within our pre-

6. Progress of Methodism in Antigua. 7. Education in Antigua. 8. Dominica. 9. St. Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat. 10. Tortola and the Virgin Islands, St. Martin's, Anguilla, St. Eustatius, St. Barts. 11. St. Vincent. 12. Tobago. 13. Demerara and Trinidad. 14. Barbadoes. 15. Grenada. 16. Native ministry. 17. Conclusion. The Future.

We regret that we cannot speak in very high terms of the manner in which the author has executed his work. The plan is very confused. The same topics are constantly occurring in each chapter, and are treated in the same way, and expressed in almost the same language. There is a great want of a masterly grouping of facts. There is often a wearisome detail; and the interspersions of biographical notices of active and pious members of the societies in the different islands—one of which, that of Miss Lynch, occupies fourteen pages, printed in small type—together with some of their letters, and pieces of poetry, presenting no very remarkable features of interest, greatly interrupts the progress of the narrative. Moreover, we have extracts from minutes of district meetings, notices of ordination services, laying foundation stones of chapels, and opening them when built, with a list of those engaged in the services, the texts preached from, and the dimensions of these edifices,—details which, if noticed at all, should be noticed with the greatest brevity. The author's style, too, is ambitious and verbose. One would think, when reading what he says of the conduct of the people, and the doings of their little parliaments, that he was recording the deeds of some great and powerful nation, of which his notices of Antigua present a striking example. And the same sort of thing occurs in every chapter. Thus, when mentioning the institution in Barbadoes of a mission to Africa, and that Mr. Leacock, an elderly clergyman, had offered himself as a missionary to that land, he writes:—

“All honour to the name of Leacock! Honoured be the country which has raised up such a hero, and honoured be the church (however already revered) to which so distinguished a man belongs! The Almighty bless and preserve thee, thou man of God, thou servant of Christ; crown thy mission with success, and, by-and-bye, bring thee back in safety to thousands of admiring friends! May the day of Afric's glory dawn ere long; and if Barbadoes be instrumental in planting the standard of the Cross in the regions of that desolate continent, yet unblessed with light, she will bear away the palm amidst the isles of the Carribean Sea, as she has been already distinguished for her loyalty to her earthly sovereign, and for her warm-heartedness, and other estimable qualities.”

We could have wished, moreover, that the writer was less disposed to indulge in his tendency to glorify Methodism. He

priesthood of Christians, resting upon the immediate connexion of the redeemed with God, floated distinctly before his mind. In virtue of that, he thought that even the humblest Christian, if he be a genuine priest, and rooted in the Gospel, may instruct the pope, while the pope on every hand finds the limits of his power the moment he oversteps the precincts of the Gospel.

"Even in science, Wessel retained the same sentiments. He would permit no received forms of the school to fetter his mind. At Cologne and Paris, the more authorities were urged, the more deeply did he imbibe a sense of his own independence of them, and of his own power and gifts; and when the chief spirits of the immediately preceding age were cited in opposition to him, it only served to make him more conscious that he had a spirit of his own. Just as, according to the beautiful story, the sight of a picture by Raphael first inspired Correggio with the perfect certainty that he too was a painter, so on these occasions did Wessel say, 'Thomas was a doctor, what then? I am a doctor, too. Thomas hardly knew Latin, and it was the only language he did know; whereas I am master of the three principal tongues. Thomas scarcely beheld Aristotle's shadow, but I have seen him in Greek and among Greeks.'"—Pp. 314, 315.

ART. IV.—*A Voice from the West Indies: being a Review of the character and results of Missionary efforts in the British and other Colonies of the Carribean Sea; with some remarks on the usages, prejudices, &c., of the inhabitants.* By the Rev. John Horsford, St. Vincent. London: Alexander Heylin, Paternoster Row. 1856. Pp. x. 492. 12mo.

THE writer of this book is one of the agents of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. He appears to have had considerable experience of the character of the people in the different isles of the West, to be a thorough missionary, and most kindly disposed to the Negro population. He is their hearty friend, and warm advocate. As the work treats of the condition of the people when slaves, glances at the effects of emancipation, as well as those which have attended missionary labour, it is appropriately dedicated to Sir E. N. Buxton, the son of the honoured Thomas Fowell Buxton, whose life, as the worthy successor of Wilberforce, was devoted to the welfare of the African race.

Our readers may gather some notion of the book from the subjoined table of its contents. 1. Introductory. 2. Christian Missions to the West Indies. 3. Fruits of Christian Missions to the West Indies. 4. Antigua. 5. The introduction and progress of Methodism in the Antigua and St. Vincent districts.

6. Progress of Methodism in Antigua. 7. Education in Antigua. 8. Dominica. 9. St. Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat. 10. Tortola and the Virgin Islands, St. Martin's, Anguilla, St. Eustatius, St. Barts. 11. St. Vincent. 12. Tobago. 13. Demerara and Trinidad. 14. Barbadoes. 15. Grenada. 16. Native ministry. 17. Conclusion. The Future.

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testifies, in a very good spirit, to the labours of other societies; but Wesley, Dr. Coke, Wesleyan Mission, Methodism, occur so often—sometimes, indeed, frequently in one page—and in the notice of each island, and occasionally in such a way, though we are sure Mr. Horsford is quite unaware of it, as if Methodism was an improvement on Christianity itself. In fact, if the book was compressed to one-half its size by some able hand, it would be far more interesting and useful.

But in spite of these defects, no one interested in the progress of Christianity in the world, and especially among the injured Negro race, can read these records of the triumphs of the Gospel in the isles of the West, without feelings of lively gratitude to God for the blessings He has bestowed on the labours of His faithful servants. The obstacles which Christianity had to contend with in the West Indies were truly formidable. The opposition of the local governments was active and strenuous, and it was supported by the ill-concealed hostility of the home authorities; the planters, almost to a man, were equally hostile; society was utterly profligate; concubinage was the rule, marriage the exception; intemperance and its concomitant vices almost universal, while the slave population was brutal, ignorant, superstitious, without family affection, or social ties; the Sabbath everywhere neglected, and moral desolation wholly prevalent. In less than half a century these evils have been nearly swept away. We quite agree with the writer, when he boldly declares that these islands, including Jamaica, are no longer heathen countries. And the preaching of the Cross has done it all! Well may the friends of missions, amidst all the trials, the imperfections, and vicissitudes of the churches of Christ in the West, rejoice and be glad. They can point to them as affording the most decisive evidence, that missions are the prime agents in promoting the temporal and eternal well-being of man.

In common we believe with most ministers of the Wesleyan body, our author is an advocate of state grants, in aid, not only of education, but of the ministry. His notions on this point are often very confused, and when Romanism comes in his way, he is sadly perplexed, for he can scarcely deny, if the *principle* be admitted, that they have an equal right to them. He would, however, deny this if he could. He is, however, too frank and honest to do so. But he says (p. 343) "The day will come ere long, when it will be one of the functions of the legislature to decide whether an established church can be supported at all from the pecuniary means of these poverty-stricken and down-trodden lands; and whether it is not more feasible, as well as more just, under existing circumstances, without at all ignoring the

principle of an establishment,—that every man of conscience and religious principle should support his own church.” But surely if this come to pass, there can be no established church. If every man supports his own religious institutions, the state will have none to support, unless it be an establishment for those who have no conscience or religious principle!

We regret to observe that Mr. Horsford ascribes the present depression of the West Indian Colonies to the Sugar Bill. He does not prove how this measure has produced this depression, but he repeatedly asserts it. We think he is mistaken. The causes lie deeper, are of far more ancient date, and must be looked for in the state of things as existing long ago, as well as in the want of enterprise, obstinate adherence to old forms of cultivation, the import of articles which ought to be raised on the spot, the immigration of Coolies at a vast expense, and the almost universal insolvency of the late landed proprietors. It is much the same as it was in Ireland: the Encumbered Estate Act has done more for that country in a few years, than a century of previous legislation; the change wrought by it is wonderful. We cannot believe that slave labour is cheaper than free, or that free labour requires a *bounty* to enable it to compete with the produce of slavery. Our space does not permit us to go into this subject, though it is one of very great importance, and pertinent to the book we are noticing.

We have read Mr. Horsford's remarks on a native ministry, and on the future of the West, with great satisfaction. He is hopeful, justly so; and his tribute to the worth of the Negro character and mind, especially under the influence of Christianity, is honourable to his feelings and judgment. A native ministry is one of the questions of the day, as far as regards missions. It is forcing itself on the notice of the committees of all our societies, and on the attention of missionaries. We are glad to find that at the conference of the Baptist Missionaries in Bengal, held last autumn in Calcutta, and at the general conference of missionaries of all societies, held at the same time and place, this question had the attention it deserved. The idea of evangelizing the world by European, or *foreign* agency, is a delusion, and will, we hope, be soon abandoned. Its expense is enormous. Missionaries do not, generally, adopt the countries to which they go as their *own*. Their own country is still their home. Every ten years, on an average, they need to return to recruit. The expense is most serious, while, at the same time, from the causes specified, they are, to the natives of heathen lands, “aliens in language, religion, and blood.” We trust the day is not distant when the European will be the Evangelist, and that as churches are founded, native pastors may be ordained

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over them, having a proper sense of their duty to their countrymen about them ; and when a district has been thus evangelized, let the European go into "the regions beyond." But this is a topic too important to be further discussed in this incidental way. We sincerely thank Mr. Horsford for the decided and judicious manner in which he has treated it.

ART. V.—*The Food of London.* By George Dodd. Longman and Co.

THE economy of supply for a densely populated kingdom like Great Britain is every day becoming more and more a science. In a country where the inhabitants are few, the soil luxuriant, and the climate auspicious, the simple wants of those few may be procured without difficulty, and little foresight is required to provide for the necessities of the morrow. In a country, however, teeming with inhabitants, where the soil is less grateful, the climate less propitious, constant exertion and providence are demanded. Then, indeed, by the sweat of the brow, by the labour of the brain, are the aliments of life wrung from the unwilling earth ; and if we add to the scanty wants of nature those which a high state of civilization has created and habit rendered essential to our existence—at least to our comfort—the difficulty of providing for them all assumes more formidable proportions. We calmly enjoy the benefit of that regularity which controls the machinery of supply, which secures to us our daily rations, without too curiously inquiring how such happy results are produced. Should, however, the slightest interruption occur, we should at once feel the value of the system we have so little heeded, and the frightful consequences of the least deviation from its routine of action.

It has been a matter of antiquarian speculation by what means the extinct cities of Babylon and Nineveh were provisioned, and how the enormous armies we read of in ancient history could have been maintained in the field. We do not wish to enter into the subject. Recent events serve to throw a little light upon it, and we avail ourselves of the opportunity to pass our comment. One fact seems but too evident, namely, that famines were not exceptional occurrences in those days, and that whole armies must have perished for want of an efficient commissariat. We need not refer back to centuries that lie buried deep in the lap of time for instances to substantiate the statement. The pages of modern history teem with passages revealing the frightful ravages which scarcity of provisions,

owing to misgovernment, has made in whole districts, totally depopulating them; and it will never be told—for no record has been kept—how many thousands have perished on different occasions out of the ranks of an army from irregularity in the purveying department. The fearful episode in the Crimea but the winter before last, proves this beyond a doubt. What would have been known of the horrors of that campaign, of the famished horses and starved men, had not a novel attendant upon camps—the press of England—been present to see with the eyes of Argus, and note down with a pen of iron the incidents of that consuming disaster?

Whoever then reflects for a moment upon the vast population of London—two millions and a half of human beings! and the enormous supplies of food required—nine hundred million rations annually! to meet the wants of so many hungry mouths, and the regularity with which that supply is furnished, must admit that it is a subject of surpassing magnitude, and well fitted to excite his admiration. This feeling is still more strongly impressed upon him as he proceeds to consider that, whilst the markets are abundantly filled with all necessary provisions and even the rarest delicacies, the power which sets this machinery in motion is invisible. If he were asked who undertakes to purvey for the nation? who sees that no deficiencies occur? who is answerable that the harvests are properly gathered, the corn housed, the granaries protected, and, in case of scarcity, that foreign grain is imported?—the reply must be, there is no responsible agent. In Great Britain, the machinery is self-acting, the motive power being simply that which gives momentum to the whole machinery of trade—the greed of gain.

Many works have appeared from time to time upon the Food of England, and especially the Metropolis, giving a partial view of the quantities brought to the London market and disposed of there. Estimates have also been formed of the weight and value of each article consumed; but these, resting upon uncertain data, are little to be relied on. We cannot say that Mr. Dodd has given us greater assurance that what we receive from him concerning the amount of food consumed is correct, or even very approximate to the truth. He has, however, the candour to acknowledge his inability to furnish us with reliable statistics; and laments that until a general system of tabulating the quantities brought to London by the various steamers, railway companies, and other conveyances, be introduced, there will be little hope of arriving at any satisfactory estimate.

The difference between Mr. Dodd's volume and the volumes of those who have preceded him in the same field of inquiry is,

that whilst the latter have confined themselves to a separate and distinct branch of the question, he has amassed all the information that exists on the subject, and arranged it in a general and panoramic form. This task embraces a wide range. It makes us acquainted with the countries whence our food is procured; the process or processes of producing it; the communities engaged in the work; the modes adopted in buying and selling it; the economy of transporting it from the place of production to the market; the aid derived from steam-boats and railways, clippers and canals; the convenience and extent of the docks, the granaries, the wharves, and the warehouses—everything in a word that can be either interesting or valuable to be known on the subject.

One of the most important considerations connected with this question is, the transmission of food to London. If it can be transferred rapidly, it saves time, and time, in a commercial sense, is money; and this is still more so the case when the goods transmitted are capable of injury from delay. Where the facilities of conveyance are multiplied, the rate of conveyance must necessarily be diminished, so that here we have two processes, each acting individually, yet conjunctively, to produce cheapness. In fact, the value of a rapid and easy means of transport can scarcely be exaggerated. Take an example from the present state of things in some parts of India. There, in certain districts, the means of transit along the uneven ill-formed roads, and in the rude carts or hackeries of the natives, is less inconvenient than on the backs of oxen; yet the latter mode of conveyance is frequently rendered the only possible mode from the entire absence of anything more than a track. In other parts of Hindostan, cotton-wool could be bought on the spot at one penny per pound; this, however, is trebled, and sometimes quadrupled, by the expense of transporting it to the port for shipment.

An illustration of the same subject may be found much nearer home. Before the introduction of railways, immense droves of cattle were bought at the trysts of Falkirk and Gal-loway, to be sent south. The purchasers were either jobbers or dealers. Each drove was placed under the direction of a topsman, whose duty it was to conduct them to their destination, and take care that sufficient provender was provided for the animals at certain stages on the road. The journey—for the distance was between four and five hundred miles—lasted about three weeks, and the expenses accumulated by this slow mode of travelling varied from 24s. to 34s. per head. At the present time, by the aid of steam and rail, the cattle might be transported from John o' Groat's to Land's End in less than the

same number of days that it formerly took weeks, and at a wonderfully reduced tariff. But frequently the Norfolk and Suffolk graziers purchased cattle for the purpose of fattening them; and thus it would happen that two graziers and two jobbers would possess a bullock before it reached Smithfield. But the evil did not end here. There were three sets of drovers to whom the cattle were committed. The grazier or jobber in the country, sending beasts to a salesman in London, entrusted them to a drover, who conveyed them to a certain point on the road, where he was met by the salesman's drover, to whom the cattle were consigned and conducted to Smithfield. When a sale had been effected in Smithfield, the poor animals were consigned to the butcher's drover, who threaded them in and out the crowded thoroughfares of the city to the abattoirs.

A foreigner entering London by the Thames must, long before he has reached its aged Tower, have been impressed with the gigantic vastness of its commerce. Scarcely has he left Gravesend than vessel upon vessel, and steamer upon steamer, sweep by in rapid procession. As he nears Woolwich, the line deepens. Greenwich passed, it becomes trebled and quadrupled, until the whole surface of the river is hidden with shipping, and scarcely a sufficient avenue is left open for moving to and fro. All this while his eye must have rested upon the long continued line of buildings—the warehouses, the granaries, the foundries, the mills, the dockyards—that fringe its banks. He must have contemplated in his mind the value of this mighty aggregate of property; and though perhaps even his imagination could scarcely befriend him in the effort, has attempted to sum up the probable wealth of the great city he was visiting. M. le Baron Dupin, who was one of the French commissioners to the Universal Exhibition of 1851, saw this magnificent spectacle, and has endeavoured to make his countrymen realize by his descriptions something of the “prosperity, opulence, grandeur, and intellectual advancement of our colossal metropolis.” In an inaugural address, delivered at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, in 1852, he says:—

“How can I give you an idea of London in regard to its prosperity, opulence, grandeur, and intellectual advancement, the result of the wealth and discoveries of two happy centuries? Imagine a monster city occupying a territory equal in superficial extent to the whole department of the Seine, and containing a population as numerous as our five departments of Normandy! Imagine this immense population spread over the two banks of a river, which bears vessels of the largest burthen up to docks forming its marine portion! Imagine the ships of all countries lying in order at anchor, from the last of the bridges, arrayed like an army of giants in

transversal ranks, succeeding each other, almost without interval, for a league in length, and leaving in the middle of the crowded mass a space animated with vessels, either steamers or under sail, which are going to, or coming from, all quarters of the globe! To supply the insufficiency of this fine port, imagine five groups of floating docks, which receive the vessels devoted to the commerce of the East Indies, the West Indies, and other special sources of commerce. Imagine, by these means, a surface of water always available, never subject to the rise and fall of the tides, and nearly equal to the area of the Champs de Mars. Imagine around these docks, establishments of warehouses and workshops for the rigging and armament of the ships of commerce and war. In this first of cities, thrives an infinity of industries which are not to be found at Paris, and of which Paris has not even the idea. Such is the maritime city, which includes, like three continuous faubourgs, the ports, the towns, and the arsenals of Greenwich, Deptford, and Woolwich."—P. 128.

Not the least important consideration in this great question is, what is the total quantity of food consumed annually in London? A goodly array of figures have, from time to time, been put forth to test our credulity rather than appeal to our reason, for it is very easy to show how very defective such estimates must necessarily be. There are three sources from whence economists profess to derive help—from *official tables*, *commercial returns*, and *population averages*. The first, prepared by the Board of Trade, only take cognizance of such articles as are exciseable or pay duty at the Custom House; the second are such as railway companies and commercial establishments choose to make, as to the amount of goods they convey, or import, or receive, in any given time into their stores and warehouses, but which they are not compelled to make; the third is still less satisfactory for all its results are based upon hypotheses. For instance, it is taken for granted, that as the population of London is about one-twelfth of the population of Great Britain, it, therefore, consumes one-twelfth of the food produced in or imported into the kingdom. But were this process safe, we are met by a still more insurmountable difficulty. We know, for example, how many oxen were brought to Smithfield in 1854; but we do not know how many were purchased and slaughtered for London consumption, or how many for the country. We know, too, what quantities of corn was imported the same year, and may guess at what number of quarters the harvest yielded in England, Scotland, and Wales, but beyond this we are perfectly helpless. Another ingenious plan suggested by Mr. Porter, for arriving at some probable result was, to add up the *personal expenses* of individuals; but as families and individuals are not always disposed to be communicative, very few facts worthy of confidence could be collected; and

consequently no very definite conclusion respecting the average consumption of all the inhabitants of such a place as London can be established. Yet it is only by combining facts derived from all these sources that inquirers can arrive at even an approximate estimate, a result at all times desirable.

We will, however, enter a little more into detail. Mr. Dodd goes cautiously over much ground to arrive at estimates, which his very cautiousness induces us to put great confidence in. Referring to the subject of grain, he says:—

“It may not then be a wide departure from the truth if we assume, as a sort of convenient summary, or *resumé* of the above figures, that the United Kingdom contains about 4,500,000 acres under wheat crop; that the average produce is about 28 bushels per acre; that the average price has been about 52s. per quarter during a range of several years, excluding 1854-55; that the total value at that price would be about £40,000,000 annually; that we require, besides this, something like £10,000,000 worth of foreign wheat annually; that from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 cwts. of foreign flour come in aid of the supply; and that all this is in addition to the barley, oats, and Indian corn consumed chiefly in Scotland and Ireland. These are very general average estimates, set down for familiar illustration, but with a full consciousness that they might not accord with the numbers of any one selected year.”—P. 165.

Before going into the subject of flower-mills and bread-baking, we have a slight sketch of the fortunes of a sack of wheat sent from the port of New York to London, which we are tempted to extract entire, with the hope that the exposure of such an iniquitous system of dues and delays may attract the attention of those anxious to procure cheap flour and cheap bread for the people, and are solicitous for the reform of abuses.

“Mr. M'Culloch on the authority of Mr. Reuss, gives an account of the import of 604 quarters of wheat from New York, in which the small charges are even still more numerous, comprising winnowing, measuring, delivery, brokerage, insurance, commission, and freight-ages.”—P. 170.

These before the corn reaches the Thames:—

“When a corn-laden ship enters the port of London, the corn has to pass through an ordeal, not at the will of the seller, or the buyer, or the factor, but by command of the corporate authorities. There is water-baillage to pay, and groundage to pay; there are Lord-mayor's dues to pay, and cocket-dues to pay; the corn or its owners may receive no earthly benefit in return, yet these dues must be met. And, again, the owner is not allowed to measure his own corn, or to take it to granaries or wharves; the sworn meters insist upon the fulfilling of the former of these services for him, whether he will or no; while the fellowship porters equally insist upon carrying his corn from the ship to the shore. There are certain corn-

meters, appointed by the corn and coal committee; they attend at certain offices contiguous to the spots where their services may be required. When a corn-laden ship arrives, notice must be given to these meters, who claim the rights (in virtue of certain ancient grants or charters) of meting or measuring the corn, while being transferred to a barge or lighter alongside. Such arrangements are sadly uncommercial and unsuitable to our age: they have nothing but their antiquity to recommend them."—P. 171.

We have not time to visit Mark Lane and be introduced to the farmers, millers, merchants, shippers, speculators, granary-keepers, lightermen, and factors, to be met there, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the market days; we will go at once to the millers, and see the process of converting the wheat into flour. Windmills are out of the question in London. Accordingly, along the banks of the river, tall, narrow, projecting buildings have been erected, easily distinguished by the clouds of white dust or powder that rise from every window and doorway, and settle upon the walls, the sills, and the roofs. Here, continuously, during the day, and sometimes far up into the night, may be heard the heavy, steady beat of machinery in motion. These are steam flour-mills. When the wheat arrives at the mill, it is hoisted up by means of an Archimedean screw to an upper story, where it undergoes the process of cleansing, mealings, that is the mixing wheats of different values together, to produce the quality the miller wishes to obtain; and winnowing to drive off dust or light particles adhering to the grain. If a superior flour is required, it is again inspected and winnowed, and then sifted through a hopper into the space between the two mill-stones, the upper one of which, weighing sometimes three-quarters of a ton, and making upwards of a hundred revolutions a minute, crushes the wheat into flour. The flour then flies out laterally from between the two stones, is caught in a large wooden case, from which it is ejected into a bin below, and then subjected to the process of dressing, that is, separating the bran from the flour, an operation that is performed through a sieve of fine silk or wire. It is said that some of the larger mills grind as much as twenty-five thousand quarters of wheat weekly.

Numerous inventions and novelties have been introduced of late to remove the defects that existed in the old-fashioned mills; of which three may be mentioned: the conical mill, the Gruaux system and that of Messrs. Swaine and Boville. The peculiarity of the conical mill is, that the lower stone moves instead of the upper, and that they are conical where they come in contact. The benefit to be gained is simple enough. In the old mills, the flour had great difficulty in escaping after being

ground, the consequence was that the rapidity with which the stone moved, caused the flour to heat and become injured. It is proposed to remedy this evil by introducing the conical mill. The Gruaux is used where very fine flour, such as French pastry is made with, is required. The invention of Messrs. Swaine and Boville consists in introducing a blast of air upon the grinding surface of the stones so as to prevent the heating complained of above. It also provides against the flour being wafted into the rooms and the consequent waste that ensues.

"Every man his own miller," says Mr. Dodd, is not yet a maxim received by the world generally; yet attempts have been made to apply it practically in a limited degree to communities of men. The artisans of Leeds have become millers. During the scarcity that existed in 1847, when flour was both bad and dear, it was determined by a few of them to save the unnecessary expense of an intervening agency by adopting a direct system of dealing between the corn merchants and the flour purchasers. A fund was subscribed; an old flax mill leased or bought, and converted into a flour mill; and a committee of management formed to purchase corn, superintend its grinding, and to distribute the flour amongst the subscribers. We shall not accompany the society through its early struggles. A powerful opposition from the millers and others interested in putting down such an innovation was to be expected, and at first the scheme did not succeed. But perseverance has its reward, and in 1851, the business of this joint-stock association amounted to £27,000; and in 1853, to £70,000, with a clear profit of £4,400. At the end of 1854, the association comprised 3,200 members who possessed a small capital in the mill.

A still more daring enterprise had been undertaken and achieved by the artisans of Birmingham, which probably suggested the idea to their brethren at Leeds. In the year 1795, a company was formed for the purpose of supplying the townspeople with good flour and genuine bread; the flour and bread supplied by the millers and bakers, being worthless and unwholesome.

The millers not being able to resist the popularity of the plan, adopted it themselves, and there are now no less than six large bread-mills in Birmingham. At one of the largest of these, all the processes are performed by steam. Steam sorts the wheat, mixes the flour, kneads the dough, bakes the bread. Steam has proved itself not only a good miller and a good baker, but active ones also. In the course of a week, it is asserted that two mills alone distribute 500 sacks of flour in the form of well made, well baked, unadulterated bread. Why is not this system of association more extensively carried out? Why is it not in-

troduced into every town where the poor swarm in hundreds? Why is it not adopted in other branches of the essential trades, such as the clothing, shoeing, and hatting departments. It need not be confined to the artizan or the mechanic. Thousands of every class might benefit by it. The system of middle men is expensive, wasteful, and detrimental; it originated in times when the movements of trade were slow and impeded at every step. It may as well be asked, in an age of progress, speed, enlightenment, and public economy, can such a state of things long endure?

Of course, Mr. Dodd enters into the subject of the adulteration of food, but his verdict with regard to bread is not so terrible as the panic lately created about it might have led us to expect. "Adulteration," he says, "is doubtless practised; but possibly not to so great an extent as to justify the alarm sometimes manifested." Another question, however, somewhat allied to this, springs up as it were of its own accord: the respective merits of *white* and *brown*, of *fermented* and *unfermented* bread. It seems generally admitted that brown bread or bread with the bran in it, is the more wholesome, and if the lady of the house could only overcome her prejudice against seeing a dark-coloured loaf upon her table, instead of pure white, which must contain unwholesome ingredients to give it its whiteness, the matter would be set at rest at once. The subject of fermented and unfermented bread has not been so generally discussed; we, therefore, point out, one peculiarity which, if proved true, must carry great weight with it. Dr. Maclean before the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, in 1853, stated that a sack of flour will make $100\frac{1}{2}$ 4lb. loaves of unfermented bread to $94\frac{1}{2}$ of fermented. It is also shown that unfermented bread is as wholesome as the latter. We heartily recommend this subject to further investigation.

England has long been celebrated for its beef, and probably, the primest of this prime meat is to be found in the markets of London. As Christmas comes around, what excitement, what glee, what a glow of warm and joyous feeling runs through the veins of all, in every station, and of every age, who can procure or anticipate procuring a dinner of genuine roast beef. Little do the majority heed whence it comes, how it is reared, what care, skill, and money have been expended to bring it to the state of perfection which is their admiration. Yet to the economist who wishes to investigate every thing connected with this branch of the supplies, with a view of bringing it still nearer within the reach of the poorest and the lowest,—who calculates the cost of feeding, conveying, slaughtering, and selling,—and inquires, are there not unnecessary expenses which raise the price of the

article, or expenses which, if softened down, would lessen the price of it?—the subject presents itself in a more serious and even a more interesting aspect; and if it be not with this view, that statistics, uninteresting in themselves, are collected, proved, and compared, the labours of such men are vain. It is with this object that we ourselves deal so freely in figures in the present paper, and lay before the readers the results of patient, yet not altogether successful, investigations.

With regard to the feeding of oxen, sheep, and pigs, we possess curious, if not infallible, statistics. Mr. Poole in his statistics of British commerce estimates the total average of live stock existing at one time in Great Britain, at 4,200,000 cattle, 28,500,000 sheep, and 1,500,000 pigs, whose aggregate value he makes £77,175,000. Mr. M'Culloch, another authority, fixes the numbers and their value much higher. He considers the number of cattle in Great Britain to be 5,600,000, or 1,400,000 more than Mr. Poole. It is also calculated that about a quarter of the whole number is killed yearly for meat supply.

The cattle intended for the London market are not always fattened in the districts where they are reared. As we have already mentioned, many are reared in Scotland, purchased at the trysts or fairs of Falkirk and Galloway, and sent in droves to the richer plains of the south to be made sleek and plump and fit to meet the gaze of a Smithfield connoisseur. Suffolk and Norfolk prepare large quantities. No less than one million bullocks, and four million sheep are marked out for the Metropolitan dinner-tables. But where are they all? Mr. Dodd answers:—

“Some are on the wild moors of northern Scotland; some are on their way to the trysts at Falkirk and Galloway; some are under the charge of railway companies for transport to the richer soil of Suffolk and Norfolk; some are fattening in those two counties, or in the Midland districts; some may be growing in Flanders, Holland, or Holstein, and some in Ireland; the short-woolled sheep may be luxuriating on the downs of Sussex; the long-woolled may be grazing in Leicestershire; some are suckling, and some are fattening. There are twice as many oxen and sheep always existing, destined for London consumption, as there are human beings in London—five millions for two millions and a half.”—P. 246.

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as their domestic condition, in "the good old times" with the present times. We find that our forefathers obtained much less of the fine fat beef of Old England than do persons in the same social rank now. It is proved too, triumphantly, that the food of the people at the period when the monasteries—those roosts of idle bounty and profligate charity—were in their most flourishing state, was infinitely inferior to what the industrious poor of our own days enjoy. But let us descend to about a century ago. The consumption of meat in 1750, it is asserted, did not exceed 70 lbs. per head per annum. An estimate for 1850, brings the average as high as 153 lbs. per head. Mr. M'Culloch rates it at 122 lbs. in recent years, and Mr. Mayhew at 140 lbs. Though there is a broad discrepancy between these modern estimates, it is satisfactory to know that they approximate the truth. We think, however, if the average were placed at a little below the above estimates—at 120 lbs. per annum for each person, the statement would be found more correct.

Few persons, not even the commissariat-general himself, except perhaps the persons engaged in every branch of this trade, know the multiplicity and variety of articles that may be brought within the definition of the word, Food. Mr. Dodd, however, has undertaken to enlighten us, and treats of salted and patent or preserved meats, and Italian stores, with all the familiarity of a purveyor. We cannot, however, enter largely into the subject. It is worth observing, however, that such is the perfection to which the system of potting meat has been brought, that a canister of Gamble's boiled mutton, left in Prince Regent's Inlet by one of the Arctic Expedition in 1824, was found in excellent condition by Sir James Ross when he visited the spot in 1849, a quarter of a century afterwards.

We have thus considered the subject of food as regards its chief features—bread and meat. A very imperfect idea of this vast question can be conceived without visiting Billingsgate and Leadenhall markets, the grand fish and fowl depôts of the metropolis. Covent Garden for fruits and vegetables, ought to be added to this, as well as the warehouses where are stored up the cheese, the butter, and the eggs for London tables. But our limits do not permit us to extend our investigation so far. We cannot, however, dismiss the subject without taking a glance at the amount of fish and fowl brought to these markets.

London is not dependent upon the rivers and coasts of England for its supply of fish. Thanks to the speed and regularity this supply comes from widely different quarters, and without injury or deterioration. The rivers and falls of Scotland furnish us with salmon; Yarmouth, Holland, and Norway, cod, brill, turbot, sole, whiting, and skait; mackerel are found off the

coast of Devon and Cornwall; oysters and shrimps in the Thames; crabs in the bays of the south coast; and lobsters in the fiords of Norway and Scotland. The quantities in which these supplies are brought to Billingsgate, are so prodigious, as almost to defy belief. Yet, Mr. Poole has not hesitated to give it his attention, and ventures to estimate the number (independent of sprats), at the stupendous total of 3,000,000,000, weighing about 230,000 tons, and valuing about £2,000,000. The array of figures that also meets us at every step in running through the estimates upon game and poultry, though not so incredible is formidable. They present a total of about five millions and a half heads of both sold annually at the two principal markets, Leadenhall and Newgate. If we include the average of the number killed annually in the United Kingdom we are again startled: 36,000,000 head of all kinds, weighing 48,000 tons, and estimated at £1,200,000, are the figures we are presented with. We can only remark, that if difficulties existed in the way of calculating satisfactorily the quantities of bread and meat—the more important articles of consumption—sold in London; how much greater must be the difficulty of averaging articles of minor consequence.

However, as we have before observed, public attention should be called to these questions; inquiry should be stimulated; a system should be introduced for tabulating as far as possible the quantities not only consumed in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other large towns, but Great Britain and Ireland. A bill has been introduced into the House of Lords for compelling the farmer to take note of what each acre produces, and sending the returns to a government officer appointed for the purpose. This is one step in advance. But the system should be universal. It will lead to important results. It would assist us in obtaining a better knowledge of supplies; it would suggest improvements; it would diminish the chances of scarcity; it would tend to cheapen provisions, and ameliorate the condition of the lower orders of the people.

Mr. Dodd has helped us to form some idea of this subject; but we are not informed how far we are indebted to his own original researches, or how much he has borrowed from others. We are inclined to think that he has depended more upon the investigation of others than his own, and that he is more indebted to them than he acknowledges. There is a point too which he seems not to have considered within the scope of his design, and yet it is an important subject when considered in relation to the powers of home food-production. The question of farming, and the influence that the laws existing between the landlords and tenants, exercises upon the supply of Great Britain

have not been hinted at. Here, a large field is open for discussion. There is but one remark, however, to be made upon it at present. As long as a farm cannot be let or taken without the interference of a lawyer—as long as landlord and tenant cannot meet together and openly strike a bargain as a merchant with a merchant, or one honest man with another, so long will these “vexed questions,” prevent the agriculturist from continually carrying on a high system of farming, and so long will the people of England be defrauded of the difference between what is raised and what *might* be raised, which in all equity is theirs.*

Brief Notices.

The Two Lights. By the Author of “Struggles for Life.” London: Cash. 1856.

THE title-page of this work is, of itself, no feeble recommendation. All who read the “Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister,” will recal with pleasure its descriptions of a suffering life, strengthened and adorned by an ever-ripening faith. Great expectations will naturally arise, and we are happy in giving the assurance that they will be more than realized. At the time of the former publication it was in many quarters a question whether it was a fiction that read like real life, or a life that had abounded in passages of an extraordinary interest. This doubt was, in truth, a high testimony to the ability and even to the fidelity of the writer. If a biography is worth writing, and if it be well written, the more truthful it is, the greater will be its resemblance to the productions of the highest imaginative genius. A dull life is either a lie or a vanity. It should have no place in literature. But few lives would furnish dull memoirs if the narrator were only gifted with an imaginative, that is, an accurate, reproductive faculty. For “life is real, life is earnest!” and to record the fleeting features of a theme so vast and changeful, requires a writer to possess the power of realizing, sympathizing with, and living over again each step in his career as it occurs for description. In short, he who writes a faithful chronicle of his own growth and struggle, is endowed with the main qualification for imaginative writing. The greatest crime a novelist can commit is to violate the probabilities of life as it is generally observed, or of the interior workings of life as experienced by at least a section of mankind. We feel, therefore, that we have got hold of a canon on literature.

* See the able pamphlet of J. H. James, Esq., on this subject.

rature when we urge that the very excellences of the *bonâ fide* biography are grounds for expecting great things when fiction is attempted. "The Two Lights" forms a most appropriate sequel to the "Struggles." The latter work exhibited the royal dignity of evangelical faith beneath the tatters and sores of an individual life. The new work boldly generalizes the particular facts and lessons of its predecessor, and by the adoption of purely imaginative character and incidents, gives an increased force to many momentous truths. We need not give any analysis of the simple and thrilling tale, nor any extracts from its eloquent pages. It will be widely read—and read both with gratitude and admiration. The experienced Christian will love to retrace with such a guide the dismal stages of fear, and doubt, and noblest conflict; then pass once more, at the bidding of the same guide, into the "peace which passeth understanding," but in the enjoyment of which faith's victory over the world is twice scaled. To the young it will prove one of those counsellors who have the art or the gift of winning complete and cordial confidence in a moment. If it does not actually discourage them from following the tendency of the proud heart towards vain trust in reason, it will be, perhaps, all the more welcome, as a guide sending them with firm but gentle hand into the path of heavenly wisdom. The portraiture is drawn with a few lines, but they are full, distinct, striking, abounding with character: this is the perfection of art, whether in wielding the pencil or the pen. Perhaps we cannot better express the only fault we have to find with the book, nor, at the same time, convey a truer impression of our own opinion of its merit, than by saying that the tale is not long enough: a rare regret in these days, but one in which we feel sure all readers of the "Two Lights" will sincerely sympathize.

The Influence of Christianity upon International Law.—The Hulsean Prize Essay in the University of Cambridge for the Year 1854. By C. M. Kennedy, B.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

Two Introductory Lectures on the Science of International Law. By Travers Twiss, D.C.L. Longmans.

THE Rev. John Hulse by will, dated July 21, 1727, bequeathed funds, the income of which now amounts to about £100 yearly, to be paid partly in remunerating the author, and partly in defraying the expense of publication of the best Dissertation on the Evidences, &c., "or on any other particular argument . . . in order to evince the truth and excellence" of the Christian religion. The author might be an undergraduate or a B.A., but not an M.A., of Cambridge University, and the subject was to be appointed on New Year's Day, and the prize awarded at the following Christmas by the Vice-Chancellor of the University and the Masters of Trinity and St. John's Colleges. We are far from thinking that a bequest of this character may not be productive of even the highest advantages, but its object is easily liable to frustration. Everybody knows that at Cambridge, where honour is to

be won, it is not the relative smallness of the prize that will deter competition, while the Bridgewater Treatises are evidences that the theme is in this case sufficiently attractive. We must suppose from Mr. Kennedy's essay that the Hulsean fund has not been successfully managed. It is conscientious, laborious, unlearned, and feeble. It is quite as good a work, we should think, as could be produced by a gentleman of fair abilities, but of no previous knowledge of the subject, and certainly of no genius for grasping its bearings in despite of every disadvantage, and who looked for his reward rather to the forty pounds that might be saved on the printer's bill, than to the production of a treatise which should introduce him to his future profession. We hear and see nothing of Puffendorf, Byerbersboch, Vattel, or Lord Stowell; nor do we consider that a reference about every tenth page to Grotius, and the information in a note that "the rights of war are discussed at a considerable length by him," entitles us to feel that there is anything of this not absolutely unimportant writer transferred into the pages. The great legal authority with our author would seem to be "Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History." It is something more than a relief to turn to the production of Dr. Twiss. Disclaiming "any pretence to novelty of view or originality of treatment," and undoubtedly fettered not a little in places by the nature of his subject, the learned civilian retains our attention even where he does not absorb our interest. We can conscientiously recommend these lectures to readers of all classes. The student (for whom they profess to be designed) will derive from them sufficient information to guide him in his search for more; while the primary authorities are freely laid before him, and their characters explained. The more advanced inquirer will acknowledge the charm which arises not from the display so much as the betrayal of learning. This is shown occasionally by an incidental felicity of epithet, but more decidedly by one's finding oneself continuously engaged in discussions such as could only occur to a writer familiar with the peculiarities of the author whom he is describing. We exclude no comparison but that of style in saying that Dr. Twiss' treatise strikingly reminded us of "Mackintosh's Introductory Essay on Ethical Philosophy," with, perhaps, the addition that we do not believe his judgment to be in any case so seriously open to observation as Mackintosh's is known to be in more than one important particular.

God Revealed in the Process of Creation, and by the Manifestation of the Lord Jesus. By James B. Walker, Author of "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation."—London: James Nisbet and Co.

WE rejoice, in a book of this order, because it begins and ends, like every thing good and true, in Him who made the universe, and who is always preparing mansions, where informed souls may dwell and see His glory. No Christian doubts that the same word that evoked this rolling system of worlds, and established the spheres upon the

forces of omnipotent will, also creates the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. "Without Him was not anything made that was made," and when the fiat went forth: "Let there be light," His manifestation was begun. But it is confirming and comforting to see how reason and faith agree. That Christ was in the idea and plan of creation is a sufficient cause for existence, especially our own existence; and that He is the end of creation as well as the beginning, is a sufficient consequence in relation to ourselves, for He is the fulness of the Godhead in bodily relationship to man. This earth was *prepared* for man, and is to be *perfected* for perfect man. The past and the future are by constitution one, the producer of both is in both; and from the beginning the end exists in the design of the Creator, and that design is progressively developed as the growing evidence alike of His love and His power. The reason of things is the character of God, and that character is discerned by reason whenever she devoutly contemplates the works of His hand. Hence the validity, force, and charm of the argument carried on through this beautiful little volume. The laws of creation are traced to Christ, according to the necessities of those spiritual and moral ordinances, in conformity to which man was made, and in which he is to live for ever. "The unity of the physical and the spiritual scheme of the Creator is established in this volume, and the final end is shown to be moral in its nature, and the same as those revealed in the Christian Scriptures." (Introduction, p. viii.) It must not be inferred, however, that this moral law in the creation could ever have been fully discovered by reason until put in possession of the key to creation in the knowledge of the character and work of Christ. The work before us reads like that of a Christian logician, ever ready to throw light on his creed, and to give a reason for the hope that is in him, with reverence, meekness, faith, and docility. Here though conceding nothing to the unbeliever, the author meets sceptics on their own field, and using none but lawful weapons, openly and quietly defeats them by casting the light of truth right into their eyes. The argument on the successive terrestrial periods of production, and on the theory of development, is especially excellent for its clearness and simplicity. In short, the work is a very reasonable work, and very readable too by those who enjoy reasoning. It is consistent in all its parts, and very compact, and it will delight any Christian who is blessed with light in his understanding as well as his heart. We think the author has abundantly succeeded in a succinct and yet comprehensive and convincing manner in his object which was to exhibit "the evidence of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God; in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation; and in the second place, from the revelation of the Lord Jesus; and from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary and useful to mankind." It is worthy of the author of "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation;" and, to our mind, he has proved in a logical and luminous manner that the God of nature is the God of grace. If there be suggestions in the work which may be new, and therefore questionable, to dogmatic readers, they are still suggestions springing from God's works,

which surely never can lead those astray who rely upon God's word. It is true that such books are not needed by Christians, and it is true that infidels may despise them; but infidels must have no excuse for their folly, and Christians ought to delight in all God's works. Those works are sought out or diligently investigated by those who have pleasure in them, and we ought to have pleasure in learning the Divine method alike in creation and salvation.

The Difficulties of Belief in connexion with the Creation and the Fall. By T. R. Birks, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

THIS work is not one of those superficial and popular treatises adapted to indolent readers who look for amusement rather than thought and instruction. The author plunges at once into the most profound questions of theology, and states every difficulty with which he proposes to grapple, with all the force of which it is susceptible. His object is, like that of our great poet, to vindicate the ways of God to Man in the subject of the Fall and Redemption of the human race. What is the nature of evil? What was the primitive state of man? In what did the Fall consist? How came it to pass that a holy being could fall into sin? Who was the tempter? What was the nature of the temptation which he employed? Why was he permitted to gain access to Paradise? What was the probation of Angels? How did they fall? Why is their condition hopeless? What was the consequence of Adam's sin to his posterity? Such are the topics with which this volume is occupied. These mysterious subjects are, in our opinion, handled by the author with consummate ability. They are the result of long and painful thought and investigation. In attempting the solution of what may be called the *quæstio vexatissima* of theology, our author has followed in the wake of Bishop Butler and Dr. Williams. With the former, he maintains that sin is the abuse of free agency; and with the latter—without directly alluding to him—that it is the result of creature defectibility. There is only one perfect being, which is God: all others, however excellent, are, as compared with Him, necessarily defectible, and therefore liable to err. Our author distinguishes between, what he calls, metaphysical evil and moral evil; the former is natural and inevitable, not so the latter. Thus he says (p. 121). "God only is essentially good, and every creature, by contrast, in one way or other, in act or capability, in limitation or defectibility, is essentially evil." (Matt. xix. 17.) On the subject of the reason why man sinned, he writes, "that inherent thirst for forbidden knowledge in preference to obedience to the Divine will is the only way in which a sinless creature can be conceived liable to fall. Its danger arose from the limitation of its faculties, and from no actual infection of sin." The author assumes that it is in the nature of things, impossible for God to create a rational free agent, who shall not be liable to fall. We would ask, however, is this a self-evident truth? Is it not an unnecessary limitation of the Divine power and wisdom?

This is the point, we think, at which the theory lies open to serious objection. And again, if it *was* impossible, were it not far better—and would it not *appear* so to an infinitely benevolent being—that they should not be created at all? The author's remarks on the *necessity* of the exercise of creative power seem to us about the feeblest part of the work. "A successive past," says the author; "before creation itself can have no real existence. A past eternity is merely a spectral, unreal image of a truth too deep for us to comprehend." (p. 82.) We think the past eternity is just as conceivable as the future; and we can as easily think of God as having existed *from all* eternity without created beings as we can of his dwelling *to all* eternity in the midst of them. Neither of these ideas lies within the range of the imagination; but both are apprehended by the intellect. The best and most satisfactory part of the work is that in which (p. 168) it is shown, that the guilt of Adam's sin is not imputed to his posterity. This portion of the performance we would especially commend to the attention of the reader. To conclude this short notice of a small but profound and masterly essay, we would inquire, whether the solution sought in these pages is not impossible. It is the doctrine both of reason and revelation that, though God may be apprehended, he cannot be comprehended; now if the solution sought could be obtained, this would be no longer true. For if this, the most difficult of questions, can be answered, we need not despair of any other; in which case we could no longer exclaim with Job, "Who by searching can find out God? Who can find the Almighty unto perfection?" Either we must refuse our assent to the statement of the Prophet, that God's understanding is infinite, or we must affirm that our *own* is so;—a position of eminence to which, it should seem, some of our modern philosophers have attained. At the same time, Mr. Birks' treatise will be found useful to clear away the unnecessary difficulties which some of our divines have accumulated about this subject. The labour of smoothing the path to the solution will never be lost, even should such solution never be reached. "What do you think," said a certain young man to John Newton; "about the introduction of moral evil?" "What do I think?" replied he, "I think nothing at all. Man is fallen,—the method of his restoration is provided and revealed. With this my knowledge begins and ends."

Garlands of Verse. By Thomas Leigh. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856.

THE descriptive power displayed in these poems, with the liveliness of fancy, which is their still stronger characteristic, will cause them to be read with pleasure; and, taken as a whole, there is a strengthening effect in the volume which gives it value. The "Garlands" are several. The "Alpine Garland" consists of poems on mountain scenery, and while it shows a quickness to take impressions from nature, betrays absence of patient love which waits quietly to receive her less obtrusive influences. This deficiency is seen in the poem

entitled "The English Lakes." The scenery which made Wordsworth say, "I would not exchange the mists which spiritualize our lakes and mountains for all the glories of an Italian sky," awakens nothing but dissatisfaction and disappointment in Mr. Leigh. A higher poet, knowing that each order of landscape has its own peculiar beauty, its own spirit, would have waited until he understood that beauty, and was imbued with that spirit before he presumed to write. The "Garland of Alice" is a series of natural, and in some instances touching, love poems. Amongst the miscellaneous poems "The Voyage of the Good Ship 'Hope,'" may be pointed out as ingenious and striking. But the strength of the volume lies in "The Garland of Paradise,"—religious poems, in which we recognize the earnest and humble worker in God's vineyard, and the thoughtful reflector on His ways to man. It is pleasant to join company with Mr. Leigh in his little excursions into the regions of spiritual truth, whether we agree in all his observations or not. Had we space we might give extracts which would sustain our favourable report of the volume; as it is, we leave it with the remark, that it contains many poems to which we shall often turn with pleasure.

Review of the Month.

A TREATY OF PEACE WAS SIGNED AT PARIS BY ALL THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES ON THE 30TH OF MARCH. This signature settled the main principles of the treaty, but some minor arrangements were left open to the discussion of a committee, and for anything that is known to the contrary, are under consideration at the hour at which we write. The main points, however, are conclusively decided, and although the policy of our government has been to conceal all the details of the peace until it has been formerly ratified, yet enough has dropped from Lord Palmerston to pledge him to the country for the satisfactoriness of its provisions. His words were: "I may say, at least, that my conviction is, that that treaty of peace will be deemed satisfactory by this country and by Europe. Sir, it will be found that the objects for which the war was undertaken, have been fully accomplished. It will be found that by the stipulations of that treaty, the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire will be secured, as far as human arrangements can effect that purpose. It will be found that that treaty is honourable to all the Powers who are contracting parties to it, and I trust that, while, on the one hand, it has put an end to a war which every friend to humanity must naturally have wished to see concluded, on the other hand it will lay the foundation of a peace, which I trust, so far at least as regards the circumstances out of which the war began, will be lasting and enduring." So end the bloodshed and the unnumbered hardships of

the Russian War. It remains to be seen whether the peace brings any compensations to the fearful loss of life and revenue which has been incurred in conducting it. It has taught us a terrible lesson: either to abstain from war altogether, or to enter upon it in a very different state of preparation, both as to material appliances, and as to its personal administrators, civil and military. The British nation is by this time convinced, that in both these departments, an entire reform is essential and inevitable. The provisions of the Peace Treaty, though at present unknown, will probably be published before these pages have issued from the press. It is understood, in addition to the information supplied to Parliament by Lord Palmerston, that the Russian forts on the coast of the Black Sea are not to be reconstructed;—that the *status quo* is to be strictly preserved;—and that the line which bounds the power of Russia, is to be so limited, as to ensure the free navigation of the Danube. What is to become of the Principalities is still unknown; and nothing has yet been whispered of the restoration of the crushed nationalities of Hungary and Poland. Sardinia, indeed, the feeblest of the belligerent powers, has entered a protest far more distinct than is sanctioned by the precedents of recent diplomacy, against the political jurisdiction of the Popish See. How far this protest may affect the provisions of the Treaty of Peace, remains to be seen. Whether Russia is in earnest in the treaty is equally problematical. Our trust for the peace and prosperity of Europe is not in what are called the high contracting powers, but in a higher Power that controls them all, and which will eventually transform the elements of superstition and tyranny into that condition in which nations shall learn no war more. Amidst the expensive preparations for a public celebration of peace, we cannot help inquiring, with some anxiety, whether, on the one hand, this country will hereafter be adequately prepared for the contingent calamity of war; and whether, on the other, our government is disposed to adopt towards all powers, a tone of dignified but cordial conciliation. We regret to observe that some organs of the metropolitan daily press appear bent upon sowing the seeds of international dissension; but we look with anxious hope to see a christianized popular sentiment rebuke in this matter the self-constituted power which would seek to lead it. In the midst of all the turmoil of Continental tyranny and wrong, we mingle with our hopes for the oppressed, the prayer — “Give peace in our time, O Lord!”

Since the foregoing observations were written, the text of the Treaty of Peace, with the exception of four articles accidentally omitted, has been given to the public. The following are its principal provisions: the speedy evacuation of the territories occupied by the belligerent armies. The restoration to Turkey of Kars, and all other parts of the Ottoman territory, of which the Russian troops are in possession. The restoration to Russia of the towns and ports which have been taken by the allies. Equal rights to Turkish subjects, without distinction of religion or race; the non-interference of any other power in the internal administration of Turkey

being strictly observed. The opening of the Straits of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, and the entire freedom of the Black Sea to all nations. Military and maritime forts and arsenals on the coasts of the Black Sea are to be dismantled and not reconstructed. The navigation of the Danube is to be free, and an international commission is to provide for its perfect navigability, without tolls or duties; the flags of all nations to be treated on a footing of perfect equality. This important provision is secured by the right of each of the contracting powers, at all times to station two light vessels at the mouths of the Danube. A new frontier line of the Russian Empire is agreed upon for the purpose of securing this navigation. Equal civil and religious rights are established in the Danubian Principalities, without distinction of creed or race; and no armed intervention on the part of Turkey is to be permitted in any of the Principalities without the consent of the other contracting powers. The Turkish and Russian territories in Asia are to be held as they were before hostilities commenced. The ratifications of the treaty were exchanged between the Plenipotentiaries on the 27th, and were received in London on the following day.

THE EDUCATIONAL MEASURE PROPOSED BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL, HAS MET WITH A SIGNAL AND CONCLUSIVE DEFEAT. It was discussed in the House of Commons on the 10th and 11th; and the result of the debate which was taken on the first of the resolutions, namely, "That in the opinion of this House it is expedient to extend, revise, and consolidate the minutes of the Committee of Privy Council on Education," was a division in which his Lordship's motion was negatived by a majority of 102. The leader of the opposition was Mr. Henley, some of whose objections to the measure, we need hardly say, were widely different from those we should have taken. He objected to the proposed mode of settling their religious question, the House being asked to pledge itself to what he designated as a vague scheme, which would settle down into a purely secular system. Indeed the Established Church is the central pivot on which the whole question turns, and this Lord John Russell openly admits in his condemnation of the voluntary principle. "We differ," he says, "from the United States of America in this—that we have a church establishment and no school establishment; and that in the New England States, at least, and in many other States of the Union, they have a school establishment and no church establishment. But one and all maintain that it is the duty of the government—that it is part of the functions of the government to endeavour to teach somewhat of their duty to God and man to the young and old. Now, the voluntary principle, I admit, has done great things. It has built churches and chapels. It has communicated religious instruction to millions. But, while the voluntary principle is perfectly consistent with the principle of an establishment, and while the principle of an establishment may exist, and the voluntary principle may yet be of great force and effect—as we have seen of late years in this country—yet, on the other hand, it is not possible to maintain the voluntary principle, or make that the principle of the

state, and at the same time to maintain the principle of an establishment. The principle of an establishment does not exclude the voluntary principle, but the prevalence of the voluntary principle does exclude the principle of the establishment." But while Mr. Henley led the opposition, the real destroyer of the bill was Sir James Graham, and the instrument with which he effected his object was the recently published pamphlet of Mr. Edward Baines on "National Education." This Sir James Graham truly pronounced to be absolutely incontrovertible; and his speech is for the most part a *resumé* of Mr. Baines's facts and arguments. On the authority of this gentleman, of Mr. Unwin, and of the census of 1851, Sir James thus gives the statistics of education in England and Wales: "The day-scholars in England in the year 1818 were 674,000—I pass over the minor numbers—or 1 in 17 of the population; in 1833, they were 1,276,000, or 1 in 11 of the population; in 1851, they were 2,144,000, or 1 in 8 of the population. The Sunday scholars in 1818 were 477,000, or 1 in 24 of the population; in 1833, they were 1,548,000, or 1 in 9; in 1851, 2,407,000, or 1 in 7. I will now read to you shortly what is the state of education under the Continental system, with the most rigid government interference. You will recollect that the day-scholars in 1851 were 1 in 8, and the Sunday scholars 1 in 7 of the population; and my belief is, though I have no facts to establish that belief, that in the last four years the advancement has been quite as rapid and progressive as at any other time. In Prussia, where the enforcement is most stringent, the proportion of scholars is 1 in 6 of the population; in Holland, 1 in 7; in Bavaria, 1 in 8; in Austria, 1 in 10; in France, 1 in 10; in Belgium, 1 in 10; in Sweden, 1 in 11;—so that this despised and maligned England, with her voluntary principle of education, is equal to all the states where education is undertaken by the government, with one exception only. The number of teachers in day-schools in England, according to the census of 1851 was 94,878, and of Sunday-school teachers, 318,155; so that the total number of the teachers of the youth of England in that year was 413,013, being 1 in 43 of the whole population, or 1 teacher for every 10 children of school age in the country." As to the religious part of Lord John Russell's plan, it was clearly shown both by Sir James Graham and other speakers, that if a compulsory rate were adopted there could be none other than secular instruction in the schools. But apart from the religious question, there are various other features in it if possible more objectionable: the compulsory character of the proposed education, and the powers committed to government agents to institute an inquisition in the case of every employer, as to whether all children in his service between the ages of ten and fifteen, are sent to school, and that at his expense; the enormous amount of patronage and political influence which government would possess in this ubiquitous police of inspectors, and sub-inspectors, scattered and organized throughout the country;—indeed, all its main features constitute the measure the most unstatsemanlike that has ever come under our examination. The resolutions have gone to that *bourée* from which there is no return.

ON THE 9TH OF APRIL MR. MILNER GIBSON MOVED THE SECOND READING OF THE OATH OF ABJURATION BILL. The indirect object of his motion was to admit Jews to the privilege of representing constituencies in the House of Commons; though the main intention of the oath, as was well known, was to secure the British throne from the pretensions of any heir of James II. It has long been understood that no such heir is in existence; but a rumour has been recently promulgated, and supported by no less a name than General Perronet Thompson that a pretender is still living, and would be likely, were there any chance of success, to obtain the adhesion of the Roman Catholic body. This consideration, however, was not imported into the debate, which took the usual aspect of a discussion on the political emancipation of the Jews. The opposition to the measure was led by Sir Frederick Thesiger, on the ground that it was calculated to unprotestantize the kingdom, and to unchristianize the legislature. Sir Frederick's amendment was supported by Mr. Napier and Mr. Walpole, and opposed by the Lord Advocate, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Disraeli. On the division, Mr. Gibson's motion was carried by a majority of 35 in a house of 425, exclusive of pairs. The principle that governs this question seems to be perfectly obvious. Members of the Jewish persuasion contribute their quota to our revenue, form a portion of our political constituency, serve as sheriffs, act as magistrates (the present Lord Mayor of London being one of them), and negotiate the largest loans which replenish the national exchequer. It would be invidious to mention names, but every one who is acquainted with the constitution of the present House of Commons will be able, without difficulty, to call to mind a number of members who theoretically deny the cardinal doctrines of the Christian religion, and a far greater number who, not giving themselves the trouble to theorize, indulge the scepticism of absolute indifference. It would be difficult further to unchristianize a legislative body so composed. The question would seem to resolve itself into this issue; whether is it more desirable to admit to legislative functions those who receive the Old Testament as their rule of faith and practice, or to exclude those who either deny the authority of both the Old and the New Testaments, or who not taking the trouble to investigate either, treat them both with contemptuous indifference. The comparatively small number of Jews in Great Britain renders the notion of their exercising any influence in the legislature utterly preposterous; and if no such danger exist, then their exclusion from Parliament can only be regarded as a matter of gratuitous and foolish persecution.

MR. SPOONER'S ANNUAL MOTION FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE GRANT TO THE COLLEGE OF MAYNOOTH, HAS ISSUED IN AN UNEXPECTED RESULT. It came on on the 15th, and was in the following words: "That the House resolve itself into a committee, to consider the Acts for the endowment of the College of Maynooth, with a view to the withdrawal of any endowment out of the Consolidated Fund, due regard being had to vested rights and interests." It was opposed by the Government; but owing to the neutrality of the leading members of the D'Israeli party, and the adhesion of the voluntaries, it was

carried, on a division, by 159 against 133. A more miscellaneous and unintelligible division-list can hardly be imagined; and the general impression is, that the success is only temporary and accidental, and that the measure will die in the House. In all probability the conduct of parties and of individuals on the question was, and will still be, determined by the near prospect of a general election. The same consideration will probably account for the fact that on the following day, Mr. Fagan's motion for the abolition of Ministers' Money in Ireland—a tax very similar to church rates in England—was negatived by the large majority of 201 against 121.

THE PAST OPERATIONS AND THE FUTURE DUTIES OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION FORMED THE SUBJECT OF AN ARTICLE IN OUR LAST NUMBER. After pointing out the evils which have accrued from the system under which appointments to the Civil Service have hitherto been made, we advocated the institution of a perfectly open and competitive examination—not only as securing impartiality and equality, and giving to the administrative talent and worth existing in society at large, liberty to rise and develop itself, but also as an indirect scheme of parliamentary reform, destroying at once that system of government patronage by which members are bribed in the lobby, and that mode of indirect corruption by which constituents are bribed in the canvass. We rejoice to see that these views have been subsequently adopted by a majority in the House of Commons. On the 24th, Lord Goderich moved an address to Her Majesty (the appointments of the Civil Commissioners having been made, not by Parliament, but by the Queen in Council), expressing cordial thanks for the steps which have been already taken, congratulating Her Majesty on the beneficial effects which had already resulted from the measure, eulogizing in deservedly high terms the able and judicious arrangements of the Commissioners, and offering a liberal provision from the public funds if Her Majesty would be further pleased to extend the system by throwing open all appointments in the Civil Service to public competitive examination. The motion, involving as it does such a diminution of official patronage, was opposed by the Government, but was carried against ministers by a considerable majority. We regard this as one of the greatest reformatory movements of the day; and we would earnestly exhort all constituencies not only in case of a contingent dissolution, but immediately, to urge upon their representatives their bounden duty to support this measure, and to convince the Government by still larger majorities that the people of this country are firmly resolved on carrying out to the utmost this great measure of administrative reform. Hitherto, in innumerable instances, those who were fit for nothing else, have been thrust, by dint of personal and political pressure, into those public offices, the duties of which they are perfectly incompetent to discharge, while the abilities and diligence of those who were either too honest, too modest, or too destitute of patronage, to command them through the influence of members of Parliament, have been lost to the public service, which they would have utilized and adorned. It is high

time that this state of things should be radically changed. Indeed, independently of those prospective arrangements which are now under consideration, and which we confidently hope will be carried out to a successful issue, it would be good economy and wise policy to eliminate from the public service the multitude whom an examination would show to be incompetent to their functions, even at the expense of a life allowance to each, if their places could be supplied, as we are convinced that they might, by thoroughly qualified men. We are satisfied, that a large annual grant would be well bestowed for the uses of the Civil Service Commissioners, with a view to an open competitive examination, if the examiners are to be impartially appointed and liberally remunerated.

WE DERIVE FROM THE PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR THE FOLLOWING RECORD OF LITERARY PUBLICATIONS: in Biography, Doubleday's "Political Life of Sir Robert Peel," 2 vols. 8vo.; "Memoir of Admiral de Krusenstern the First Russian Circumnavigator," translated by his Daughter, Madame Berhardi, and Edited by Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross, C.B., in 8vo., with Portrait. Of Historical Works, we have—"The European Revolutions of 1848," by Edward Cayley, 2 vols. crown 8vo.; the "Hertfordshire Incumbent's" edition of "General Manstein's Contemporary Memoirs of Russia," post 8vo.; the Fourth and Fifth Volumes of Merivale's "Romans under the Empire," 8vo.; Busk's "Mediæval Popes, Emperors, &c.," Vols. 3 and 4, post 8vo.; and Count de Montelambert's "Political Future of England." In Travel, the most important are—Mr. Laurence Oliphant's "Personal Narrative of the Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omar Pacha," post 8vo.; "Kennee-voo, or the Sacking of Allaroonah; an Incident of the African Slave-Trade," by Thomas Greenhalgh, crown 8vo.; Jarves's "Italian Sights and Papal Principles," crown 8vo.; "Gleanings after 'Grand Tour'-ists," crown vo.; and a *twelfth* edition of Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross." Amongst the new works of Fiction, we have—"The Two Lights," by the author of "Struggles for Life," post 8vo.; a fourth edition of "Paul Ferroll;" "The Old Vicarage," by Hubback, in 3 vols.; "Diamonds and Dust," in 3 vols.; "Rank and Beauty," 3 vols.; and cheap editions of Maxwell's "Stories of Waterloo," and Mr. Albert Smith's "Marchioness of Brinvilliers." In Miscellaneous Works, we find Thackeray's "Military Organization, &c., of France," 8vo.; a pamphlet on "Military Education," by Jacob Omnium; Chitty and Temple's "Law of Carriers of Goods and Passengers;" Mrs. Ferris's "Mormons at Home," crown 8vo.; Gilfillan's "History of a Man," post 8vo.; Elliott's "Warburtonian Lectures, 1849-53," 8vo.; the Second Volume of De Tegoborski's "Productive Forces of Russia," 8vo.; "The Life and Adventures of Jules Gérard, the Lion-Slayer;" "Old Truths and Modern Progress," by Dr. Robert Slack, 8vo.; Fourth Series of Goodwin's "Parish Sermons," 12mo.; Mr. Goosse's "Tenby, a Sea-side Holiday," 8vo.; Lieutenant-Colonel B.'s "Treatise on Whist," with coloured diagrams; and a cheap edition of Mr. Caird's Sermon before the Queen. The new volumes of Bohn's Libraries are the First Volume of Guizot's "History of Civilization,"

translated by William Hazlitt, to be completed in three volumes ; and "Michael Angelo and Raphael, their Lives and Works," illustrated with 13 steel engravings. Messrs. Day and Son have just published, in tinted lithography, the First Part of Bossoli's "Authentic Views within Sebastopol, &c.;" also Part I of "Chronological Pictures of England." To these we have to add a volume entitled "The Genesis of Earth and of Man;" which will probably give rise to much theological controversy. We have also at length in our hands the two closing and long-expected volumes of Lord John Russell's "Life, Diary, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," a review of which will most probably appear in the next *ECLECTIC*. We have already reviewed at some length the "Memorials of Charles James Fox," edited by the same noble author. A third volume has already been published, but we await the appearance of the fourth before we continue and conclude our criticism of the work.

Books Received.

- Adams (H. G.). *Seaside Lesson Book*. Pp. 236. Groombridge & Co.
 Aiton (John, D.D.). *St. Paul and His Localities*. Pp. 424. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
 Alexander (Rev. Jas. W., D.D.). *Good—Better—Best, or Three Ways of Making a Happy World*. Pp. 215. T. Nelson & Sons.
 Auberlen (C. A.). *Prophecies of Daniel, and Revelations of St. John, Viewed in their Mutual Relation*. Pp. 458. T. & T. Clarke.
 Baines (Edward). *National Education: Remarks on the Speech and Plan of Lord John Russell*. Ward & Co.
 Beaumont (Joseph, Esq.). *Life of the Rev. Joseph Beaumont, M.D.* Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
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 Bolton (Rev. Jas., B.A.). *Fragments of the Great Diamond Set for Young People*. Pp. 354. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
 Bradshaw (Thomas). *Hymn's and Miscellaneous Pieces*. Pp. 100. Ward & Co.
 Bryce (Jas., M.A., F.G.S.). *Cyclopædia of Geography, Descriptive and Physical*. Pp. 819. Richard Griffin & Co.
 Burns (Robert). *Poetical Works*. Edited by Rev. George Giffilan. Vol. II. Edinburgh: James Nichol.
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 Cooke (Wm. Fothergill, Esq.). *The Electric Telegraph—Was it Invented by Professor Wheatstone*. Pp. 152. W. H. Smith & Son.
 Crosland (Newton). *Apparations: a New Theory*. Price 6d. Pp. 44. E. Wilson.
 Davies (Richard, M.A.). *Manual of Educational Requirement necessary for the Civil Service*. Pp. 84. Groombridge & Sons.
 Davis (J. L., M.A.). *St. Paul and Modern Thought*. Pp. 88. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.
 Douglas (James, of Cavers). *Passing Thoughts. Part II.* Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.
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 Fairbairn (Patrick, D.D.). *Prophecy: its Distinctive Nature, its Special Function, and Proper Interpretation*. Pp. 530. Edinburgh: T. T. Clark.
Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country. April, 1856. J. W. Parker.

- Froude (Jas. A., M.A.). *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* 2 Vols. Jno. W. Parker & Son.
- Gassiot (Jno., F.R.S.). *Present Crisis in Administrative Reform.* Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Gosse (Philip Henry). *Tenby: A Sea-Side Holiday.* Pp. 400. Jno. Van Voorst.
- Henri (G. W., Esq.). *Our National Errors Viewed in Connexion with the Rev. Mr. Caird's Sermon to Royalty.* Pp. 52. Richardson Brothers.
- Jottings on Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. By W. P. P. Pp. 45. Longman & Co.
- Kitto (Jno., D.D.). *The Pictorial Bible. Authorized Version of Old and New Testaments, with Steel Engravings and Many Woodcuts.* 3 Vols. W. & R. Chambers.
- Kohlbrugge (H. F., D.D.). *Meditation on Psalm LI.* Pp. 98. *Scriptural Elucidation of the Article on the Christian Faith.* Pp. 48. *Sermons on the First Epistle of Peter, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Chapters.* Partridge & Co.
- Lampeter. *Theology Exemplified in Extracts from the Vice-Principal's Lectures and Sermons.* Pp. 99. Bell & Daldy.
- Lockhart (J. J.). *The Great Commonwealth of Christ and His Prophets: a Sermon.* W. & F. G. Cash.
- Macaulay's Essay on Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson; and Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes of Johnson. In 2 Parts. Longman & Co.
- Macnaught (Rev. Jno., M.A.). *The Doctrine of Inspiration.* Pp. 315. Longman & Co.
- Manstein (Gen., C. H. V.). *Contemporary Memoirs of Russia, from the year 1727 to 1744.* Pp. 416. Longman & Co.
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- Metrical Meditation on the Sacred Book of Canticles. 2nd Edition. Pp. 183. Wertheim & Macintosh.
- Mercer (Rev. W., M.A.). *The Church Psalter and Hymn Book. 400 Hymns, 6 Responses to Commandments, the whole united to appropriate Chants and Tunes: for the use of Congregations and Families.* Jas. Nisbet & Co.
- Nesbit (J. C., F.G.S.). *Agricultural Chemistry and the Nature and Properties of Peruvian Guano.* Pp. 128. Longman & Co.
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- Parkes (Bessie Rayner). *Gabriel. A Poem.* Pp. 110. Jno. Chapman.
- Patterson (Alex. S.). *A Commentary, Expository and Practical, on the Epistle to the Hebrews.* Pp. 564. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
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- Ritchie (Rev. W.). *Azuba, or the Forsaken Land.* Pp. 504. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.
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- Simpson (Rev. R., D.D.). *A Voice from the Desert, or the Church in the Wilderness.* Pp. 449. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.
- Stewart (Dugald, Esq.). *Lectures on Political Economy. Edited by Sir W. Hamilton, Bart. Vol. II.* Pp. 493. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.
- The Apocalypse of St. John Metrically Arranged. Pp. 87. Jackson & Walford.
- The National Review, April, 1856. Pp. 500. Robert Theobald.
- The Leisure Hour for April, 1856. Religious Tract Society.
- The Sunday at Home, April, 1856. Religious Tract Society.
- The Two Lights. By the Author of "Struggles for Life." Pp. 274. W. & F. G. Cash.
- The Westminster Review for April, 1856. Jno. Chapman.
- Topping (Joseph). *A Key to the Proportions of the Parthenon. By the Author.*
- Veshe (Dr. E.). *Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria. From the German. By Franz Dimmler. In 2 Vols.* Longman & Co.
- Waverley Novels—Who wrote them? Pp. 88. Price 1s. 6d. Effingham Wilson.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

JUNE, 1856.

ART. I.—*Modern Painters*. Vol. III. By John Ruskin, M.A.
London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1856.

MR. Ruskin has deservedly won for himself a place in the first rank of modern writers upon the theory of the Fine Arts. There is an earnestness and independence about him, which rivets the attention of the reader, and enlists his sympathies on the side of convictions so strongly felt, and so fearlessly expressed. Then the energy and power of his style, his evident love for nature, his wondrous faculty of word-painting still further heighten the charm, and increase the influence of his writings. The impress of his mind has been indelibly stamped upon the Art-literature of the day, and he has already, in part, effected a revolution in the popular estimate of modern, as compared with ancient, landscape painters. His works are often, indeed, censured as impertinent, or condemned as heretical, but they are universally sought after and read, in spite of his avowed contempt for time-honoured canons of Art, and for the authority of great names. He combines, in his own person, some of the highest qualities of the literary man and the artist; and, as these have been exerted in an elaborate attempt to show that, from the time of the Italian, to that of the modern Pre-Raphaelites and Turner, all Art has been wrong, either from a want of sincere religious feeling, or from the prevalence of the false ideal theory, which prevented a humble and docile reference to nature, it will be well worth our while to examine into the reasons brought forward by Mr. Ruskin, as his justification for the sweeping condemnation which he has thus pronounced.

In spite of his magnificent talents the author of "*Modern*
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Painters" is a strange compound of inconsistencies and peculiarities. He is constantly preaching humility, yet he is of all men the most dogmatic, and least tolerant of opposition or contradiction. He is the greatest iconoclast of our days, and yet a devoted worshipper of idols. He can see no beauty in Claude, yet a mediæval griffin throws him into raptures. Domenichino and the Carracci are to him "art weeds," but a Madonna by Giotto or Angelico is the embodiment of perfect Art. Some of the greatest names of modern days fare but badly in his hands. The works of Stanfield, Roberts, Creswick, Cope, Herbert, Maclise, are "feeble," "flimsy," "imperfect," "coarse," "vulgar," "out of drawing," "tame and dead in colouring;" whilst those of Turner, Millais, Hunt, and Lewis are "ineffably right" and "infinitely beautiful."*

There are some dangerous errors which seem to us to pervade the works of Mr. Ruskin, and which are particularly observable in his recently published volume; and these we shall now briefly indicate, before proceeding to a closer examination of that work. He appears to us always inclined to exaggerate the influence of the Fine Arts upon the well-being, civilization, and progress of the human race, viewing every erroneous opinion, and every false method of practice in Art, as a sin to be sternly reprobated, rather than as a mistake to be pointed out and corrected. He places the successful painter upon a level with the greatest statesman or philosopher; Turner for example, as the great master of "aspects," is put upon an equality with Bacon the great master of "essences," though one would have thought that the mere statement of the proposition, would have shown Mr. Ruskin the absurdity of placing one, who can only represent things as they appear, on the same pedestal with him who knows them as they are. He seems to forget that the Fine Arts are merely the offspring of man's intense love of the beautiful, but not essential to his existence or prosperity, and that although they may indicate the tendencies of an age, as the vane does the direction of the wind, they are yet incapable of determining its character, or fixing its destinies.

Another error into which Mr. Ruskin has fallen, arises (we think) from his attaching undue importance to the influence of religious feeling in Art, and also, from his not sufficiently attending to the true nature of that feeling, upon which he lays so much stress. He measures the excellence of a painter entirely by the extent of this sentiment, denying the existence of high merit where it is absent, and according it when it is

* Notes on some of the Pictures Exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy.

present, even in spite of great and manifest technical deficiencies. Thus he prefers Angelico to Raphael, Arcagna to Michael Angelo, Giotto to Titian, and Holman Hunt to all of them. The meagre forms, hard colouring, and defective drawing of the Italian artists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, are all overlooked and forgotten, in deference to the presence of this pervading religious feeling. Many of the old Spanish artists would have been men after Mr. Ruskin's own heart. Joanes frequently prepared himself for a new work by prayer, fasting, and the eucharist; and, in addition to these preparatives, Luis de Vargas sometimes used the discipline of the scourge, and kept by his bedside a coffin in which he often lay down to meditate upon death, yet even Mr. Ruskin, we think, would scarcely compare the works of these devout Spaniards to those of the gay and courtly Velasquez, the favourite of Philip IV., whose principal occupation was painting princes and grandees, and who very rarely attempted a devotional picture. The religious feeling may be so strong as to impair or absorb the intellectual and æsthetical. No one can dispute the existence of this feeling among the Puritans and Scottish Covenanters, yet they hated, despised, and destroyed art; and among the ancient Hebrews, whose psalms still remain the highest and noblest manifestations of devotional fervour, Art was much less perfectly developed than among the heathen Greeks.

But there is another point which Mr. Ruskin has overlooked, namely, the character and tendency of the religion professed by his favourite painters. Surely it was a matter of some importance that it should be pure and true, full of love to God, and peace and good-will towards men. And yet what was religion in Italy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries?—those halcyon days which Mr. Ruskin so fondly laments, and whose lively and ever-present sense of religion, he constantly contrasts with the profanity and faithlessness of this our modern age, of which he asserts “There never yet was a generation of men (savage or civilized) who, taken as a body, so wofully fulfilled the words, ‘having no hope, and without God in the world, as the present civilized European race.’” Why, in the beginning of that thirteenth century, Louis of France and Simon de Montfort were let loose by the Pope upon the Albigenses of the south of France, the most cultivated race in Europe, and the purest in religion; unprecedented cruelties were perpetrated; thousands perished in the battle field, or amidst the ruins of their burning towns, and thousands more on the scaffold or at the stake; the Albigenses were almost exterminated, and the progress of the human mind in freedom and civilization, which had begun so auspiciously, was thrown back for ages. Then as to the religious

feeling of those early Italian painters, what was it, after all, but a sentimental idolatry, which lavished upon the Virgin and the Saints, the worship intended for God alone. We are far from wishing to undervalue the importance of religious feeling to the artist, or the deep propriety of his always cherishing a lofty sense of the importance of his vocation, and a reverent thankfulness to God for the gifts which he has bestowed, but at the same time, we do not think that the mere presence of that feeling justifies or excuses technical deficiencies, or that great artistic excellence and deep religious feeling have any necessary connexion.

Throughout his third volume, Mr. Ruskin uniformly speaks of rules of Art with the most unqualified contempt. "I have always," he tells us, "found the knowledge of, and attention to, rules so *accurately* in the inverse ratio to the power of the painter, that I have myself no doubt, that men's smallness may be trigonometrically estimated by the attention which, in their work, they pay to principles, especially principles of composition." At the same time, he everywhere magnifies the importance of relying upon the God-given inspirations of genius—that inward light, granted only to the truly great—by which they embody, in undying verse or painting, for the admiration and love of all future times, the glorious visions seen by their immortal eye. Whence their visions, or how they come, they know not; but there they are, and they can no more help giving them expression than the sun in a cloudless sky can help giving light and heat. And this sort of greatness is unteachable; no rules can give it, no study attain it. Most true: but yet the unlimited contempt, thus expressed by Mr. Ruskin for all rules of Art, is dangerous, and apt to be misinterpreted by indolence and conceit. Men of genius, as a class, have always been the hardest and the humblest workers; their capacity for work seeming almost to form a part of their inspiration. If they have neglected or violated rules, it was not until they had mastered them, and understood upon what they were founded, and how far they ought to be complied with, and when broken through with advantage. They, as a class, have seldom been content to trust to the glorious gifts of God, but have laboured as if steadiness and perseverance had been the only roads to success. And it is clear from Mr. Ruskin's "Pre-Raphaelitism," that he by no means wishes to dissuade, even the *greatest* genius, from diligently striving to make himself master of all that can, in any way, aid or strengthen his powers. Then he states it, as a broad, universal truth, that no great thing was ever done by great effort; a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort; and then he goes on

to say : " Yet let me not be misunderstood, nor this great truth be supposed anywise resolvable into the favourite dogma of young men—that they need not work if they have genius. The fact is that a man of genius is always far more ready to work than other people, and gets so much more good from the work that he does, and is often so little conscious of the inherent divinity in himself, that he is very apt to ascribe all his capacity to his work, and to tell those who ask how he came to be what he is, ' If I *am* anything, which I much doubt, I make myself so merely by labour.' "

Having thus noticed some defects in Mr. Ruskin's able and eloquent volume, we shall now proceed to examine it somewhat more minutely. We are told that the first and second volumes of " Modern Painters " were written in order to check the attacks of the critics upon Turner, which not only prevented the public from doing honour to his genius, but also embittered the latter days of the great painter more deeply than those who did not know him intimately could have supposed possible. The check, however, was given too late. Turner died soon after the appearance of the second volume, and the account between him and his countrymen was for ever closed. "*He* could only be left to his quiet death at Chelsea—the sun upon his face ; *they* to dispose a length of funeral through Ludgate, and bury, with threefold honour, his body in St. Paul's, his pictures in Charing Cross, and his purposes in Chancery." Mr. Ruskin may be right in thus lamenting the blindness of the British public to the merits of their greatest landscape painter, but he is most certainly wrong when he says that it seems ordained by fate that the world always shall be blinded to the presence of a great spirit till the hour of its departure. Of great painters, especially, is this assertion untrue. Was the age blind to the merits of Cimabue, when his picture of the Infant Christ in the lap of the Madonna, was carried in procession, in the midst of the festal pomp and rejoicings of the whole city, to the church of Santa Maria Novella,—to that of Raphael, whose life was a perpetual triumph, and whose early death was bewailed alike by the artist of Rome and by the dignitaries of the Papal court,—or to that of Titian, honoured by the proud oligarchy of Venice, courted and caressed by nobles and princes, and to whom the greatest monarch of the age, thrice painted by his hand, declared that he had thrice been made immortal. The magistrates and citizens of Seville waited upon Zurbarran in a body, in order to dissuade him from leaving their city. Velasquez lived from his twenty-fourth year until his death in the sunshine of royal favour ; Leonardo da Vinci was the favourite of Francis I., Holbein of Henry VIII., and Vandyke of the unfortunate

Charles. Rubens was not only the painter, but the ambassador of kings and princes; and after his death, six massive gold chains, with medallions attached, presents from royal and noble personages, were found in his repositories. But it would be alike easy and endless to multiply examples of the incorrectness of Mr. Ruskin's sweeping assertion of the constant blindness of every age to the presence and the powers of its men of genius; and, even with regard to Turner himself, it does seem somewhat strange that he should have amassed the largest fortune ever accumulated by a painter, in the midst of an age denying his merits and blind to his genius.

The present volume possesses one great advantage over its predecessors in the numerous and beautiful engravings, chiefly after Mr. Ruskin's own drawings, which adorn and illustrate its pages. The reader will find them of great value, and they have evidently been prepared with the most anxious care; indeed, after experiencing their usefulness, we cannot help regretting that the same system of pictorial illustration had not been introduced into the earlier parts of the work.

It may, perhaps, be remembered that the first volume of "Modern Painters" treated of the Ideas of Truth, and was chiefly occupied in inquiring into the various success which had attended different artists in their endeavours to depict the facts of nature. The second volume treated of Ideas of Beauty and Relation, and attempted to analyze the two faculties of the human mind which mainly seized such ideas, namely, the contemplative and imaginative faculties; and the present volume "will examine the various success of artists, especially of the great landscape painter, whose works have been throughout our principal subject, in addressing these faculties of the human mind, and consider who among them has conveyed the noblest ideas of beauty, and touched the deepest sources of thought."

Towards the beginning of his third volume, the author examines and refutes certain opinions of Sir Joshua Reynolds with regard to the so-called "grand style" of painting, especially the assertion that the faithful rendering of nature is an employment in which "the slowest intellect is likely to succeed best;" and, at length, comes to this conclusion, "that the difference between great and mean Art lies, not in definable methods of handling, or styles of representation, or choices of subjects, but wholly in the nobleness of the end to which the effort of the painter is addressed. We cannot say that a painter is great because he paints boldly, or paints delicately; because he generalizes, or particularizes; because he loves detail, or because he disdains it. He is great if by any of these means he has laid open noble truths or aroused noble emotions. It does not

matter whether he paint the petal of a rose, or the chasms of a precipice, so that love and admiration attend him as he labours, and wait for ever upon his work. It does not matter whether he toil for months upon a few inches of his canvas, or cover a palace front with colour in a day, so only that it be with a solemn purpose that he has fitted his heart with patience, or urged his hand to haste. And it does not matter whether he seeks for his subjects among peasants or nobles, among the heroic or the simple, in courts or in fields, so only that he behold all things with a thirst for beauty, and a hatred of meanness and vice."

Four things, we are afterwards told, are requisite to entitle a painting to take rank in the truly great school of Art. 1st. The choice of a noble subject. 2nd. Love of Beauty, *i.e.* the introduction of as much beauty as is possible consistently with truth. 3rd. Sincerity, *i.e.* the largest possible quantity of truth in the most perfect possible harmony, and 4th. Invention, *i.e.* the work must not only present grounds for noble emotion, but must furnish these grounds by *imaginative power*. In low Art, on the other hand, the imaginative element is totally wanting; it merely copies what is set before it whether portrait, landscape, or still life. But great Art is that which "contains the greatest number of the greatest ideas" and demands no less than the sum of all the powers of man.

What Mr. Ruskin's ideas are with regard to the artists who have best succeeded in this highest walk of art, will be clearly perceived by the following quotation :—

"The perfect union of expression, as the painter's main purpose, with the full and natural exertion of his pictorial power in the details of the work, is found only in the old Pre-Raphaelite periods, and in the modern Pre-Raphaelite school. In the works of Giotto, Angelico, Orcagna, John Bellini, and one or two more, these two conditions of high Art are entirely fulfilled, so far as the knowledge of those days enabled them to be fulfilled; and in the modern Pre-Raphaelite school they are fulfilled nearly to the uttermost. Hunt's 'Light of the World' is, I believe, the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power, which the world has yet produced."

We fear that a considerable proportion of the British public, with that blindness to the presence of a great spirit over which Mr. Ruskin laments, are ignorant of the very existence of this young man before whom Michael Angelo and Raphael, Titian and Correggio, must hide their diminished heads.

Two chapters are devoted by our author to a consideration of the false *ideal*, religious and profane. At present, (we are told), nearly all artistical and poetical seeking after the ideal, abuses

the imagination, by allowing it to find its whole delight in the impossible and the untrue; whilst the faithful pursuit of the ideal is an honest use of the imagination, giving full power and presence to the possible and the true. The difference between these two uses of the imagination constitutes the distinction between the false and true ideal. In early times Art was employed for the display of religious facts, but soon religious facts were employed for the display of Art, and from that moment, Art deteriorated. "It was passing from the paths of life to the paths of death." As long as men sought for truth first, and beauty secondarily, all Art was instinctively religious; but as soon as they sought for beauty first and truth in the second place, they were punished by losing sight of spiritual truth altogether, and the profane schools of Art were instantly developed. Religious Art, complete and sincere, has never yet existed, but there is good hope for the future. "It will exist; nay, I believe the era of its birth has come, and that those bright Turnerian images which the European public declared to be 'dotage,' and those calm Pre-Raphaelite studies, which in like manner, it pronounced 'puerility,' form the first foundation that has ever been laid for true sacred Art."

A severe castigation is bestowed upon the sensual tendency of the modern ideal, and the vicious influence of statues, bronzes, and paintings as at present employed by the upper circles of London and Paris. A dainty foot and well made satin slipper, or a bosom only partially veiled, have, we are told, more to do with our admiration of even the most popular subject, than the mere love of the excellence which it may be intended to illustrate. This may perhaps, to some extent, be true. We do not admire thick ankles or scraggy bosoms, and we see no reason for draping the female figure up to the chin. To a rightly constituted mind, the objects of Mr. Ruskin's indignation convey no vicious influence, and that virtue is but little worth which can only stand firm when not exposed to temptation. We are informed, however, that in all ages there is reason to think that the fall of nations has been owing to their Art becoming capable of ministering delicately to the lower passions, and then it is stated "that assuredly an Egyptian, Spartan, or Norman was unexposed to the temptation which is continually offered by the delicate painting and sculpture of modern days." True, but then they were exposed to something much worse; for, in comparison with the sculptures upon the propylon of an Egyptian temple, the modern Art, which Mr. Ruskin censures, is purity itself; and although the Spartans banished from their republic, along with luxury all the liberal arts, yet modesty and decency were little attended to among them, so little, that, on certain

festivals, the young women used to dance and sing naked in the presence of the Spartan youth, and, with the exception of the king, any man might lend his wife to a friend or borrow his in return.

To the two chapters on the false, succeed three on the true ideal. Things around us consist of mixed good and evil: some artists choose the good and leave the evil, hence we call them Purists; others receive things as they are, good and evil mixed, hence they are termed Naturalists; while a third class, the Sensualists, prefer the evil to the good. From this arises a convenient division of the true ideal into—1st. Purist; 2nd. Naturalist; and 3rd. Grotesque Idealism. Angelico and our own Stothard are examples of the first; the Pre-Raphaelites of the present day of the second; while Holbein's "Dance of Death," and Albert Durer's "Knight and Death," may be cited as instances of the third. The greatest of these three divisions of the true ideal Art is the second, that which concerns itself with things simply as they are, manifesting its inventive power by the faculty of arrangement: "That is to say, accepting the weaknesses, faults, and wrongnesses in all things that it sees, it so places and harmonizes them, that they form a noble whole, in which the imperfection of each part is not only harmless, but absolutely essential, and yet in which whatever is good, in each several part, shall be completely displayed."

A most startling assertion, with regard to colouring, is made by Mr. Ruskin in this part of his work. Hitherto, he says, it has been requisite that a nation should be totally ignorant of rules, and half savage in order to enable its artists to colour well. Thus they colour by instinct, "in glorious ignorance of all rules," as everybody did in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and as the Hindoos and Chinese, the only colourists of the present day, still do. Alas for our blindness! we had always thought that Titian and Paul Veronese, Correggio and Murillo, with their subtle and exquisite tints, their delicate graduating and blending of tones, their harmonious arrangement of light and shade, had a little improved upon the crude and hard colouring of the early Italians. Nay, we would even have preferred the colouring of Etty's "Combat" to that of a China tea-cup or an India shawl.

Mr. Ruskin illustrates his chapter on the "Grotesque Ideal" by a plate of two griffins, one mediæval, the other classical; and devotes several pages of fanciful and fantastic writing to the task of proving the superiority of the former. A griffin being a composite creature formed from the lion and the eagle, should combine the most striking characteristics of both, and an elaborate inquiry is instituted into the natural history of these

animals, in order to show how entirely the mediæval griffin satisfies the above requirement, and how utterly the classical one falls short of it. The pet mediæval griffin is termed by its delineator a creature "errorless unquestionable," but we do not think that many of his readers will be inclined to coincide with him in this opinion. For our own part, we think that he seems very uncomfortable and ill at ease, as if the column which he supports were breaking his back, and as if he were clenching his teeth to stifle a cry as altogether unworthy of the dignity and self-control of a mediæval griffin. The whole soul of the composer of the classical griffin was, we are informed, "instinct with lies;" no veracity can come "within hail of him," whereas the Lombardic workman was full of a solemn purpose, in his mind's eye plainly saw the beast, and therefore cannot be wrong in anything he tells us about it. With great deference to Mr. Ruskin, and at the risk of being thought faithless and profane, we venture to believe that the Lombardic workman, while carving his griffin thought far more of how much he was to get for it, than of how he was best to fulfil the conditions of the grotesque ideal, or make it "a profound expression of the most passionate symbolism."

An interesting chapter is devoted to the subject of "Finish." Great fault is found with the needless degree of finish which characterizes all modern English workmanship, and which is, in most instances, only bestowed for the sake of "polish." And the reason assigned for this censure is, that, in spite of all our care in smoothing, sharpening, and softening, our work looks rough and imperfect when examined by a good magnifying glass. "God alone can finish." A strange reason this: because we cannot finish perfectly, therefore we should not attempt to finish at all. Our work is intended for men, to be viewed by human eyes, to be handled and wielded by human hands; and if it satisfies these requirements, what does it matter, that it will not stand the test of an oxy-hydrogen microscope? True finish consists in the addition of truth and the removal of conventionalism, and is that which conveys most information with least inaccuracy. The tree-drawing of Claude, Constable, and Turner are here contrasted, and the contrast illustrated by engravings very greatly to the disadvantage of the two first, and the exaltation of the last artist. Turner's word for finishing a picture was always "carry forward." His best drawings are very highly finished, and do not exceed eighteen inches by twelve; and Mr. Ruskin assures us that no truly great man can be named who has not finished to the utmost, so far as his knowledge and hand could reach. If, therefore, an artist or a school, so far as the means at their command extend, do

their utmost to represent faithfully what they see, they fulfil their mission; and the Italian Pre-Raphaelites, having done this, deserve the highest praise, in spite of their technical deficiencies.

A great deal of ingenious special pleading in favour of Turner and depreciation of other artists, will be found in the chapter on the "Use of Pictures."

"There are some truths easily obtained, which give a deceptive resemblance to nature; others only to be obtained with difficulty, which cause no deception, but give inner and deep resemblance. These two classes of truths cannot be obtained together; choice must be made between them. The bad painter gives the deceptive resemblance. Constable perceives in a landscape that the grass is wet, the meadows flat, and the boughs shady; that is to say, about as much as, I suppose, might in general be apprehended, between them, by an intelligent fawn and a skylark. Turner perceives, at a glance, the whole sum of visible truth open to human intelligence."

Deception is not a legitimate object of Art; with all its finish a picture should still look unreal; it should be suggestive, not deceptive. The imagination demands something to work upon, hence the charm attaching to unfinished sketches from nature. The painter should dread, above all things, making his picture look real or deceptive, as such a consummation would deprive it of one of its most precious claims upon the heart. The slightest local success of this kind, is enough to destroy the whole charm of a picture; and we are further told, that "the difference between a noble and ignoble painter is in nothing more sharply defined than in this,—that the first wishes to put into his work as much truth as possible, and yet to keep it looking *unreal*; the second wishes to get through his work lazily, with as little truth as possible, and yet to make it look real." To the great painter's presentation of the truths of nature we should bow with all humility, accepting his interpretation as something infinitely better than our own, viewing him as a sort of high priest of nature worthy to mediate between her and us. To the small conceited painter, indeed, we may well say, Stand aside from between nature and me, but with equal propriety may we entreat the great imaginative painter, "Greater a million times in every faculty of soul than we—come between this nature and me—this nature which is too great and too wonderful for me; temper it for me, interpret it to me; let me see with your eyes, and hear with your ears, and have help and strength from your great spirit." We have no partiality for the sin of idolatry, and are weak enough to imagine that nature was intended by God to be looked upon, enjoyed, and communed with by high

and low, rich and poor, without dictation, and without assistance. The blue sky, the rolling clouds, the splendour of sunset, the soft blush of the dawn, the blue and purple of distant mountains, the shattered precipice, the arrowy torrent, the soft green of fields and meadows, the solemn stillness of thick woods, the calm and storm of ocean may surely all be felt fully and deeply, ay, and all the better, without interference and without interpreter.

The seven chapters which succeed that which we have just been considering, are occupied with the examination of the principles and schools of landscape painting. The final chapter contains an account of the teachers of Turner, and we are told that the volumes which are still to appear "will be dedicated to the explanation of the principles on which he composed, and the aspects of nature which he was the first to discern."

The love and pursuit of landscape painting is of comparatively modern origin. A Spartan, a Roman, or a knight of the thirteenth century, would have looked with contempt upon men who spent their lives in painting mountains and lakes, broken ground and masses of shattered stone; and Mr. Ruskin, therefore, proposes to analyze this modern love for nature, and to show that it is, upon the whole, a noble and useful feeling. With this view, he examines the effect of landscape—first, on the classical; second, the mediæval; and third, the modern mind—and in prosecuting his inquiry, he uses the terms "painter" and "poet" indifferently, using the landscape of literature as well as that of painting to illustrate and enforce his meaning. There is one great distinction between the landscape of classical and mediæval, as compared with that of modern times, both in literature and painting; the latter generally endeavours to express something which the poet or artist imagines in the lifeless object, whilst the former is content with expressing the imaginative and actual qualities of external objects. Classical landscape now exists only in the written descriptions which have come down to us. Homer always shows a dislike to mountains and rocks, and is fond of dwelling on the flat bits. The following is given as a specimen of his usual ideal of a perfect landscape: "They have soft *marshy* meadows near the sea, and good, rich, crumbling, ploughing land, giving fine deep crops, and vines always giving fruit;" then, "a port so quiet, that they have no need of cables in it; and at the head of the port a beautiful clear spring just *under a cave*, and *aspen poplars all round it*." And Mr. Ruskin contrasts with it the landscape of "the blundering, pseudo-picturesque, pseudo-classical minds of Claude and the Renaissance landscape painters, who, wholly missing Homer's common sense, and equally incapable of feeling

the quiet natural grace and sweetness of his asphodel meadows, tender aspen poplars, or running vines, fastened on his *ports* and *caves*, as the only available features of his scenery; and appointed the type of 'classical landscape' thenceforward to consist in a bay of insipid sea, and a rock with a hole through it."

Mr. Ruskin insists strongly upon the want of attention to beauty in modern days, and depreciates the physical strength and endurance of men at present, compared with those of classical and mediæval times. Here, too, we think he is not borne out by the testimony of facts. The average of life is undoubtedly longer now, the characteristics of health and disease are better understood, and food and lodging are, in general, improved; while, in England especially, great time and attention is bestowed upon athletic exercises, and out-of-door amusements. We fancy that Shaw, the life-guardsmen, who fell at Waterloo, after killing some nine Frenchmen, would have been a match for the best of the Greek Pancratists; and it is a curious fact that, at the Eglinton tournament, the mediæval armour used was found, in almost every case, too small for the modern gentlemen who were to wear it.

Mediæval landscape differs from the classical in many important particulars. It agrees with it in holding that flat lands, brooks, and groves of aspens are the pleasant things of the earth, and in shrinking from rocks and mountains as places for human habitation; but it prefers garden ground to ploughed land, loves singing birds and fruit-trees, and considers the "ideal" occupation of man to be the eating of fruit and gathering of flowers in blooming gardens, and the riding out with hawk on wrist over green meadows. Three points in this change are particularly deserving of notice—1st. "Pride in Idleness," the nobility disdained agricultural pursuits. 2nd "Poetical Observance of Nature," a Greek wishing really to enjoy himself, shut himself into a beautiful atrium, with an excellent dinner, and a society of philosophical or musical friends. But a mediæval knight went into his pleasance, to gather roses and hear the birds sing; or rode out hunting or hawking; his evening feast, though riotous enough sometimes, was not the height of his day's enjoyment. The third important point is the marked sense that this hawking and apple-eating are not altogether right; that there is something else to be done in the world than that; and that the mountains, as opposed to the pleasant garden ground, are places where that other something may best be learned; which is evidently a piece of infinite and new respect for the mountains, and another healthy change in the tone of the human heart.

The introduction of the sky, instead of the old chequered

background, is one of the most important landmarks in the history of Christian Art. From that moment the spirit of Art becomes for ever changed, and it thenceforth proposes imitation more and more as an end, until it culminates in the *Turnerian* landscape. Christian Art may be conveniently divided into three periods—Romanesque and Barbaric, up to A. D. 1200; Mediæval, 1200 to 1500; and Modern Art, from 1500 downwards. The Mediæval artists, although they excelled in floral ornament, painted mountains, rocks, clouds, and water very imperfectly. Both Greeks and Mediævals made grass one of the first elements of lovely landscape, as eminently fitted to delight the eye, and to give joy and repose. Dante's description of rocks is very meagre and poor in point of colour. He views them merely as things to be conquered, and characterizes them as "monstrous," "steep," "malignant." No pleasant idea, as connected with them, seems ever for a moment to enter his mind. Dante also hated clouds; his sky pieces are always full of pure, pale light—the characteristic of a fine day in Italy; and the gluttons in his "Inferno" are punished by a perpetuity of brightened weather.

Mr. Ruskin examines the spirit and tendencies of modern landscape at considerable length, both as exhibited in pictures, and in the poetry of Scott. The "service of clouds," he thinks, would be the best and most characteristic name for modern landscape. It is marked by a love of liberty, of the green fields and fresh air, of wild mountains, blue distances and craggy foregrounds, and with this sentiment no fear is mingled, as was the case in Mediæval Art: "our modern society, in general, go to the mountains not to fast but to feast, and leave their glaciers covered with chicken-bones and egg-shells." Besides all this there is a general profanity of temper, an absence of faith in the presence of any deity in nature, and a strong tendency to deny the sacred element of colour, and make our boast in blackness. The Mediæval times were ages of gold; ours are ages of umber. Their gold was dashed with blood, but ours is sprinkled with dust. Their life was inwoven with white and purple; ours is one seamless stuff of brown. In politics, religion is now a name; in Art, an hypocrisy or affectation. Our hearts are dark from want of faith; we are "without hope and without God in the world." Serious charges these, especially if true; and if false, what shall we say of the arrogance and self-sufficiency of him who makes them? Are we worse than those ages when wave after wave of conquest, surpassing, pitiless, desolating, poured from the North against the tottering and profligate empire of Rome,—when Goths, Huns, and Vandals devastated Europe, Asia, and Africa,—when the arts and sciences expired under the iron grasp of barbarism,—

and when blood cried to heaven for vengeance from a thousand battle fields? Are we worse than those proud, iron-handed, Mediæval barons, who held it a disgrace to be able to write, but none to commit robbery and murder, and who had just faith enough to make them the dupes and tools of a designing and unscrupulous priesthood? Are we worse than the age of the French Revolution, when, in the mightiest nation of Europe, the worship of God was publicly proscribed, and the goddess of reason enthroned in His temples?

We hope not. The badness of the times, the degeneracy of the age, is a complaint worn almost threadbare, though few alarmists have raised such an outcry as Mr. Ruskin. We wonder how, with these views, he can endure existence in the midst of modern English society, and we are surprised that he does not at once break through its fetters, and export himself with a cargo of modern Pre-Raphaelites, to those happy regions of Hindostan and China, where, although they worship idols, burn widows, and expose children, they yet colour by instinct "in glorious ignorance of all rules," and uncontaminated by the sensuality and faithlessness of civilized European society.

Mr. Ruskin regards Scott and Turner as the types of their age in word and work, but the latter of the greater importance in illustrating the mind of the age. One characteristic which pre-eminently distinguishes these two great men, above others of their time, is their unfeigned humility. Scott is never found prating about the dignity of literature, nor Turner about that of painting. Both did their work with consummate ease and mastery. They both belonged to the class of "seers," a greater race than the "thinkers" of whom, one division, "metaphysicians and philosophers, are, on the whole, the greatest troubles the world has got to deal with." The excellence of Scott's work is said to be in exact proportion as it is sketched from present nature. His familiar life is inimitable. "But his romance and antiquarianism, his knighthood and monkery, are all false, and he knows them to be false!" We suspect that scarcely any reader of "Ivanhoe," by far the noblest romance of chivalry ever written, will be inclined to agree in this judgment. Mr. Ruskin talks a great deal of fanciful nonsense about the necessity of Scott's being faithless, absorbed in the ages of the past, ignorant of Art, light, careless, unearnest, and yet eminently sorrowful, because these were the characteristics of his age; and he, as the representative man of that age, must necessarily partake of these qualities. Scott looks at and loves nature for her own sake, submits his own humanity to the power of the landscape, and paints faithfully what he sees, without intruding any thought of himself; and this unselfishness and humility make

his enjoyment of nature greater than that of any other poet. All the rest—Byron, Keats, Tennyson, Shelley—carry their sorrows to her, and begin maundering in her ears about their own affairs. Scott's landscapes often contain an exquisite chord of colour, and his love of rocks, and true understanding of their aspects and characters, is strikingly opposed to Dante's hatred and misunderstanding of them.

Having thus examined some of the more prominent features of modern landscape, Mr. Ruskin next proceeds to consider its effects upon the moral nature of man; and he concludes that the love of nature, the feeling of joy, and freshness, and beauty in her varied respects is most intense in youth, and loses something of its fervour as the reflective and practical powers become developed, and as the cares of the world grow upon us. This he tells us was the case with himself. One thing deserves especially to be remarked with regard to this love of nature, that it is totally inconsistent with evil passions, absolutely opposed to care, envy, hatred, and moroseness; and, although its absence may not be sufficient to condemn a character, yet its presence is an invariable sign of goodness of heart, and justness of moral *perception*, though by no means of moral *practice*; and in proportion to the degree in which it is felt will *probably* be the degree in which all nobleness and beauty of character will also be felt, whilst its original absence from the mind argues a disposition, in many respects, hard, worldly, and degraded.

Many readers will, we doubt not, be much surprised at the classification of great writers to be found in this chapter, and in many other places of Mr. Ruskin's volume; indeed, his literary judgments are often quite as singular and sweeping as those which he pronounces upon painters and painting. He gives a list of great authors in opposite columns; the first column containing those in whom the love of nature is subordinate, and the second those in whom it is intense; and we are desired to observe that the names in the latter are not of the first order of intellect. Yet among the names, thus slightly spoken of, are those of Burns, our first lyric poet, and of Byron, distinguished alike for intense and passionate energy, and singular felicity of diction, and who is more read and admired on the continent of Europe than any of our poets except Shakspeare; and we also gather from the paragraph which immediately follows these two lists, that Mr. Ruskin considers Tennyson to be a greater poet than either Burns or Byron. But this does not at all astonish us, as, in another place, he puts Plato and Helps on a footing of equality; and declares that Le Sage and Smollett are utterly incapable of conceiving a human soul with any degree of nobleness what-

ever, that all their heroes are but beasts with human intellect, and that every sentence manifests the delight which the writers take in mere filth and fraud, and their "unmitigated foulness and cruelty of heart."

We entirely agree with Mr. Ruskin in the propriety of having drawing systematically taught to every child as an essential branch of elementary education; but we do not at all coincide with him in the view he takes of its importance, as compared with writing, nor in the sweeping condemnation which he pronounces upon the ignorance and incapacity of its present teachers. Drawing, he tells us, is of more real importance to the human race than writing, "because people can hardly draw anything without being of some use both to themselves and others, and can hardly write anything without wasting their own time and that of others."

The authority of scripture is cited by our author as a final and unanswerable argument for the propriety of cherishing a love of nature. Of two individuals, in other respects alike, he who loves nature most, will generally be found to have the strongest faith in God. His nature-worship brings with it a strong sense of the presence and power of a great spirit. In the Bible the mind of man is often directed by God himself to an attentive observance of his works, "and the entire contents of the books of Job, and of the Sermon on the Mount, will be found resolvable into these three requirements from all men,—that they should act rightly, hope for heaven, and watch God's wonders and works in the earth; the right conduct being always summed up under the three heads of *justice, mercy, and truth*, and no mention of any doctrinal point whatsoever occurring in either piece of divine teaching."

A fierce attack is made upon our modern system of railroads, electric telegraphs, and mechanical inventions generally for simplifying labour, and increasing the power of production, as things utterly useless for any great or noble purpose. "To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray,—these are the things that make men happy; they have always had the power of doing these, they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things; but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in nowise." We are not prepared to go quite this length with Mr. Ruskin, but one thing we do like and admire in his spirit—he has evidently no sympathy with the Manchester school of politicians, who measure the prosperity of their country by the price of cottons and calicoes, and who would barter her honour for a better market

We cannot dwell upon the interesting chapter devoted by our author to "the teachers of Turner," further than to note, that it is there stated, that it took nearly thirty years of the great painter's life to recover from the effects of having originally suffered under the instruction of the Royal Academy—that he derived much benefit from the landscape of the Venetians, especially from that of Titian—that he also gained something from Cuyp and Rembrandt, whilst Vandevelde and Claude exercised a pernicious influence over him, the latter especially, to whose evil example are to be traced some of the feeblest and worst drawings in the "*Liber Studiorum*."

In the concluding pages of his work, Mr. Ruskin adverts to the war with Russia, now happily at an end, and we are glad to find that he entertains no doubt whatever, either of its justice or necessity. He pays a most eloquent and touching tribute to the memory of the fallen brave—shows that this war, while productive of much misery and suffering, has discovered, and, in part, remedied many defects in our government institutions, which must have brought slow ruin in peace, and strenuously insists upon the vast importance of France and England consenting to forego all petty jealousies, and selfish interests, and determining to maintain a steady and fraternal union.

Those who have studied Mr. Ruskin's writings will be prepared to find, in the present volume, many eloquent and glowing descriptions of natural scenery, similar to those which distinguished his former works; and they will not be disappointed. His exquisite picture of the sad and desolate Campagna of Rome, in a former part of "*Modern Painters*," and that, in the "*Seven Lamps of Architecture*," of an evening spent among masses of pine forest that skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura, may be paralleled, if not surpassed, by several passages in the present volume. Our limits will only permit us to quote a single example, with which we shall conclude our notice.

"The fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them,—the walks by silent scented paths,—the rests in noon-day heat,—the joy of herds and flocks,—the power of all shepherd life and meditation,—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and failing in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust,—pastures beside the pacing brooks,—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills,—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea,—crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of glowing sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in

their fall the sound of loving voices; all these are summed in those simple words, and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakspeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part. Go out, in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain-paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom,—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds, sweeping down in scented undulation steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green, roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, 'He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.'"

ART. II.—*Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation.* By Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D., and George Dickie, A.M., M.D.

WE are not disposed to doubt that the universe was created, and, therefore, that there is a Creator. We might perhaps conclude that fresh evidences concerning the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty as discovered in the works of His hand were no longer needed, because we possess enough to convince and satisfy ourselves that in Him we live and move and have our being. We feel, as well as infer, that there is a God, even our own God, besides whom there can be no other. This felt faith is the foundation and fountain-head of all wisdom and philosophy. Believing in the Omnipotent as necessarily both infinitely wise and infinitely benevolent, we cannot expect to find anything in any of the worlds He spake into being which, rightly understood, shall not evince the wisdom and the love which express in acts and deeds the mind and will of the Perfect One. We do not wonder, therefore, that scientific research should be always unfolding more and more proofs that material and mental creation is, in every discoverable part of it, consistent with the best ideas we can obtain of the Creator. All existence is His witness; and reason and faith would be confounded for ever if it were not so.

"Full oft, alas!

Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her Author more."—*Cowper.*

This is true only of the thoughtless, and very learned persons are often of that class, for the knowledge of things, as mere matters of memory, is not thought nor science. Science thought out, always recognizes the method of the creative mind in what it discerns, and the best preparation for science is a strong, clear faith in God as revealed. Believers in revelation have an advantage over all other philosophers, for they acknowledge and, so to say, they perceive a sufficient cause and reason for everything, because they are instructed concerning a beginning and an end. They know by whom and for whom all things were created. They know that the Divinity is, and always has been, going forth in power, purpose, and presence, in union with humanity. The delights of eternal Wisdom were and are with the sons of men. Believers in that wisdom believe also that this department of the Father's dwelling-place, called the earth, was arranged for the habitation of man, and that at no very vast distance of time back. They believe that Wisdom rejoiced in the habitation which Wisdom had formed for man (Prov. viii. 31), because of delight in man, who is the representative of the Godhead bodily, and the end of whose being is to be in sympathy and correspondence with heaven in spirit and purpose. They believe that man was endowed with faculties in keeping with the place of his abode, and with the attributes of his Maker. Hence they also believe that by the exercise of those faculties obediently, he was intended and enabled to improve his position, and to enlarge his intimacy with created things, that is with all that manifests the divine nature in outward operation and inward conviction. They believe that man was to cultivate the garden of God, alike in relation to whatever is required for the uses of the body and the happy employment of the mind and affections. It is incontrovertibly true that Jehovah, the self-existent, set this earth in order and furnished it, as we know it is furnished, with a specific purpose. And it is a fact beyond all contradiction that man's mind and body are especially provided for in the present arrangement of the materials of this earth. Man, indeed, is the only intelligent creature placed on this planet, and the specific purpose of his position here is by all reflecting persons felt to be that he might understand his relation to the general plan of creation as here seen, and learn by what is addressed to his conscience and his reason to act in coincidence and co-operation with the intention and meaning of his Maker. In short, man was to understand those material and those moral laws according to which all existence is constituted in relation to himself as man, and by this intelligent appreciation of divine thought and deed to fulfil his being. The first man, we believe,

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saw the meanings of all things within the sphere of his senses and thought. He saw the goodness, love, and wisdom of God in all that could be seen. So to see was the prerogative of his undimmed reason. To will and to work with this insight into the divine plan and purpose in each individual thing and circumstance was innocence and happiness. The body and the mind were then in keeping with the divine method as evinced in all that related to mind and body. The tree of life and the tree of knowledge grew together in Eden's paradise. But not so now. Men gather knowledge and forget the true life; but who shall tell the danger of knowledge without a life conformable to intelligence? To know all that God hath wrought and not to live on God by love is nothing but death.—There is no real joy in such existence; it is only a sustained exclusion from the life that is the proper light of men.

The means of sustaining life and the means of enjoying life were created together, and were alike to be cultivated by man. They sprang side by side from the ground that man was to till. That ground was composed and watered on purpose to be tilled. But tilling implies intelligence, that is, a knowledge of the nature of the things to be cultivated, and a knowledge of the appliances best suited to their full development and service. "Out of the ground the Lord God made to grow every tree good for food, and every tree pleasant to the sight." (Gen. ii. 9.) The discerning, delighting faculty, and the appropriating, assimilating power, were alike provided for, and man was to strengthen his heart with enjoyment as well as with bread. But while good and evil were both necessarily connected with man's earthly knowledge, his faith and his love were tried by whatever was brought to his knowledge, or suggested to his mind, irrespective of positive, active obedience to the known will of God. If knowledge, or the suggestion of the possibility of knowledge, was temptation to man in his innocence, how much more so is it now! But knowledge is in itself good, for what can we really know but what God has done? What He has done is truth; and to know the truth is good and safe, but only on condition that the truth be loved for the sake of the Truth-maker. Beware, O man! delight in intelligence without love to God is condemnation! It is guilt and damage, because it is neglect and forgetfulness of God's special intention. That is His goodness towards thee, in whatever thou canst receive and enjoy.

These observations are not beside our purpose in reviewing the work named at the head of this article, since the intention of the authors of that work is to show by arguments founded on facts that the universe is constituted on two grand principles, the one the *principle of order*, and the other the *principle of*

special adaptation. These principles are the characteristics of intelligence, and addressed to intelligence. They have moral and spiritual force and meaning. They as plainly speak to the reason and conscience of man as the law written by the finger of God on the tables of stone. They say God loves His creatures, and therefore we should love Him and them. Man did always understand, where he had understanding enough left to see and infer, that the worlds were made by God, that is, by the Good One; and man could understand *that* because *order* and *special adaptation* are impressed upon every part of the material world, and manifested from day to day in the providences that operate upon all things and beings in coincidence with the laws alike of matter and of mind. The laws of nature are those of general order and particular ends. There is consistency in the divine work because it is divine, and being consistent as a whole, and in each part, with relation to the well-being of sentient and intelligent creatures, the very consistency itself is a universal proof of universal benevolence. In short, the goodness, and the wisdom, and the power of God are visibly one, and, therefore, as St. Paul says, men are without excuse if they like not to retain God in their knowledge, nor to worship Him as God; neither are thankful.

When man lost sight of the divine end in his own existence, as the head of earthly creatures, he sinned and began to die. The joy of walking and working with the Creator was lost in the desire to stand in knowledge alone, and man's sin, suffering, and death are associated with the forgetfulness of the union between knowledge, joy, love, and duty still.

We suppose that Adam understood the significance of every form presented to his mind's eye, he discerned the special end or use in everything, the design of every living being was perceived in relation to the life of that being; hence he denominated each according to its nature, with an intuitive intelligence superior to any acquired science. A knowledge of the meanings and ends contained in the works of creation are as desirable now as at the beginning. Christian doctrine and principle guide us to the recovery of all true science. A want of confidence in the faithful Creator is always connected with ignorance and neglect of what God has designed, and done, and indicated in the manifold works of His hand. And in Christ we find all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; for He refers us alike to the Father and to the deeds of His power and love. It is to derogate from the honour and glory of Him, whom to know is life eternal, not to believe that all true philosophy belongs to Christianity. The love of Christ is the love of wisdom—the wisdom that uses knowledge. To love perfect wisdom is to love every kind of

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wisdom. All truth is the work and property of our Lord. As "without Him was not anything made that was made" we expect to find every part of creation in keeping and correspondence with that finished work by which the Almighty reconciles the world, with all the evils in it, to Himself; for He proves His almightiness by reconciling all that is appointed and all that is permitted, however seemingly contrary and opposite, at once to the perfection of His love and the perfection of His power. Hence the hope of the Christian is a good hope, based on God. The more we learn of what Omnipotence has actually wrought, the more conspicuous becomes the congruity of things. We behold more and more of the plan on which all is constituted, and our reason confirms our faith, and refers us onwards for the full development of existing laws and the events of providence to a period which nature in its degree, as well as revelation in its fulness, indicates as the period of consummation, when the soul's vast desires shall be satisfied, and her faculties fully occupied in the completion of the purpose for which man was created—even to know God at one with all in heaven and one earth. To know even as we are known, is to know ourselves reconciled with God and all existence.

"Of systems possible if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises rise in due degree,—
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain
There must be somewhere such a rank as man."—*Pope*.

Man, the summit of creation as far as man knows it, requires the manifestation of his headship in a manner beyond whatever he has yet experienced. He is not now in his proper place. Supposing his spirit perfectly conformable to the holiness of the divine nature, man could not feel at home in a world like this. Man in that state would need a world constituted in accordance with what his paradisiacal state perhaps only typified. Receiving the testimony and the promises of Holy Writ, he looks for a world without sin and death, and he expects to reign as the delegate of the Creator, who is also the Saviour.

Now the publication of a work like this on "Typical Forms and Special Ends," will demonstrate to many minds that Creation and Salvation are the consistent acts of One Mind. All truth strengthens our holy faith, and induces the believer to look more earnestly to the end, and more earnestly to hasten in spirit forward to the day when *He* shall reign whose right it is. Nature has a promise in every line to be fulfilled only when the prophesied redemption is consummated.

Dr. M'Cosh and Dr. Dickie are competent to the grand task they have set themselves. They have opened up new modes of research, observation, and application, which other Christian philosophers will do well to follow out still further. The whole universe so far as it is within reach of man's faculties is the sphere of the inquiry; and the glory of God is the reward of those who in truth and love diligently search into the method and meaning of the divine procedure. The way of wisdom is pleasantness, and the end fulness of joy at God's right hand.

That all the materials of the earth are intended to administer to the support of life, and ultimately to the development of mind, as the highest manifestation of life, is itself a reason why every arrangement of matter should have relation to some typical form, as well as to some special end. Their absence would be chaos, and chaos is not conceivable as the work of the Almighty. If materials are to stand in affinity and order with regard to each for any end towards which they mutually co-operate, they must be proportioned to each other, and proportion implies quantitative relation; and this, in respect to life, which evinces itself in growth and action, implies regular form in whatever is subservient to development and movement, according to the class and kind of each particular mode of life. What is a typical form? Not a form merely typical of some other or higher design, but a form containing in itself the outline or idea, so to say, of the form of every other creature of that order of existence. Thus every creature having a backbone bears in its skeleton the idea or typical form of every other creature that has a backbone. So it is with regard to every order of living thing; each order is constructed on a general type or model. This we should expect when we consider that the form of any creature is only a convenient arrangement of parts for specific purposes, so that the typical form and the special end are really coincident, and the one implies the other. We say *convenient* arrangement, for *convenience* means the bringing together of materials for particular purposes. In short, *formation* and *use* are nearly synonymous terms. Everything prepared for use has an appropriate form, because it has to be located in a place prepared for it, and the idea of any given form is necessarily associated with the idea of some use to which that form may be applicable. The term "typical form" has scarcely a meaning beyond that of a form suited to the exercise of some modification of the senses in relation to motion, the obtaining of food, and the preservation of the species in animals, and of fruit-bearing in the vegetable kingdom. Let us imagine every conceivable variety of adaptation in these respects and we shall find that in nature all this conceivable variety exists. There is a general

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form according to which creatures having the five senses, the power of reproduction and of progression, are constructed. The different organs of their bodies are arranged for the use of these senses and powers. Where there is any peculiarity in habitat, disposition, or mode of life, there is a corresponding modification of structure. The ideal type of formation in all respects is probably that of man; for in him every organ has relation to the highest use of the senses, because it has relation to the highest order of mind and affection. Hence man is capable of a kind of sympathy with every other sentient creature; and yet, at the same time, in proportion to the exercise of his superior faculties he conceives the possibility of accomodation beyond that he possesses; and the desires pertaining to his faith are directed to a condition of existence of which his present powers are typical in a double sense—typical of higher forms of life similar to his own, as probably existing in other planets, and also foreshadowing a nobler development of his endowments in some future sphere prepared for his own abode.

With regard to the actual type of one animal's framework being found in that of another, there are deviations which may render it difficult of discovery by the most skilful anatomists even in creatures of the same order. All vertebrated animals, for instance, though constructed on the same plan, are not so manifestly similar but that it shall not need peculiar discernment to detect the similarity. Special adaptations may conceal the similarity. Thus the likeness between the skeleton of an eel and that of an elephant is not very evident, and yet a skilful anatomist like Owen will trace out the resemblance. To pass from one extremity of form and flexibility to the other, he shows us that the tortoise's shell, for instance, is actually "an abdominal skull, formed of the centra of back, loins, and pelvis united together, their pleurapophyses, hæmapophyses, and other elements being expanded and laterally coherent; appendages of the skin—the dermal bones—are connate with some of the vertebral elements, the whole forming a defence to a well-developed system of hæmal organs, heart, lungs, and alimentary canal." Such is the anatomist's mode of finding resemblances, but perhaps it is enough for our purposes to learn that any oddity in the arrangement of means for the exercise of the senses and animal powers still exhibits a regard to a general plan, however wide may be the seeming deviation from the recognised type in any particular instance. Deviations are infinitely diversified, and it is use that determines form. Additions, and contractions, and subtractions are found according to demand. Thus the kangaroo, that carries its young in a pouch, has a pair of bones on purpose to support that pouch, which

other creatures not so carrying their young, need not, and therefore have not. So it is with regard to any peculiar demand for accommodation in form according to mode of life. Every mode has its own form. The highest type of living form is that best adapted to the highest use of the the senses; and there is no limit to the variety of deviations from the type but the limits of earthly accommodation to life and sensation. Whatever sense or particular endowment is most prominent is connected with a corresponding development of the organization proper to that endowment, so that there must be as great a variety of form as there is of faculty.

There is something superadded to use, which we call beauty. Almost everything seen from the right point has a beauty of its own to a well-ordered mind. The philosophic sense of beauty is the only true sense of beauty, for that is the appreciation of harmony and fitness. In this sense the universe is a universe of beauty. The Maker of mind has adapted the visible world to the tastes of the mind in such a manner that a sense of the agreeable is the predominant feeling in the contemplation of natural forms as forms, and they are agreeable just in proportion as they are pressed upon the sight, and in proportion to their approximation to the perfect standard of the type on which they are constructed. This sense of beauty, together with the constant provision for its gratification, is a proof of the Creator's benevolence towards man at least. But in respect to use, every form appropriated to the actions of life in every creature is a demonstration of the same benevolence, for the main purpose of every part of every living body is to administer to enjoyment. Of course, what is attractive to one creature is not so to another, and the idea of beauty is exclusively a human conception; and beauty ought therefore to have a moral and spiritual meaning and influence. It ought not only to awaken pleasing emotions through its appeal to the intellect and the affections; but it should also excite our love towards the Creator of loveliness. Adoration is the ultimate end of beauty. If beauty (*forma*) had no significance beyond its power of pleasing it would be deceitful and diabolical; for instead of directing us to God, and attracting us heavenward, where beauty only can exist, it would, as a mere source of pleasure, divert our spirits from their origin and end. But every thing is beautiful just so far as it embodies in visible form some law of God in that form. The design and the law of a thing are one; but the design or law of any one thing is in keeping with other things, and all are harmonized by subserviency to some common law binding them together as a whole. Nothing stands alone. Hence we find analogy running through all existence, and all life takes form as we have stated

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according to types and patterns which have relation to each other in classes and orders, while all are wrought out upon some universal plan; so that whether we endeavour to investigate creation in its minuter parts or in its general magnificence, the mind is referred directly to the Power present and operating with a design at once in each particular instance, and in all unitedly. Hence, reason because it is reason, justly deducing consequences from premises, concludes itself in the belief of a wise originator of all things in whom all things find their end and purpose.

The work before us is constructed by reasonable men, who are also men of faith. They see and believe that there is a *principle of order* in all creation, and a *principle of adaptation* to a particular end in each particular form of creation. What they see and believe they have carefully laboured to assert with all the helps of learned research and convincing arguments, for the benefit of other inquiring minds. They demonstrate from God's own works that He is working in each particular type and form to some particular and special purpose, and on a universal plan to a universal end. The Creator exhibits His own perfection as Intelligence to intelligent beings, and therefore intelligent beings must have mental and moral relation to Himself. He cannot address their minds and hearts but to fix them upon Himself as good and wise and mighty, in a perfect and absolute sense. And surely, having by manifest proofs thus instructed their understandings, and secured their faith and reliance on Himself as *their* God, it cannot be imagined that the termination is to be their reduction to the dust, and an eternal blotting out of the very image of the divine nature just when God Himself has made it most complete. If the human soul be not immortal and capable of becoming an inheritor of eternity, then the type and meaning of that soul is without a special end, and it stands a stark and stupendous anomaly in creation, a seeming shadow and image of the Divinity without connection or relation to the Being producing, sustaining and instructing it. But if the soul be indeed the image and form of God, then what the Bible declares of it, as regenerated by the in-dwelling Spirit must be true, and by union with God in Christ it is constituted heir of all things everlastingly.

The eloquent, well-illustrated, and well-argued work before us demonstrates that as the kingdom of nature is constructed in each particular on a plan and for a special purpose, so also the induction extends to the kingdom of grace. The theology of nature points to the same conclusion as that of the Gospel. The dispensations of God in the kingdom of his Son indicate the analogy between nature and revelation, they meet in a

higher unity, and are but two aspects of one Great Truth.

Heathen philosophers, reasoning from the existence of order in the universe, necessarily accounted for it by referring to the existence of a Supreme Mind. Thinkers like Plato could not but conclude that the ideas of things pre-existed in the Divine Thought; and we, as Christians, believe that outward existence is but the manifestation of what was ordained. Our minds inquire how unity and order are made to be inherent in the great Cosmos? We answer ourselves, and say, by laws.† What is meant by laws? We reply, that all phenomena take place according to rule, that is to say, by the will and regulation of the Lawgiver, by whose power all things consist. "All things in this world are subordinated to law, and this law is just the order established in nature by Him who made nature, and is an order in respect to such qualities as *number, time, colour, and form.*" Science has not determined what these qualities positively are. We might speak of active properties as the causes of these qualities, but the terms are sufficient for the purposes of the argument which our authors have elaborated. They show us that there is an order in nature in respect to each of these qualities, and then they point out the special adjustments as proofs of design, and interpret all the facts stated in regard to man's mental constitution.

"First. *There is an order in nature in respect of number.* The great law which lies at the basis of all compositions and decompositions is that of definite proportion." This law is expressed by numbers. As Sir John Herschel says, "*It is the character of all the higher laws of nature to assume the form of a precise quantitative statement.*" And Humboldt states, "That the only remaining and widely diffused hieroglyphic still in our writing-numbers, appears to us again as powers of the cosmos." As examples of numerical order we find—

"Ten as the typical number of the fingers and toes of man, and of the digits of all vertebrate animals. It is also a curious fact, that seven is the number of the vertebræ in the neck, whether it is long as in the giraffe, or short as in the elephant, flexible as in the camel, or firm as in the whale. In the vegetable kingdom we find two is the prevailing number in the lowest division of plants, the acrogenous or flowerless, thus two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four, &c., are the numbers of teeth in the mouth of the capsule of mosses. Three, or multiples of three, is the typical number of the monocotyledonous or endogenous; and five, with its multiples, is the prevailing number in the highest class, the dicotyledonous or exogenous plants. The curious series one, two, three, five, eight, thirteen, twenty-one, thirty-four, &c., in which any two numbers

TYPICAL FORMS AND SPECIAL ENDS IN CREATION.

added together give the the succeeding one, regulates the arrangement of the leaf appendages of plants generally. In the inflorescence of the plant we find that the outer organs, or sepals, always alternate with the petals which are next them, and that the whorl of organs further in, namely, the stamens, is generally either the same number as the petals, or some multiple of them."—Pp. 17, 18.

Secondly. *There is an order in nature in respect to time.*

"We see the principle most strikingly exhibited in those movements of natural objects which are periodical. No doubt, there is some disposition of physical forces necessary to produce this periodicity; but this just shows all the more clearly that an arrangement has been made to produce the regularity. The stars, the planets, and even the comets, perform their revolutions in certain fixed times. There have been regular epochs, to all appearance, in the changes of the earth's surface, and in the succession of plants and animals, as disclosed by geological science. The variations of the magnetism on the earth's surface seem to be periodical. There is a beautiful progression in the growth of the young animal, and the whole life of every living creature is for an allotted period. The plants have their seasons for springing up, coming to maturity, and bearing flowers, and seed; and if this order be seriously interfered with, the plant will sooner or later be incapable of fulfilling its function. In this way great natural events, and especially the lives of animals and plants, and the movements of the heavenly bodies, and the eras of geology, become the measurers of time, rearing up prominent landmarks to guide us as we would make excursions into the past or future, and dividing it for our benefit into days, and months, and seasons, and years, and epochs."—P. 19.

Thirdly. *There is an order of nature in respect of colours.*

"It is certain whether we are, or are not able to seize it, and turn it to any scientific or practical purpose, that there is a plan and system in the arrangement of colours throughout both the animal and vegetable worlds. Every dot in the flower comes in at the proper place, every tint, and shade, and hue is in accordance with all that is contiguous to it. The eye testifies too that there is an order in respect to colour in the decorations of insects, in the spots and stripes of wild beasts, and in the plumage of birds.* 'He who,' says Field, 'can regard nature with the intelligent eye of the colourist, has a boundless source of never-ceasing gratification arising from the harmonies and accordances which are lost to the untutored eye.'"

Fourthly. *There is an order in nature in respect of form.*

"Because strict regard is paid to this principle in the structure of the universe, the science which treats of forms, that is geometry, admits of an application to so many of the objects and arrangements

* We would add, that these evidently determine their associations and connexions as species in relation to reproduction.

of nature. In the mineral kingdom we find forms playing an important part. Every perfect crystal is bounded by plain surfaces, its sides are parallel to each other, and the angles made by its sides are invariable. Each mineral assumes certain crystalline forms, and no other. These forms have been expressively designated the geometry of nature."

"Every living object, composed though it be of a number, commonly a vast number and complication of parts, takes, as a whole, a definite shape. The general or normal form which any particular tribe of plants or animals assumes, is called its type. Without some such principles of unity to guide him, man would have felt himself lost, as in a forest, among the works of God."

"Besides the typical resemblances which enable us to classify plants and animals, and the beautiful curves which do so gratify the contemplative intellect, there are certain correspondencies in the structure of organs which seem to be especially illustrative of a plan intelligently devised, and systematically pursued. The profound mind of Newton used to muse upon the symmetry of the animal frame: *Similiter posita omnia in omnibus ferè animalibus.*"

These correspondences have now been examined with great care, and we have a set of well-defined phrases to explain them. The phrase *homologue*, for instance, defines the same organ under every variety of form and function. The arms and feet of man, the fore and hind feet of quadrupeds, the wings and feet of birds, and the fins of fishes, are said to be all *homologous*. Corresponding parts repeated in the same animal are called *homotypes*. Thus the fingers and toes of man, are said to be *homotypal*. By an *analogue* is meant an organ in one animal having the same function as a different organ in a different animal.

After unfolding the principle of order, as manifested in the regularity with which the objects of nature are constructed, Dr. M'Cosh finally closes this introductory argument by a higher thought—

"Modes of procedure so systematic fill the mind, and prepare us, if they do no more, to wait for the disclosure of a loving being who may fill the heart. For the intellect is not satisfied with contemplating, unless the heart be at the same time satisfied with loving. It is a grand mistake to imagine that the order and loveliness of the universe will of themselves satisfy the soul. It will be found that these, however fondly dwelt on, must leave the same melancholy and disappointed feeling as the sight of a noble mansion doomed to remain for ever tenantless,—unless they lead on to love, and such love as can only be felt towards a living and loving God."

In short, not to feel that our Maker is our personal friend, is to be without consolation, whatever be our philosophy and science.

The work, "Typical Forms and Special Ends," is divided into three books:—

1. The principles of general order in the material world.
2. Co-ordinated facts, indicating combined order and adaptation throughout the kingdoms of nature.
3. The interpretation of the facts.

These books are divided into various chapters, and these again into numerous sections; the work being altogether one of great order and clearness. It deals with facts, and presents them in a logical, philosophical, and convincing manner. There is much of an original character in the work, especially on the traces of order in the organs of plants, but every part of the work gives a new aspect to familiar science, and demonstrates the subject in a manner no less luminous than learned. It would be a pleasant and profitable labour to analyze the whole, but we must be content to snatch up a general conclusion:—

"If, upon taking a combined view of the whole (in relation to order and adaptation), we feel as if we have proof of much more than of the existence of law or a principle of order; we feel as if we have distinct traces of a personal God planning minute and specific ends. We do not know whether to admire most, the all-pervading order which runs through the whole of nature, through all the parts of the plant and animal, and through the hundreds of thousands of different species of plants and animals, or the skilful accommodation of every part, and of every organ, in every species, to the purposes which it is meant to serve. The one leads us to discover the lofty wisdom which planned all things from the beginning, and the enlarged benevolence reaching over all without respect of persons; whereas, the other impresses us more with the providential care and special beneficence which, in attending to the whole, has not overlooked any part, but has made provision for every individual member of the myriads of animated beings."

The correspondence between the laws of the material world and the faculties of the human mind is ably, succinctly, and eloquently stated, and it conducts the mind on in a very satisfactory manner to the consideration of the fitness of the revealed Word to the human spirit, as well as the fitness of created objects to the human intellect. The types existing in nature refer us to higher ideas, and the types of the Jewish and the Christian church are shown to be in accordance with those of nature and calculated in a natural manner to elevate our understandings and our hopes.

The human mind possesses an imaging faculty on which fancy and memory depend, and by which it is capable not only of forming generalized representations of its former impressions, but of contemplating detached specimens, so to say, of the types

that run through nature. The mind has also the power of discovering the relation of one thing to another in respect to the whole of anything and its parts. It discerns also resemblances and differences, it remarks causes and effects, it discovers the relations of locality, of form, of time, of quantity, of action. It repeats its thoughts and ideas according to the laws of association and correlation, and it feels there is a connexion between the true, the good, and the beautiful, and knows that to enjoy either there must be a love of all; for who could delight in beauty if it were only evil, or rejoice in good if it were not true, or seek truth if it possessed neither beauty nor goodness? And to satisfy the human spirit as enlightened by the Divine Spirit, all that is good, true, and beautiful, must be associated with the Infinite, and be recognized as an everlasting inheritance for itself, through the love of the Father.

All the faculties of the human mind are addressed by revelation, and their proper exercise and fulfilment are prophesied in the very call for their employment by their Divine Word; and the hope that necessarily accompanies their rightful effort is sustained by an ever-attending promise. The types and figures of inspiration speak to man as a thinking being for ever drawing inferences from the objects of its senses. As Christians we live under a system of types, not only in regard to the record of Him whose life is our example and whose death was our life, but in respect also to the doctrines and events on which our faith rests, and our hopes are built. "Just as all the figures in the Old Testament look forward to Him who is the principal figure, so do the figures of the New Testament look back to Him. But there is this difference between the former and the latter types, that the latter, as becometh the dispensation, are not so much outward and ceremonial, as inward and spiritual. There is a close, mystical union between Him and each of His people; He and they are said to be one. They are one in respect to their human nature: "It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, and, forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He likewise took part in the same." "He took on Him, not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham." He became the "head of the body, the church," "the beginning, the first-born from the dead, and He is the first-born among many brethren." By His appointment they are predestinated to be conformed to His image."—"God creates man in His own image, in the likeness of God creates He him." In the performance of this decree they "suffer with Him" are "crucified together with Him," are "dead with Him," "buried with Him," they are "quickened with Him," they "rise with Him," and "reign

with Him. In this perfect system of types, the whole has a representative in every part, and every part is a symbol of the whole. Each branch, each leaf of this tree of life is the image of the entire tree.

"All animal bodies point to man as the apex of the earthly hierarchy." Professor Owen tells us that "all the parts and organs of man had been sketched out, in anticipation, so to speak, in the inferior animals." But may not this highest form on earth point to a still higher form? Man's body on earth may be but a prefiguration of his body in heaven. "Some will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" The Apostle points to certain analogies, or rather homœophytes, which show that while the body preserves its identity, it will be changed into a nobler form. "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body; for there is a natural body and a spiritual body," and we read of bodies "terrestrial" and of bodies "celestial." In heaven our bodies are to be after a higher model, "spiritual" and "celestial." "When He shall appear we shall be like Him." Our bodies then shall be fashioned like unto His glorious body. Thus the simplest organism points in its structure upwards to man, and man's earthly frame points to his heavenly frame, and his heavenly frame to Christ's spiritual body,—and we see that all animated beings on earth point onward to His glorified humanity as the grand archetype of all that has life.

"If there be any truth in the idea, that the animated matter of other worlds points to the same archetype as the animated matter of this world, what a significancy would be given to the humanity of our Lord! We obtain a glimpse of the way in which matter, throughout all its domains, may be exalted by its association with the Son of God taking our likeness,—and by which God may 'by Him reconcile all things to Himself—by Him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven.'"

No one can read this work, as it demands and deserves to be read, without learning much of the beauty and sublimity of science, as it unfolds to view the mysteries of God's handiwork, in keeping with those higher verities revealed to man; and while from such study we review the surpassing wonders of Divine wisdom in planning, executing, and developing the varied forms of things to the special ends of life, we at the same time arrive at the joyous conclusion that the Author of nature is the Author of the Bible, and alike our Creator and our Saviour.

ART. III.—*Cuzco and Lima*. By Clements R. Markham, F.R.G.S.
London: Chapman and Hall.

2. *Life in Brazil*. By Thomas Ewbank. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

WHAT a magnificent continent is that of South America! How gigantic are its streams, how towering its mountains, how splendid its suns, how rich its mines, how spacious its forests, how luxuriant its plains. Compare it with any other portion of the globe—with Europe, with Asia, with Africa, or even its sister-continent of the North,—compare it with that golden chain of islands which lie clustered beneath the tropics of the Pacific, and link India with the new world of the South, and what country can display so large an extent of rich and fertile territory, such vast and prolific streams, such high and gigantic hills. From Columbia to Paraguay, all is sunny and smiling, luxuriant and promising, grand and picturesque.

So much for the physical beauty, for the natural wealth of this superb country. It possesses, however, another interest in the eyes of the philanthropist and Christian, and this is a melancholy interest. We cannot contemplate its mineral and vegetable riches, and its inexhaustible resources, without a feeling of regret that all these advantages lavished upon them by the hand of God should be thrown away, as it were, upon men incapable of appreciating or developing them, or rather that the people who inherit these gifts should be so distracted by misgovernment, should be so blinded by ignorance and prejudice and priestly domination, that even in the midst of so many elements of happiness they should remain poor and miserable.

Yet who can be surprised at this result? “By their fruits shall ye know them” is as much applicable to mundane as to heavenly, to material as to spiritual things. Cast but a rapid glance over the history of this unhappy continent, from the period of its conquest by the governments of Spain and Portugal—those ever priest-ridden kingdoms—and the causes at once become evident. Instead of endeavouring to protect and ameliorate the condition of their newly-formed dependencies in America, the sovereigns of Madrid and Lisbon gave them up to a succession of avaricious gold-seeking governors, mere adventurers, whose authority was as absolute as their thirst for gold. Not content with enormous salaries that nearly drained the shallow revenue of the colony over which they ruled, they augmented their emoluments by the most corrupt and iniquitous

courses, by selling places and offices of trust, and by brutally and cruelly oppressing the Indians. In addition to all this, an ecclesiastical establishment, with all the pompous paraphernalia of archiepiscopal courts, had to be supported out of the produce of an ill cultivated soil. The natives were neglected and forgotten, or only remembered to be dragged from their miserable farms to dig and die in the mines to satiate the insatiable cravings of their tyrants and spoilers. What more miserable picture of humanity, of a human race, of a whole nation, can be drawn. No wonder then, that when these trampled dependencies of Spain and Portugal, these people of the continent of South America rose up against their oppressors, and threw off the yoke of their tyranny, they should find it difficult to govern themselves. They had received no education; they were inexperienced. The dictates of nature alone, the ever-stirring, the ever-burning sentiment of liberty impelled them on toward a goal they felt it was worth risking everything to gain; what wonder then when having reached it panting and breathless, and worse than all, chartless, they should find it difficult to know which way to turn. The republican form of government superseded the old tyrannies of Spain; the name of an empire, the mal-administration of Portugal.

Two gentlemen, one an Englishman, the other an American, have recently visited the countries of Peru and Brazil respectively, to inquire into and examine for themselves the condition of the people, and the hopes that may be entertained for them. Mr. Markham, whose work we shall first notice, felt an irresistible impulse to learn more of the ancient inhabitants of Peru, the Inca Indians, than books could give him. He, therefore, left England in the August of 1853, and the following October arrived at Lima, the capital of the present government.

"Volumes have been devoted to the deeds of the blood-stained Pizarro, the fanatic Valverde, and their greedy followers; while a few pages suffice for a record of the Incas whom they destroyed, of their mythical origin, their wonderful career, and the beautiful episodes in their history, whose interest is enhanced by the majestic scenery, amidst which their valorous deeds were performed. It is a field of investigation which has been left, almost entirely untouched; and the sketches of the civilization of the Incas by Robertson and others, are only collected from Spanish chronicles, as introduction to the bloody history of the conquest which follows; and are composed by students who, though masterly in their powers of collecting the gold from the dross in the old chronicles and manuscripts of Spain, have never themselves gazed with rapture on the towering Andes, nor examined the native traditions of the country they described, nor listened to the sweet and melancholy Inca songs, nor studied the beautiful language in which they are written. . . . It was,

therefore, to be expected that much which would assist in elucidating the former condition of this remarkable country, might be learned in a visit to the actual scene of the deeds of the Incas, by any one who would be at the pains to undertake such a journey."—P. 8.

The theatre of these deeds of the Inca princes lay far up on the eastern side of the towering Andes, in the district of Cuzco, the ancient nucleus of the empire of the original Inca kings.

Leaving Lima, accordingly, Mr. Markham pushed across the desert sandy coast between the Andes and the sea, crossing on the way the pleasant plantations of Mala, and the delightful vale of Caneto to Pisco—turned off on the left to Yca, where he hired mules and a guide, and took in provisions for his journey over the Sierra—struck up into the hills, into ravines bordered with terraces (the hanging gardens of the ancient Peruvians), covered with heliotropes, lupin, verbena, and scarlet salvia—entered the highest passes, where torrents and falling rivers intersected his path, and rested for the night on the summit of the Cordilleras under a storm of thunder and lightning. His descent was still more perilous than his ascent. The way was cut, sometimes skirting perpendicular rocks 500 feet deep, and so narrow, that while one leg grated against a flanking wall of stone, the other swung over the abyss below. After three or four days of toilsome travel, Mr. Markham reached Aycho and the confines of Cuzco.

What particularly enhanced the value of Mr. Markham's journey to Cuzco is, the paucity of information we possess on the subject from travellers who have actually visited the spot.

The legend of the Indians relates that, about the end of the eleventh century, a great lawgiver, accompanied by his wife, appeared on the banks of the lake Tilicaca, and established himself in the plain, where now stands the city of Cuzco. His name was Manco Ccapac, and it was his high privilege to introduce amongst a barbarous and savage race, the mild manners and the serene light of civilization. But who he was, or whence he came, has been a subject of question among the learned for a long time; nor do we pretend to enter upon a topic on which we have as yet no authentic record to enlighten us. More than this, the exigencies of space demand that we should be circumspect about building up theories from insufficient material, or launching out into vague discussion in support of them. When we state that some suppose Manco Ccapac to be a son of Kublai-Khan, the mighty conqueror of the Chinese, and the friend of Marco Polo, and some an Armenian prince, whilst others give him an Egyptian, a Mexican, and even English origin, our readers will perceive at once how difficult would be any attempt to fill up the chasm left by such discrepancies. It

is, however, a curious fact, and not to be disputed, that about the same time three South American nations, without communication with each other, assumed a degree of civilization far above that of all other American tribes, and the traditions concerning the origin of this civilization, bear strong points of resemblance. On the table-land of Anahuac, Quetzalcoatl, who was worshipped as the god of the Mexicans, appeared to teach arts and sciences to the nation of the Toltecs; Bochica, a child of the sun, came mysteriously among the Muysca in the mountainous regions of Bogotar, teaching men agriculture and building, and about the same time Manco Ccapac founded the empire of Peru.

"Comparing the institutions, customs, ceremonies, and religion of the Incas," says Mr. Markham, "with those of various Asiatic nations, there is little room to doubt, that the emigrants represented by Quetzalcoatl, Bochica, and Manco Ccapac, found their way to the shores of South and Central America, from China, and other parts of eastern Asia; and this is now the generally received opinion of those antiquaries who have paid attention to the subject.

"The government established by the Incas, though in form a despotic theocracy, was mild and patriarchal in effect. The Inca was the father of his people; their comfort, their work, their holidays, were all under the rigid supervision of his officers; and one of his proudest titles was Huaccha-cuyac 'the friend of the poor.'

"The ceremonies of religion were intimately interwoven with the working of government, and the course of every day life; and the spread of their institutions over the surrounding countries, either by gentle or violent means, was the great duty of the children of the Sun. The four somewhat mythical successors of Manco Ccapac, namely, Rocca, the valorous, Yupanqui, the left-handed, Mayta, the rich, and Ccapac Yupanqui, rapidly spread the doctrines of the religion of the Sun, and increased the extent of their dominions; until, at the accession of Inca Pucca, the empire of the Incas, called by them, Ttahuantintin Luyu, or the Four Provinces, reached from Ollantaytambo, to the southern borders of Lake Titicaca."—P. 103.

The evidences of the civilization which the ancient Peruvians arrived at, exist in the architectural monuments that still remain, though in a state of ruin, in different parts of Peru, and especially in the neighbourhood of Cuzco,—in the gigantic blocks of stone used in their buildings, which prove that they must have had knowledge of mechanical appliances lost at the present day,—in the exquisite fineness with which the stones are carved and dovetailed one into the other,—in the beautiful forms of their pottery and their iron-ware specimens of which are abundant in the museums of South America,—and in those scraps of national poetry and songs which are occasionally met with

amongst the modern Indians, who still preserve with affection and pride the language and the traditions of their forefathers.

When Manco Ccapac founded the city of Cuzco in a beautiful plain in the centre of his dominions, he built a fortress and a palace on each frontier. On the north, he built Ollantay-tambo; on the south, Paccari-tambo; on the east, Paucar-tambo; and on the west, Lima-tambo. The ruins of these fortresses still remain more or less perfect. They consist principally of stone-faced terraces rising one above the other, and defended by walls or bastions. Occasionally projecting angles and salient points show that the Peruvians had an idea of fortification, which was supposed to belong only to Europeans.

The most astonishing monument of antiquity in Peru is the fortress of Ollantay, a description of which we give in the words of Mr. Markham, who has visited it, and sketched it, as it were, on the spot:—

“The rock itself is a compound of a dark limestone, faced to the south and east with masonry. At a height of about 300 feet is a small plateau covered with ruins, apparently left in an unfinished state. Remarkable for their enormous size, and the perfect accuracy with which they are cut, are six huge slabs of granite, standing upright, and united by smaller pieces fitted between them; each block being twelve feet in height. At their feet are other blocks of the same material, in one place formed into the commencement of a wall, but all of amazing size, and at the same time most accurately shaped. This spot seems to have been intended as the principal part of the citadel. Behind it, and built up the steep sides of the mountain, are numerous ruined buildings of small stones, plastered over with a yellow mud, with gables at the ends, and apertures for doors and windows; and still further to the west, a flanking wall of the same material rises up from the level plain, to near the summit of the mountain, which is very steep and difficult of ascent, thus defending the fortress on that side. On the east side of the position, and immediately below the principal ruins, are a succession of stone terraces, the upper one being approached by a handsome doorway, with an enormous granite lintel. The wall of this terrace, which is built of polygonally shaped blocks fitting exactly into each other, contains recesses two feet high and one foot deep, and when the inner sides are tapped with the finger, it produces a peculiar metallic ringing sound.

“The most wonderful part of these vast remains, is the distance from which the stones which compose them have been conveyed. The huge blocks of granite of such wonderful dimensions, and yet so beautifully cut, are built on a steep hill, composed of limestone, and the nearest granite quarry is at a distance of nearly two leagues, and at the other side of the river. From this point, which is high up the face of the mountain, these enormous quarters of rock, after they had been accurately cut, were conveyed down to the river,

across it, and then along the banks to the foot of the fortress, a distance of nearly a league, where they were brought into their present position; yet by dint of untiring perseverance and great engineering ability, this extraordinary labour was accomplished."—P. 180.

The river, at the point where the blocks were conveyed across is, it should be remembered, some sixty feet wide, very deep, and dashes along with furious rapidity. Two enormous blocks, that never reached their destination, lie by the road-side, and demonstrate, without a doubt, the route taken in the transit.

Under the rule of the Inca kings, all the land of the empire was divided into three portions. One was set apart for the sun, another for the Inca, and the third was reserved for the people. The tribute exacted from the people by the Incas, consisted simply of a personal service, which seems to have been cheerfully rendered. They cultivated the ground, wove cloth, and manufactured vases or instruments of war for their priest-princes, and when this allotted portion of their work was finished, they occupied themselves for the remainder of the week in tending to their own wants, and those of their families. As, therefore, there were no taxes, and the soil fertile, and the crops abundant, we may believe that the burden of this exaction was light. Agriculture, however, was a science amongst the Peruvians, for they made use of manures to improve the soil, and extensive crops of maize, guinoa, coca, and cotton, were raised upon it. Over the broad *andeneria*, or verdant terraces of the Andes, innumerable flocks of llamas, alpacas, and vicunas grazed, and the wool of these animals was converted by the skill of the natives into fine and comfortable cloths. Gold was collected from the washings of the rivers; and silver from the veins of that metal which lay near the surface of the ground. The Indians in the pursuit of the simple wants of a primitive life, were happy and contented under the care of a paternal government. They experienced the blessings of domestic life, and revelled in the amusements and holidays provided for them by the Incas; whilst they could not fail to be moved by the glorious scenery and the blue sky, which appeared on every side, to their sense of the sublime and the beautiful. Their lot was indeed enviable, if we may believe their legendary history. For centuries had they thus lived in the enjoyment and the tranquility of a patriarchal despotism, when a cruel torrent of invaders poured down upon their hearths, dragged them away from their peaceful occupations, to die by thousands in dark subterranean mines; desecrated their altars, and took possession of their palaces and their homes. It is not our intention to pursue

the tale of horror, which describes the Spanish conquest in America; or follow the fortunes of the Indians to the day of their emancipation. The first part of this task has already been admirably performed by the illustrious historians, Robertson and Prescott. But we may inquire, what are the hopes of Peru and the Peruvians for the future?

A military despotism has controlled, nay, we fear, still controls the fortunes of this beautiful country. The people possess, indeed, the forms of a free government, but the spirit is wanting. The real power exists in the hands of a few, and is not unfrequently wielded by the will of an individual who has acquired absolute authority. The riches of her mines have led statesmen and rulers to neglect the more healthy sources of wealth, the cultivation of the soil, and the encouragement of manufactures. There is, however, according to Mr. Markham, a prospect of better times opening upon this distracted republic.

"And indeed," he says, "the prospects of Peru are brightening day by day, and each branch of industry and education is showing signs of progress. The Inca Indians, by the wise measures of Castilla, are freed from bondage; and the people of Spanish descent are advancing perceptibly in the arts and accomplishments of European civilization. With many faults—and what people have not?—they are possessed in an eminent degree, of all the kindlier feelings of our nature; and above all, their warm hospitality is most attractive, and quite unequalled in any other civilized country."—P. 387.

One of the chief causes—if not *the* cause—of the degradation into which Peru, with so many hopes, so many aspirations, such ardent love of liberty, is plunged, is the domination, in things temporal as well as spiritual, of the corrupt priesthood of Rome. Mr. Markham touches lightly upon this subject, and we only notice it now to refer to the effect of the working of this ecclesiastical system when left to itself, unwatched, unproved, unalleviated by the presence of an enlightened Protestantism, in a neighbouring kingdom, the kingdom of Brazil.

Mr. Ewbank, who is an intelligent traveller, and has written an interesting account of what he calls, "Life in Brazil," passes his verdict on the state of things in that rich, but ill-governed country, in the preface to his work.

"I believe Romanism, as it exists in Brazil and South America generally, to be a barrier to progress, compared to which other obstacles are small, and there are native statesmen alive to the fact; but, incorporated as it is, with the habits and thoughts of the people, transfused as it were through their very bones and marrow, unless some Kempis or Fenelon, Luther or Ronge, arise to purify

it, generations must pass before the scales drop from their eyes, and they become mentally free."—P. ix.

Again :—

"I am told that I should have kept silence on ecclesiastical matters; that it is improper for laymen to meddle with them. I can only say I did not go out of my way to find them. In Brazil, religion, or that which is so called, meets you everywhere; you can do nothing, observe nothing, without being confronted by it in one shape or another. It is a leading feature in public and private life. Festivals and processions constitute the chief amusements of the masses—are their principal sports and pastimes, during which the saints themselves come out of their sanctuaries, and with padres and people take part in the general frolic. To pass them by would be omitting the most popular acts, and neglecting the favourite actors in the national drama."—P. vi.

Our readers must not be surprised if we draw largely from Mr. Ewbank's personal descriptions of some of these "most popular acts," and "the favourite actors." There is every reason to believe that Romanism is judged of by too many from the shape and aspect it assumes in enlightened England; and who decide more favourably on it than they would, did they see the working out of its principles, and the conduct of its teachers in other countries. Demoralizing in its tendencies, it still knows how to put on the garb of virtue when in the presence of virtue, and appear to be enlightened and liberal, when in contact with a liberal and enlightened religion. We must not look for the fruits of Romanism in this country. The priesthood dare not do all they would, nor teach all they profess in a land where the scriptures are public, and every individual ready to judge them out of their own mouth. We must look for the true, the genuine fruits of this creed in Spain or Portugal, in Mexico or Brazil. In these countries it grows rank and, as in a neglected hot-bed, manifests its true character, its true spirit, and stands out verily naked and unmasked.

The first extract we shall make exhibits the fondness of the people for amulets or charms—a fondness encouraged by the priests.

"*Bentinhos*. I suppose there is hardly a Roman Catholic female in Brazil, from the empress to the negress, who does not guard against invisible foes by wearing, in contact with her person, a couple of these diminutive shields. A friend procured me a pair from the most esteemed *fabrica*, the convent of Tereza. Two embroidered pads, an inch and a half square, are connected by a double silk cord. On one is the Lady of Carmo and Child, on the other a fanciful figure or flower. Passing the cords over the shoulders one pad rests on the bosom, and the other at the back, thus protecting

the wearer before and behind. Large numbers are imported from Rome."—Pp. 243.

There is another class of amulets called *breves*, which consists of the pictures of some of the saints folded up and sewed into a small bag, about an inch square, and worn next the skin.

"To several the following is appended: 'His Excellency the Most Reverend Bishop, grand chaplain to the Emperor, Don Manoel de Monte Rodrigues Arango, on visiting the church whose patron saint this image represents, conceded to all who pray before this image one Paternoster and one Ave Maria, forty days of indulgence.' In answer to inquiries it was said the indulged might eat meat on fast-days, would be pardoned for little sins they might commit, and if they died within the time, would go direct to heaven, escaping purgatory altogether."—P. 244.

Let none think that the church of Rome is one whit better to-day than she was in the days when Luther stepped forward to denounce her pretensions and her delusions. The money may still be heard tinkling in the box of Tetsel, and the same blasphemous hopes are daily held out by her servants and ministers to the ignorant and credulous. We cannot blame *them*, the deluded; but do not these practices lay bare the iniquity of the whole system. Where is there anything pure, anything holy, anything exalting, in the constitution of the church of Rome? Has she not always a sliding scale of duty? Does she not everywhere lower her standard of faith and morality, to accommodate herself to the lowest passions of men, rather than raise men to the high standard of scriptural obedience and righteousness? How corrupt too, are her priests? Take but one passage out of many from the pages of Mr. Ewbank, and what is his judgment formed on the prevailing verdict of the people, and confirmed by experience.

"I did not intend to say a word on the morals of the priests, but hearing so much as I do daily, it is impossible to refrain. The depths of their pollution I should not have suspected, nor would any stranger, unless in a similar position to myself to have his eyes opened. The following language of an enlightened native is not introduced to denounce individuals, but the system that makes them what they are. 'The priesthood of this country is superlatively corrupt. It is impossible for men to be worse, or to imagine men to be worse. In the churches they appear respectable and devout, but their secret crimes have made this city a Sodom; there are of course honourable exceptions, but they are very few.' An old inhabitant of Rio, who has neither inducement nor disposition to misrepresent the country or its morals, added, 'Every word is true, and much more than you can well conceive.'"—P. 142.

That the people believe in the miraculous powers and efficient working of charms and amulets blessed by the priest, the following anecdote will show :—

"Pieces of Holy Rock. Soldiers, and particularly those of the interior, protect themselves with amulets. I heard an officer recount with edifying fervour, how one saved his life in direct violation of a natural law. He was ascending the river d'Aldea Velha, in Espirito Santo with government despatches, in a canoe paddled by Indians. The current was strong against them, and the water rough. They were upset, one or both the Indians were drowned, but the relator, who could not swim, after floating half an hour with the tide, reached the shore he knew not how. On drying his garments he found a paper parcel in his coat pocket—slipped in unknown to him by his wife—containing a small fragment of the 'Penha,' a mountain rock consecrated to the Virgin under the name of 'Our Lady of the Rock,' 'The stone,' he said, 'kept me from sinking.'"

It may easily be supposed from these specimens of superstitious teaching, what is the character of the religious rites and ceremonies of the Roman church in Brazil. Restore the old terms, "temple," and "gods" for "churches" and "saints," and there is scarcely aught in it, remarks Mr. Ewbank but what was in common usage before the times of the Cæsars. The church of the present day, instead of being the zealous and humble preacher of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," is a living and luminous exponent of pagan mysteries and ceremonies.

It must not be supposed, that because we have dwelt upon the baneful influence of Rome, portrayed in the moral condition of the people of Brazil, and exposed by Mr. Ewbank, that his work contains nothing more than a series of pictures of priestly corruption, ignorance, and superstition. It abounds in admirable descriptions of the domestic customs and character of the natives, the loveliness of the scenery, the riches of its mountains, the extent of its water-courses, and the size and beauty of its sea-board cities. He likewise discusses the politics of the government; the manufactures, the commerce, the mines, and the agriculture of the country; the number and condition of the slaves: in a word, the moral condition, the material resources, and the future prospects of Brazil.

To illustrate his letter-press, Mr. Ewbank has added one hundred wood-cuts, drawn by his own hand. When we say that they certainly assist us in forming a better idea of an object—a peculiar jar or vase, spear-head, slave-collar, market-place, &c—than we could have obtained from the most lengthened description, we have stated the service they render the reader at their full merit. As artistic drawings they are very poor.

ART. IV.—*Tenby: A Sea-side Holiday.* By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. London: Van Voorst. 8vo., 1856.

THERE are few places to which excursionists resort on the coast of Britain more pleasing to a stranger than Tenby. What Malvern is for the beauty and extent of an inland scenery, Tenby is for an ample sea-view bounded by a bold and rocky shore. As a place in which to spend "a sea-side holiday" the Pembrokeshire watering-place has many attractions. The noble sea-view, ever changing under the alternations of lights and shadows as the world revolves, to say nothing of the ebb and flow of tides, and the succession of storm and calm, is in itself a sufficient attraction to him whose eye and heart are in unison with the beautiful and sublime objects of nature, and cannot fail to excite the most pleasurable emotions. But if the visitor has, in addition to a capacity to derive gratification from scenery, a taste for natural science, he will discover other attractions in Tenby and its neighbourhood. If geology be his pursuit, he will find within a small area, rocks of the silurian, old red sandstone, and carboniferous formations, and in their disturbed, contorted, and shattered condition he will perceive the effects of the most violent convulsions to which the stratified rocks of Britain have been subject. Should he desire to collect from the most ancient mausoleums of earth the records of the early ages of a habitable world, he will not fail to discover the remains of some of the creatures who were the first inhabitants of the ocean, and of the plants that first overshadowed the earth. Should he be more curious to investigate living than extinct forms, he will examine with deep interest the tide-washed limestone caverns, and will find both in sea and on shore numerous objects of study, some of which will test his powers of observation, and yield, if he be not himself in fault, the satisfaction derived from original research. Turning his steps inward, never far from the noise of the breakers, and frequently catching a sight of the ocean smoothed by distance into a billowless plane, he will wander through a country as beautiful as an undulating surface, rich vegetation, and lovely flowers can make it. The botanist will discover plants he cannot find in England; and the ornithologist will have opportunities of watching the habits of birds he may never before have seen out of aviaries and museums.

The geology of Pembrokeshire is only incidentally mentioned by Mr. Gosse, for it was with the marine natural history that he was principally concerned, and his interest in the rocks was confined to their picturesque effects, and the existence of limestone caverns harbouring sponges and zoophytes. But Pem-

brokeshire is a part of the ancient earth, an old land which stood above water when much of England was a portion of the bed of the ocean. The violent contortions of the older stratified rocks are nowhere more strikingly exhibited than on the bold shore of the south-western promontory of the Principality. The volcanic forces acting during that geological period which intervened between the commencement of the silurian and carboniferous ages had but a slight effect upon this district, though evidences of the disturbance they produced in the eruption of volcanic products are not wanting: but at the close of the carboniferous era a greater power was concentrated upon the rocks of South Wales, heaving up strata, bursting and bending the whole series of silurian, old red sandstone, and carboniferous beds, thousands of yards in thickness, as a ray of heat puffs and bursts a soap bubble. This convulsion produced strange contortions in the mineral masses, twisting them in one place and fissuring them in another, changing the relative heights of dry land, and forming new seas. The solid mass of rock became the transmitting medium of a series of vibrations, and its surface was waved like the sea in a storm. No series of local impulses will account for the appearances observed in this locality, nor could any feeble power have effected the change. The agent unbound when this wild disorder was produced, had its effect over a large area, and the action upon all points was simultaneous. The necessity of admitting the activity of a cause adequate to the effects produced, convinces us that no other condition of the disturbing force can account for the upheaval of such a mass of solid rocks; for that they were consolidated there is abundant evidence. Following the effects of this mighty revolution, we trace its origin below the lowest silurian rock. Starting from this level, we pass through a long series of ages spent in the accumulation of detritus and the deposition of these masses, each series of beds being distinguished by its own fauna. During these long ages one order of animals followed another, and when the most ancient disappeared, new conditions of life were introduced, and a great variety and abundance of vegetable forms. Deep seas were at the same time being filled by the debris of existing continents, the bed of the ocean slowly rising by an independent, impulsive, upward force, or the coasts sinking, as they are now doing in some parts of northern Europe. A littoral formation succeeded, forest after forest grew and was submerged, until thousands of feet of sandstone, shale, and incipient coal were piled up on the deep-sea formations. Then came the change, when horizontal strata were upheaved by expansive power from below, and a few gigantic efforts reconstructed and remodelled

the outline, giving to land new elevations, and to the sea new boundaries.

But when we speak of the evidences of the great convulsion which closed the carboniferous era, we must ascertain the amount of the effect, by reconstructing the ancient section, uniting the upturned edge of rock on one side of a valley, with that which rises in an opposite direction on the other side, continuing the line of inclination of both till a natural curve unites them. We shall then be more conscious of the Titanic force by which the contortions were produced, and of the subsequent denudation, which removed so large a portion of the fractured and shivered strata. The new red sandstone, overlapping the edges of our coal-fields, and forming masses of enormous thickness, was the deep-sea produce of this extensive denudation of the smitten rocks of an anterior age.

The effects of this disruption of ancient formations are visible in the cliffs of Tenby and its neighbourhood, and our author found them wherever he went. At Monkstone his attention was attracted by curiously contorted limestone strata, and at Lidstep Bay he was surprised to find the "stratification absolutely perpendicular, and as straight as a line." Approaching the little island of St. Margaret's, he entered a cave with perpendicular walls, "wide fissures and intervening columns of solid rock, as straight and clear-edged as if hewn by a statuary, running up to the very summit which could not be less than a hundred feet."

Had his object been to investigate the geology of the country, he would have discovered many other curious and picturesque forms of stratification, for they abound on every part of this interesting coast, and the quarries would have yielded specimens of extinct organization, as strange as any he found living in the sea, and on the damp sides of the tide-washed caverns. But although his investigations were confined to living species, his researches have as much interest to the geologist, as to the student of living organisms, for it is only by a knowledge of the habits of existing animals that we can deduce from the presence of organic remains, the conditions of the ancient world at the times of the deposition of the rocks in which they are found. "Is it not clear," says Cuvier; "that we are indebted to fossils only for a theory of the earth. Without them, who would have dreamed of the globe having been formed at successive epochs, and by a series of different operations? It is only by analogy that we extend to primitive districts the conclusions which fossils enable us to form in regard to secondary districts: if all strata had been without fossils no one could maintain that they were not all formed at the same period?"

Whether the great naturalist has exaggerated the influence of the studies in which he excelled, upon the establishment of the principles of geology, we will not stay to inquire, though we are most unwilling to forego the evidence given by the stratification, the mineralogical structure, and the mechanical or chemical composition of rocks. When this passage was penned by Cuvier the importance of palæontological studies to the deductions involved in a theory of the earth, was so imperfectly understood that organic remains were sought rather as curious relics than as instructive pages of a lost history, and the conclusions drawn from them were limited to a few evident facts. But as soon as the necessity of the evidence to be derived from fossils was perceived, the persevering and enthusiastic ardour with which geology had been pursued, was communicated to those who overlooked the trim, but idly cultivated domains of natural science. A desire to know the past thus forced upon scientific men the necessity of an acquaintance with the present forms of life. But as the greater number of the organic remains of ancient epochs belonged to invertebrated animals, and as some of these were workmen in the construction of large masses of rock, a knowledge of their present distribution and economy, their family characteristics and specific differences, was especially desired. This has been, more or less directly, the origin of the many profound researches and monographs of departmental zoology, which have so remarkably and honourably distinguished the progress of natural science during the last few years, and also of the many interesting popular illustrations, of which Mr. Gosse's "Tenby," is one of the best. The researches of Ehrenberg, Müller, Forbes, Darwin, our author, and many other naturalists, have now done so much to determine the structure and economy of the lower order of animals, to establish new processes of investigation, and to correct the classification, that the student may speedily and without difficulty obtain sound scientific knowledge, and an enlarged view of organized being, as a foundation for geological studies.

Mr. Gosse's "Tenby" is in itself a proof of the advance of natural science. It is not a mere popular exposition of some elementary facts—a trifling pretence to knowledge, and ability to teach. It is the history of a month spent by a man of research, in the pursuit of a favourite study under favourable circumstances, and is full of original investigations, successful observations, and pleasing descriptions of the impressions produced by novel objects upon an unaffected and healthy mind. It is a book we cannot read without regretting, as we pass from page to page with increasing interest, that we were not his companions. To have wandered with him along the sea shore,—

to have followed him through li...s, to have dredged with him in sight of the ro...d bold promontories of Pembrokeshire,— have botanized in fields and woods, and Penally Bog,—and to have had a peep through his microscope, and to have l...d to his scientific commentaries, ingenious suggestions, and...ous illustrations of the harmony of the divine contrivance, would have been more delightful than a quiet perusal of his book by the fireside.

Apart from the general interest of "Tenby," as the record of the ramble of a naturalist who knows *what* to observe and *how* to explain his observations, it contains many detailed descriptions of invertebrated animals, some imperfectly known, and others discovered by the author himself. Some questions of more general scientific interest are also incidentally referred to, and illustrated by new observations. The transformation of the lower orders of animals is of these. Subjects also of more limited importance referring to the economy of species, genera, or families, are also discussed with that careful reliance upon personal research, and the candid examination of the observations and opinions of others, which distinguish the conclusions of the man of science. The natural history of the Echinodermata is a subject of this kind, well explained by our author.

Transformations in form, or existence, were long supposed to be peculiar to the economy of insect life. Modern research, however, has proved that the Crustaceans also pass through a series of metamorphoses, and there is now reason to believe that a large number of invertebrated animals change in structure and shape, and obtain their maturity through a succession of transformations.

Mr. Spence Bate and Mr. Gosse have proved that the Cirripeda, or Barnacles, are the subjects of many transformations between the times of birth and maturity. Mr. Gosse has confirmed the statements of these naturalists by his observations on the larvæ of the *Balanus porcellanæ*. The young *Balanus*, or Barnacle, when first brought forth, resembles a water flea, (Cyclops), and jerks itself through its element by the alternate expansion and contraction of the limbs, with a perfect freedom of motion. At this time the little creature though only one ninety-fifth of an inch in length, is covered with a carapace, and is as much unlike a barnacle as any other living animal. Mr. Gosse's specimen commenced its transformations on the third day after its birth, by the development of the terminal spine of the carapace; and at the same time it seemed to lose, in some degree, its desire for perpetual freedom, and acquire the power of attaching itself to, or re-
reed. By

subsequent changes the head and antennæ were enlarged, a single eye was separated into two, and two pairs of legs were added. Such were the changes he observed, but we will follow it further. When the time comes for the termination of its first phase of life, the free wandering habits of a creature possessing the power and will to transport itself from one place to another, are lost; and it seeks for a suitable ledge of rock on which it can fix itself for the completion of what yet remains of its existence. It is not simply carried by the waves, and left dry by a receding tide, to affix itself as it best can before the tide returns to wash over it, and perhaps sweep it away into the race of a current, or throw it upon some distant coast. It selects the spot on which it will build its limestone hut in defiance of the power of the ocean, and by a tenacious insoluble glue, secreted by glands in the base of the projecting antennæ, cements the front of its head to the rock, and there awaits the changes yet to come in the term of its existence. The bivalve shells and the eyes are at last thrown off, and the true Barnacle with its multivalve shell is produced.

The transformation of the Echinodermata is equally curious. The larva obtained by Mr. Gosse, and supposed to be that of the *Echinus sphæra*, was about one fortieth of an inch in length, and he compared its form to a painter's long easel; "for it consists of four long legs or rods arranged two in front and two behind, with connecting pieces going across and meeting at the top in a slender head." The framework of this remarkable structure, which has no resemblance to any other organized body, and is not like anything so much as that to which Mr. Gosse has compared it, is calcareous, and is at once distinguished by the formation of close-set oval cavities in rows, so peculiar to the structure of the shell of the sea urchin. With the exception of this structural similarity between the skeleton and the shell, no two animals can be more unlike than the *Echinus* and its larvæ. The upper half of this limestone skeleton is covered by a tunic of gelatinous matter containing an oval cavity, which is the stomach, and the four unconnected legs are covered with the same substance, and furnished with long vibratile cilia. Another specimen obtained by Mr. Gosse, supposed to be the larva of the Purple-tipped Egg Urchin (*Echinus Miliaris*), had three pairs of legs, and in other respects more closely resembled that species previously described by Müller.

A curious transformation was also observed by our author in the *Clavelina lepadiformis*. "The young of this genus," he says, "as in all the Ascidians whose development is known, is quite unlike the parent, undergoing a metamorphosis before the ultimate form is attained. It bears a considerable resemblance to

the tadpole of a frog, consisting of a large ovate body with a thin and long tail; and the resemblance is enhanced by the fact that the whole of this organ is absorbed in the process of growth and every trace of it disappears." When it arrives at maturity each individual of this social mollusk inhabits a crystalline pitcher resembling an ancient amphora, a number of them being attached to a thread-like creeping root.

"A little way within the mouth of this hyaline vase, where the neck dilates into the shoulder, there is seen a white ring,—the hem or edge of what looks a sac of the finest muslin, hanging down the interior for about half the whole length, and terminating with a white hem as at the top; both extremities are thus widely open. This is the respiratory organ—the lung of the creature, and the surrounding water constantly pouring in at the gaping mouth, passes freely through this open sac, bathing all its interior, and giving off its oxygen to the vessels that ramify upon it. On bringing the creature under the microscope we discern the beautiful structure by which this operation so essential to life is performed. The internal surface of the sac is divided into transverse bands, about fourteen in number; each band being a row of about a hundred long, oval cells, arranged perpendicularly and parallel to each other. The cells are lengthened rings of cilia, which, waving regularly and in unison, force on the currents of water, and probably absorb the vivifying oxygen. The action of these ever-working cilia, the waves of which appear like rapidly revolving wheels, is very beautiful—pleasing the eye by their constancy and regularity, no less than the mind by the perception of their fitness for their prescribed function."

In such transformations as those to which we have referred we have the evidence of a development distinct from that transmutation of bodies so weakly imagined, and so feebly supported, by the Vestigians. No phenomenon in nature suggests, much less supports, a belief in the permanent production of an animal of superior organization out of one that is inferior. In all instances if a change of form and organic constitution occur, the metamorphosis is constant and limited. Like a clock which wound up carries an index over a certain number of divisions and then stops till it is wound up again, so an invertebrated animal brought into life in one shape passes through a definite number of changes, and after giving birth to young of the species, dies. The events which happened to the progenitors affect the progeny also, and their developments are bound by a stern necessity admitting of no progression beyond the ordained limit of the being. And this ordination of nature was coincident with creation. No accident, no unusual development, can convert an animal of inferior into one of superior organization, or Lord Monboddo's theory might have found believers, and men have traced their primogeniture to monkeys.

Excellence in the art of describing landscape with its accessories, and of making a pleasing picture without the touch of genius, is so rare, and ill-drawn and bedaubed pictures are so common, that an unaffected sketch in natural tints is sure to please by its simplicity, if it does not delight by its colouring. Many such faithful and pleasing landscapes may be found in Mr. Gosse's "Tenby." The following is a description of what he saw and felt during an evening walk upon Tenby Head :—

"It is a favourite promenade, and in these lovely long evenings the walk that girds its margin, walled up on the cliff-side so high as to allow the gaze to go out freely upon the sparkling sea, is thronged with gay visitors. Last evening we joined the crowd, and were strongly reminded of the Capstone at dear Ilfracombe. The groins and buttresses were limestone instead of grauwacke; but there was the same steep grassy hill on one hand, up which laughing children were climbing, and down which they were rolling,—the same precipitous descent, on the other,—the same expanse of blue sea, and the same familiar flowers and plants—the tufty thrift, the close cushions of pink and white stone-crop, the bladder campion among a wilderness of bramble on the cliff's edge, and the dark, rigid samphire on its inaccessible angles, spangled with the azure sheep's-bit, as if handfuls of sapphires and turquoises had been scattered there.

"Down we gazed on the smooth sea, becoming more and more mirror-like every moment, as the slight afternoon breeze died away into a calm, and allowing us, from our vantage height, to see far down into its depths. Presently I was gratified with the sight of one, and then another, of that enormous Medusa, the great Rhizostome, urging his diagonal course at the anining surface. Its great bluish white disk, like a globe of fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter, moves foremost by alternate contractions and expansions, which remind one of the pulse of an enormous heart, especially as at each stroke a volume of fluid is shot out of the cavity, by the impact of which on the surrounding water, the huge body is driven vigorously forward; meanwhile the compound peduncle, with its eight arms, that hang down to the depth of two feet below, is dragged after the disk; its weight and the resistance of the water to its bulk combining to give that slanting direction which this great Medusa always assumes when in motion.

"We watched the great unwieldy creature a long time, even till evening had faded into night, and we were left almost the only lingerers on the hill. But what a night it was! So calm! so balmy! so solemnly still and noiseless! Even the wash of the ripple at the foot of the cliff was hushed. There was no moon, but many stars were twinkling and blinking, and in the north-west a strong flush of light filled the sky, which was rapidly creeping along over the north cliffs towards which we were gazing. Then those cliffs themselves, all distinctness of feature lost in the darkness, stood like a black wall in front of us, which, being reflected in the placid sea so truly

that no difference could be traced between substance and shadow, the dark mass, doubled in height, seemed to rise from a line only a few hundred yards off, and thus everything looked strange and unnatural and unrecognizable, although our reason told us the cause."

We fear that Mr. Gosse has given some of his readers credit for more knowledge of systematic natural history than they possess, and we could have wished the more frequent introduction of those brief illustrative phrases which show the connection of one order or class of animals with another. But no intelligent reader can rise from the perusal of "Tenby" without gaining much knowledge from a delightful book.

ART. V.—*The Principles of the Pastoral Function in the Church, deduced from Scripture, and applied as a "Test" to the Claims advanced by the Wesleyan Conference.* By the Rev. Micaiah Hill. London: Ward and Co. Birmingham: J. Henderson. 1855.

THIS volume, it appears, "originated in the extraordinary circumstances into which the Wesleyan Methodist body was thrown by the proceedings of the Conference of 1849." Into any detail of those proceedings, and their disastrous consequences, it would be quite superfluous for us to enter. It may suffice for our purpose to state, that after several fruitless attempts by a large number of office-bearers, with a few others, in the Wesleyan connexion to heal the breach which had been made, the sum of one hundred guineas was offered for "the best essay," to be produced in competition, on "the Pastoral Function in the Christian church," and in which "the scriptural view" of that subject should "be applied by way of test to recent decisions published in the "Minutes of the Wesleyan Conference," and in other official documents of the Wesleyan body." Out of thirteen essays "from different competitors," several of which are declared "to possess considerable merit," the adjudicators, Rev. J. A. James, Rev. D. Walton, and Isaac Taylor, Esq., came "to the unanimous decision, that the Essay . . . from the pen of the Rev. Micaiah HILL, fulfils in a more perfect degree than any of the rest, the requirements of the original proposal; and to this, therefore, they adjudge the prize."

This brief statement may serve to explain the range of topics which the author has selected, and the polemical cast by which most of them are distinguished. He has divided his work into

eight chapters, each of which is sub-divided into several sections. The chapters are thus entitled: I. The Scriptural Constitution of a Church. II. The Scriptural Functions of the Pastoral Office. III. The Church Despoiled. IV. Courts of Appeal; or, Pastors out of Place. V. Legislative Prerogatives; or, Pastors in Usurpation. VI. Scripture and Christians Outraged. VII. The Hybrid System. VIII. The Conference Apology.—Of the contents of these chapters, our limited space forbids the attempt at any thing like analysis, in the proper sense of the term. We can only indicate, in the briefest possible manner, the general drift of what Mr. Hill has aimed to accomplish, subjoining one or two observations which the perusal of his volume has suggested.

The first and second chapters are chiefly occupied—as their titles would suggest—in endeavouring to ascertain, from the New Testament, the constituent elements of a Christian church, and the mutual relations, duties, rights, and privileges, of the pastors and their flocks. The conclusions arrived at on these topics are substantially those generally maintained by Congregationalists. Chapters third, fourth, and fifth, demonstrate that, on all the most essential points of ecclesiastical administration, the Wesleyan Conference system is in direct contravention of that which obtained in apostolic times, and of the whole spirit and genius of Christianity,—investing the pastorate with prerogatives which at once invade the authority of Christ, and subvert the rights and liberties of His people. The next chapter describes the policy by which that system is sought to be upheld. Under the plea of the “sole responsibility” of pastors, and of the scriptural obligations which Christians are under to maintain peace, all free expression of opinion, and all liberty of action which can in any way affect Methodism as it is, are sternly interdicted. The only alternative presented to the members is mute acquiescence in conferential arrangements, or withdrawal from the society. Failing both, recourse is had to expulsion. The seventh chapter delineates the anomalous constitution of Methodism, of which Conference, claiming for itself absolute power is the head, and the several societies under its jurisdiction are the body: a system presenting an incongruous admixture of contrariant elements—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Congregational. The remaining chapter is supplementary. It consists of a sort of running critique on a work which made its appearance about the time the author sent in his essay for competition, by the Rev. A. Barrett, in defence of Conference Methodism.

The pervading question of the essay is that of church power. Other questions are mooted, but to ascertain the origin of that

power, its nature, its seat, its object, the conditions and limits of its exercise, and to apply the conclusions obtained to an existing ecclesiastical system, constitute the main purpose and aim of the treatise. It is, in other words, a polemical dissertation on church government and discipline; and owing partly to the circumstances which elicited it, and partly to the stand-point of the writer, assumes the form of Congregational *sensu* Wesleyan Methodist polity. At the same time it is evident that if the principles and reasonings of the book are sound, they are capable of a much wider application than being employed "as a test to the claims advanced by the Wesleyan Conference."

The general subject thus brought under discussion is, in our estimation, of much greater importance than many seem to admit. We have no sympathy with those who speak and act as if they thought that "whate'er is best administered is best:" a bad motto for political, and a still worse one for ecclesiastical government. Either it assumes the indifference of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong, as to their tendencies and influence, or else it betrays the most palpable confusion of thought, by mutually transferring what is respectively due to systems and their administrators. Nor can we perceive either the wisdom or the piety of the plea sometimes put forth—that, because the preaching of the Gospel is so much more important than the form of church polity, therefore, provided we have the former, all inquiries about the latter may be held in abeyance as of little or no account, and all controversy respecting it be avoided as tending to produce more evil than good. This, we think, is to take a very narrow and mistaken view of the matter. That controversy on this, as on other subjects, is frequently attended with evil we are not at all concerned to dispute. It would not be difficult however to show, that the evil is incidental and temporary—is not inherent in the very nature of controversy, but springs from the ill-regulated feelings of the disputants, from the abuse, not the use of it; while the good which flows from it is direct, legitimate, permanent, and with very rare exceptions greatly preponderates. If we must condemn as unchristian a disputatious temper—a love of controversy for its own sake,—we must likewise question the healthiness, at least, of that piety which, under whatever pretext, would discourage earnest inquiry into any department of Christian truth or practice, or shrink from controversy, and suffer error to take its course, simply because of the accidental evils which controversy may occasion. But the plea we have mentioned overlooks the consideration, that the duties, rights, and privileges of the members of Christ's Church are themselves part of the gospel, that the administration of the affairs of His kingdom is

part of the kingdom itself. On any subject, and in any system the greater should doubtless take precedence of the less, but not exclude it. For each there is an appropriate place, and in whatever way the right order may be violated, mischievous consequences must ensue. We would also remind those who reason after the manner we have stated, that the corruption of what they are pleased to designate exclusively the Gospel, is seen to be very closely associated in the history of the church with the corruption of her polity. The several departments of the entire Christian scheme are, in truth, so interwoven and inter-dependent, that whatever affects one, will, more or less, affect the rest: they mutually act and re-act upon each other. To neglect one, therefore, lest it should interfere with the claims, or impair the efficiency of another, is false in principle and must prove self-defeating in practice. Sometimes, we fear, the plea is merely an excuse for mental indolence, or, which is worse, for compliance with what may best serve the purposes of worldly gain, or social reputation, or some other equally unworthy end. The motto of every Christian man should be: "Prove all things—hold fast that which is good."

The love of power would seem to be instinctive—an original propensity of our nature. Like every other constituent element of our being it is not only harmless in itself, but in its proper place, and in the discharge of its proper office, of great utility. In common, however, with all our propensities, it is capable of perversion, and is beset with more than ordinary danger. Thus the desire for power—one of the aspects under which the love of it appears—acting simply as a stimulus under the control of right judgment and correct moral principles, is the mainspring of some of man's noblest acquisitions, of his subordinating to himself what may promote his own and others' good. But the desire for power, when released from this salutary control, loses its original character, and may become an evil of portentous magnitude. It is no longer pure desire, but passion, lust, and is in danger of continually increasing in strength and lawlessness, until it becomes a law to itself—the master passion of the soul. In this state of complete ascendancy, no sacrifices however costly, no measures however atrocious, will be declined as too high a price for the attainment of its object. Success will only render the craving for further acquisition the more intense. Of all passions, a rampant ambition ranks among the most selfish, the most unscrupulous, the most cruel, the most insatiable; and has proved one of the severest scourges under which the human family has ever writhed. Generally speaking, there are few things which men hold with a more tenacious grasp than power. Its proffer may sometimes be

rejected : its spontaneous surrender is a **occurrence.**
 Reverence for power—another form **love of it**
 assumes—regulated by intelligence and self-respect is also
 beneficial, is an indispensable element of social order,—not to
 speak of any higher relationship. Apart, however, from these
 accompaniments it degenerates into servility—it may be a
 selfish or craven submission—it may be a blind, senseless
 worship. An inordinate regard for power is common both to
 ambition and servility—the extreme forms of the corruption of
 the same general propensity in opposite directions,—but the
 ambitious man evinces his regard for it by sacrificing to it the
 rights of others, the genuine slave by sacrificing to it his own.
 Power is the idol of both, though **h renders worship in his**
 own way. Sometimes ambition and **servility are inmates of the**
 same bosom—the despot and the **ave meeting in the same**
 person, a despot to those below him, to **those above him a slave.**

The province of Religion is by no means exempt from the
 temptations and dangers which **et man on this subject.**
 Ambition has a higher object **a wider scope in spiritual**
 than in secular matters. To **have dominion over the persons**
 and temporal estates of men is, to a certain order of minds, an
 object much less to be coveted than dominion over their con-
 sciences and their religious interests,—not to mention that in
 the degree in which the latter is achieved, the former may be
 regarded as secured also. On the other hand, the religious
 sentiment—so deeply seated in our nature, and so powerful
 when once evoked—readily allies itself, when in an imperfectly
 developed state, with a servile disposition, and easily takes the
 form of superstitious veneration for **eclesiastical functionaries,**
 investing them and their **se with a kind of superhuman**
 sanctity. The pervading con : **as of guilt, and of unfitness**
 for immediate intercourse with **Deity,** disposes to the acceptance
 of their intervention as a priestly **ase, as mediators between**
 God and man ; while the moment **is interests at stake—the**
 dread of going astray—the absence **f self-relying judgment—**
 the desirableness of transferring to **der shoulders the burden of**
 responsibility, securing at once **of conscience and relief**
 from thought—are incentives of marvellous efficacy in help-
 ing on the delusion. Submission—**obedience—how absolute**
 soever, appears less than an equivalent for the benefits it secures.
 The history of Christianity, unhappily, **as well as of other reli-**
 gions, abounds wsth illustrations of the **existence and workings**
 of such principles, and of their lamentable results. Demands
 so preposterous that we blush to think of them having been made
 in the name of Christ and of His holy **G et, a that same**
 name to have been unhesitatingly conceded. **P retensions**


the most enormous have been responded to by credulity and superstition equally enormous. The fanaticism of spiritual authority has been matched, and if possible surpassed, by the fanaticism of spiritual obedience. Man has put himself in the place of God, exalted "himself above all that is called God," and the vain idol has found countless multitudes of worshippers.

In many cases, no doubt, of spiritual despotism in connexion with Christianity, we may find examples of the most shocking impiety—of the rankest imposture. The love of domination for its own sake, or for the gain it brought, or for the shelter it afforded to the basest practices, has furnished the motive for assuming an office, and upholding pretensions, which the party himself has inwardly despised. While rigorously imposing every dogma of the church's creed, every rite of her ceremonial, every requirement of her discipline, and menacing the unbelieving or disobedient with the direst anathemas, the priest has been himself an unbeliever, and looked with unutterable contempt upon his hapless victims. But it would be a grievous violation of the law of charity, as well as betray great ignorance of human nature, to confound in every case the spiritual despot with the wilful impostor. We cannot doubt, whether we are able to explain it or not, that thousands have been the dupes of their own pretensions. They have looked upon themselves as the ambassadors of heaven, the chosen depositaries of truth, the appointed administrators of divine grace, through whom and by whom all transactions between God and man are to be conducted upon the earth. Persuaded that the authority they have claimed was the inalienable right of their office—God's ordinance—the inference they have drawn was natural enough, that for men to disobey them was to disobey God, detrimental to the cause of religion, and an act of self-deprivation of the most important benefits. The further inference was equally natural, that, not only as matter of desert, but for the promotion of the divine glory, for the vindication of the honour of his servants, and for the good of their own souls, the rebellious must needs be punished, and the refractory reduced to submission, by whatever severity of discipline necessary for the purpose.

It might have been expected, perhaps, that they who have bowed their necks to so heavy a yoke, should be found only among the uneducated, and the ignorant, and the weak. And without question, minds untrained or feeble afford the best material for sacerdotal arrogance to work upon, and ignorance is the most favourable condition for the admission of its pretensions. Spiritual despotism is emphatically the reign of night. Darkness and stillness are its appropriate emblems, and its

chief security. The day-spring of knowledge, and the genial activity it awakens, usually presage the loosening of its bonds, if not its overthrow. None have been more sensible of this than the priesthood themselves, if we may judge from their efforts to discourage among the people the diffusion of knowledge, and habits of thought and inquiry. The rule, however, has many exceptions. Among the bondsmen of the Papal hierarchy are to be numbered, not only many of general shrewdness and intelligence, but not a few of the wise, the learned, and in other respects the strong. In all things else men, they have been children in this; their general independence of thought and action standing out in sharply defined contrast to an uninquiring submission to whatever their spiritual pastors have either taught or enjoined. On no other subject perhaps have good men shown so much imperfection, the wise so much folly, the strong so much weakness.

In considering the gigantic power which the Romish hierarchy attained, which it exercised during so long a period, and to so wide an extent comparatively undisturbed, and which after receiving many shocks is still so great, one thing deserves special attention: it was not the acquisition of a day or of a single generation, not the achievement of one master-mind, but of many minds steadily co-operating through successive periods. From small beginnings the evil work advanced step by step, sometimes slowly, sometimes with an accelerated pace—the promoters eagerly availing themselves of every advantage which offered, never losing sight of their object even amidst temporary reverses, but often with wonderful shrewdness turning even these to account. The gradual subjugation of the people did not shock them because it was gradual. The progress made during a single generation was often not sufficient to awaken any sense of danger, even had the popular mind been less passive than it was. With growing enslavement, the disposition to resist, and the prospect of success if the thought of resistance suggested itself, alike diminished. It was as if submission became a habit, growing stronger as other habits do by repeated acts, and was transmitted from generation to generation with its accumulated strength, ever keeping pace with the advancing claims of those who exacted it. Despotism became at length venerable for its antiquity, and obedience a prescriptive obligation. Men learned to reverence their task-masters for the very burdens they imposed, and to rank their own abject submission, as indeed they were instructed to do, foremost among Christian virtues, nay, to look upon it as inclusive of all others, or as a substitute for them. We cannot stay to point out the corresponding deviation from the Christian



standard in doctrine and morals, and in all else that we include under the name of Christianity.

The Papal ecclesiastical system is commonly condemned by Protestants of every name in no very measured terms. We cannot help thinking, however, that some who join in this condemnation very unwisely neglect the proper study of that system. They appear to look so intently at the phenomenon as almost to overlook the laws which underlie it—to be so absorbed with the issue as to disregard the process by which it has been reached. One consequence is, that they see no danger in some of the very principles of which Romanism is only the outgrowth under circumstances peculiarly favourable to their development. What is an object of abhorrence and dread when it has attained to maturity, excites neither displeasure nor alarm in certain stages of its progress: they do not seem to recognize its identity—are probably misled by the habit of judging of principles less according to their true nature and tendency than according to their immediate palpable results. Hence they may very unwittingly be found patronizing what, if they really understood it, they would strongly denounce, and indeed do denounce under another form and in different circumstances. “Judge not according to the appearance” is an admonition to which on this subject, as on so many others, we do well to take heed. We must learn to look beneath the surface, to guard against being misled by what is merely circumstantial. “A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.” A principle whether good or evil, true or false, is invariable in its tendency, and in the kind of influence it exerts. Circumstances, ever fluctuating, may facilitate or check its operation, but can never alter its nature—may render it more or less fruitful of positive results, but can never change the character of its produce. The easiest and the safest way of dealing with what is evil, is manfully to grapple with it at the very moment it is discovered.

The foregoing considerations—to which many might be added—may, perhaps, serve to show that the question of church power, and of the relations which pastors and their flocks sustain to each other in this matter, is not indifferent in itself, and certainly ought not to be treated as such by those who regard the Romish polity as anti-scriptural and highly pernicious. So long as human nature is what it is, the slightest encroachment on Christian liberty demands exposure and resistance. But that this may be done effectually, the subject requires to be clearly understood, and its importance pointed out and illustrated. We, therefore, welcome the appearance of a volume in which it is discussed at considerable length, and

with equal freedom and ability. We must now beg the patience of our readers to a few observations respecting this performance in general.

The special undertaking of the author was not of a nature to demand much research or extensive reading; but he has evidently availed himself with intelligence and assiduity of such sources of information as required to be explored. The "Minutes of Conference," and the writings of the warmest advocates and ablest defenders of the Wesleyan system, are cited in order to show what that system is, or claims to be regarded; and his citations are sufficiently copious and various to enable his readers to form a correct view of it. In investigating the teachings of the New Testament—the supreme authority of which is acknowledged on both sides—and in applying them as a test to the principles and working of Conference Methodism, he displays much shrewdness, and considerable logical acumen. He has inscribed upon the system in very legible characters, "TAKEN: thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting;" having, in our judgment, employed just balances, and held them, for the most part, with a steady hand. He certainly does not deal very tenderly with the system, or with its defenders. His exposure of the former—of its direct irreconcilable antagonism, on so many points, with the dictates of inspiration, and the genius of Christianity—is ample and unsparing. Occasionally, we think, he has pushed the application of a principle, in itself sound, beyond its legitimate boundary, or incautiously used expressions of so sweeping a character as to give to his statements the appearance, at least, of having done so. For instance, on the subject of "legislative prerogatives," the author, while very properly condemning the authority which Conference assumes in making and enforcing laws, seems to have left no margin for those conventional regulations which a Christian church may adopt for ordering and effectually carrying out the purposes of its constitution. "In the New Testament," he tells us himself, "there are but two or three great rules of church polity; and upon a rigid and faithful observance of these, depend the scriptural character and efficiency of pastoral rule," and, we presume, of ecclesiastical administration generally. But because these rules are so few, because the New Testament prescribes broad principles only, and not the minutiae of their application, there is not only room left, but a demand for certain arrangements and rules which have the character of bye-laws—always presuming that they be such only as necessity or a wise expediency dictates, and that both in themselves, and in the use made of them, the supreme authority of Christ, and the just liberties of His people are held intact.

Now we do not suppose that Mr. Hill intended to deny to a Christian church a prerogative like this, but our impression is that certain unqualified statements render an inference to that effect plausible. We can easily imagine, likewise, that some persons, not, it may be, altogether without reason, might consider his manner of treating the defenders of Methodism as not quite consistent with the courtesy and respect due to the character and talents certainly of some of them. We do not recollect that his language is in any case offensively personal, but it is often sarcastic and taunting. Without falling into the odious practice of imputing to individuals base and unworthy motives, often done with no better reason than that they are antagonists, he does not always appear sufficiently to distinguish between the character of the system, and the character of the men who have embraced it. We can make great allowance for the warmth of controversy, and for the indignation so natural when contemplating the melancholy spectacle of good and able men employing their talents in support of a system, which, in the estimation of the writer, is fraught with mischief—exalting the ministers of Christ into a priestly caste, and degrading the Lord's free men to the condition of spiritual serfs—and under the operations of which thousands were, at the time, separated from a communion dear to them by so many associations and recollections. Nor are we so squeamish as to pronounce the language of irony or sarcasm, any more than that of grave and measured rebuke, necessarily unchristian. But we think that, as a general rule, it should be directed as little as possible against persons, and be reserved mainly for folly and hypocrisy, and their kindred vices.

We would further remark that, in the general distribution and arrangement of materials, the work displays less ability than in the management of the parts separately considered. There is much logical astuteness in the discussion of particular topics, but the topics are unnecessarily multiplied, and some of them too closely allied for detached consideration, without the almost inevitable consequence of running into each other. Partly to this, we apprehend—partly to some little precipitancy—while employed, as in the first two chapters, on deducing Scripture principles—in attacking those of the system which he arraigns (a remark more especially applicable to chap. ii.)—and partly, perhaps, to a somewhat too exhaustive method in treating the several branches of his subject, we are disposed to ascribe the frequency with which he is obliged to check the current of his remarks, lest he should forestall some future topic, and the repetitions which are to be found in the volume. There is abundant evidence that he has clear-headedness enough, and

logic enough, to have avoided these faults, and imparted to his work that character of "progressive transition," that evolution and growth of part out of part, so essential to the unity and compactness of the whole. Shall we further indulge what is supposed to be the foible of our craft by remarking that we are no great admirers of the curt and seemingly expressive titles of several of the chapters and sections? By such a practice, precision and comprehensiveness are often sacrificed to very inferior qualities. For our taste, also, the author has indulged a little too freely in the introduction of poetical scraps, most of which we acknowledge to be pertinent, and add smartness to his argument, and sprightliness to his style, but some take their places by a little constraint, instead of falling naturally into them. Generally speaking, the style is clear, free, vivacious, and forcible; admirable qualities in themselves, and specially adapted to the nature of the work.

We should not have indulged in some of the preceding remarks had our estimate of the real worth of this volume been lower than it is. It is distinguished by strong mother-wit—by much force of reasoning, enlivened by frequent repartee. It sets in a powerful and varied light the subject which the writer undertook to discuss; clearly convicting, in our view, the polity of Wesleyan Methodism of grave departure from that of the New Testament, and its advocates of much false logic, inconsistency, and even self-contradiction, in their pleadings on its behalf. It exposes under manifold aspects the injurious influence of the system on both pastors and people. It is an earnest, outspoken, protest against priestly arrogance and assumption, and a warm-hearted vindication of Christian rights and privileges. Without professing to endorse every utterance of the author, we thank him for what he has done, and sincerely hope that his work will find, as it deserves, an extensive circulation. We heartily commend it to the perusal of our readers, assured that if they follow our advice they will not blame us for having given it.

We cannot conclude this paper without expressing our sense of the extensive benefit which Wesleyan Methodists, spite of their faulty system of church polity, have conferred upon this country. They have, by their zealous and self-denying labours, carried the lamp of life into many a benighted neighbourhood, which other religious bodies had never penetrated, and been a blessing to thousands. Our earnest hope is that the heads and leaders of the Society will be induced to abandon a policy which has already brought upon it so much mischief, and which threatens to obstruct its future usefulness.

ART. VI.—*Thomas Aird's Poems. A New Edition.* William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1856.

THE rule generally holds good in works of art, as well as of nature, that their durability is proportioned to the time and manner of their growth. In literature, no doubt, there are many deviations from this, as any one will vouch, who has tumbled over an old library, and pitched enormous fat folios, the evident labour of the author's lifetime, back into the cob-webbed nooks, symbolical of the utter oblivion into which they have passed, while treasuring up some petty little brochure, written to obtain a dinner, perhaps. The history of literature during the last quarter of a century, affords, however, a great many instances of the apparent operation of this law. Reputations poetical and otherwise, innumerable, have arisen and set; some have just commenced to show symptoms of falling into the sere and yellow leaf, while others continue steadily to advance from long protracted neglect. The more youthful readers of the new edition of the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," must repeatedly be indebted to Professor Ferrier's notes for their comprehension of passages relating to persons, of whom Christopher North speaks as if their names were household words. It is amusing also to observe how names are jumbled together in his estimates of books and authors, the long-since dead and forgotten being not unfrequently classed with those which have come down to the present day, with renewed growth. In the third volume of the "*Noctes*" we find him, somewhere about the year 1830, speaking of Thomas Aird in those sweeping terms of laudation, which he was apt to apply often as indiscriminately as the abuse with which he delighted in loading any one who happened to be a Whig or a Radical. At that time there was no great wonder that the popular voice did not respond to North's enthusiasm, for the "*Captive of Fez*," on whose beauties he dilated, though it possessed some spirited passages, offered little to interest the general reader, the details being thoroughly unnatural, and managed with little skill; while a magnificent ballad like "*The Devil's Dream*," standing alone, could not be expected, of itself, to produce any instantaneous effect. Since then, however, he has never yielded an inch of ground, and not a few of the poems in the volume now before us, will justify us in predicting for him ultimately, a far higher and more permanent poetical reputation than many of his brethren who have ascended the fabled hill somewhat more rapidly. Those to which we allude, deal with the scenes and topics which evidently lie nearest his heart, for which, notwithstanding his attempts to naturalize himself

in tropical climes, we believe his genius is peculiarly, and were it not for "The Devil's Dream" and "The Demoniac," we should say exclusively, adapted. Doubtless he has written much beautiful poetry, but it is the genuine native characteristics with which such poems as "Frank Sylvan," and other sketches of Scottish scenery and character are imbued, which will ultimately find an echo for his writings in the breasts of the admirers of Burns, Scott, and Professor Wilson. He is in poetry, in fact, to a great extent, what Wilson is in prose—a little more staid, perhaps. Wilson, indeed, is the only predecessor of whom any distinct imitation can be traced, and his poetical style is entirely his own—copied from no one, and as yet, (rare benefit of unpopularity) copied by no one. The impressions produced by Wilson's "Recreations," and Aird's "Blank Verse Sketches," are very much the same. We feel the same "natural airs" blowing breezy along their pages, and the same current of health runs clear and fresh through every vein of thought, all being the free and unrestrained gushings of hearts, saturated with the beauties of earth, till they have become a part of their being. Aird is, in our opinion, so far as he goes, a truer poet of the seasons than Thomson. His minuteness of detail never detracts from the grand outline, and his style now quaint and homely, and ever and anon swelling out into periods unsurpassed by Cowper or Wordsworth in descriptive beauty and aptness, disdains the cheap artifice of heaping up fanciful analogical ideas, by which it is common to conceal a superficial acquaintance with the real features of nature. He has too much love and reverence for our dear mother-earth, to trick her out in such fantastic disguises. He does not call upon us to behold suns expiring in their own blood, with moons watching their death pangs in fierce triumph, but brings before us nature in her own fresh unsullied glory. Our readers will judge for themselves from the following random extracts. From Frank Sylvan's ramble we could multiply quotations without number. Take this picture of "Sweet St. Mary's Well :"—

" Cold, still, and glassy deep, a grassy brow
O'ershading it, here lies the virgin well.
Frost never films it, ne'er the dog-star drinks
Its liquid brimming lower. Self-relieved,
By soft green dimples in its yielding lip,
The trembling fulness breaks, and slipping o'er,
Cold bubbles through the grass, the infant spilt
Assumes a voice, and, gathering as it goes,
A runnel makes : how beautiful the green
Translucent lymph, crisp curling, purling o'er
The floating duckweed, lapsingly away !"

Here is a very gem of suggestive imagery, rivalling in the perfect idea it conveys Pope's oft-quoted "wounded snake."

"The cushat, startled from her ivied tree,
Comes clapping out above him, down right o'er
The river takes, and, *folding her smooth wings,*
Shoots like an arrow up the woody face
Of yon high steep, and o'er it bears away—
The loveliest feat in all the flight of birds."

The mingled homeliness and truth of his "Winter" sunrise and sunset are beautiful exceedingly :—

"Yon ridge of trees against the frosty east
Of morn, how thin, how fine, how spiritualized
Their fringe of naked branches, and of twigs,
Distinct, though multitudinous and small!
Still rarified, they seem about to be
Consumed away in the affluent candent glow
Breathed up before the sun! Lo, in their stems
His ruddy disk; and now the rayless orb,
Round and entire, is up, on the fixed eye
Dilating, swimming with uncertain poise
From side to side—a great red ball of fire."

* * * *

"The sun goes down the early afternoon,
And soon will set. A rim of steaming haze
Above the horizon, deeper in its dye
Than the light orange of the general west,
Receives his reddened orb. As through their glades
Westward you go, a sifted dust of gold
Fills all the fir-wood tops; ruddy below
Their rough-barked stems; and, ay, the wings of birds
Flash like illumined gold-leaf, as they flit
From tree to tree across your startled eye."

It is not merely in such descriptive sketches that Aird excels. His verse throughout is the evident reflex of a large and liberal mind, stored with all variety of lore, of a heart brimful with love for all God's creatures, and that is ever running over with fresh fancies and pleasant humours, unmingled with misanthropical or other fashionable cant. At the same time, while deficient in the knowledge, or, at least, application of those rules which go to the construction of a successful tale, he is singularly happy in illustrative anecdotes, which he blends into the talk with which he beguiles his rural walks. No doubt he wants the felicitous arrangement and transition power of Cowper, which combine to make the whole of the "Task," a series of exquisite pictures, falling as gently and

imperceptibly into each other as different landscapes melting together; but his pencil has much of the same graphic minuteness, with a rough, rich raciness peculiarly his own. We have set our heart upon seeing a landscape painter as decidedly Scottish as Cowper is English, and we shall not readily forgive Mr. Aird if he disappoint us. His "Frank Sylvan," "A Summer Day," "A Winter Day," &c., evince the possession of the materials in abundance, but they are just a shade too rambling and unconnected. We have no doubt that his genius would lead him to select his *task* so as to avoid any appearance of imitation. England has been more favoured of late years than the sister kingdom with original poetry, and it would be well that almost the only surviving poet of high genius left to Scotland should not depart without leaving some special token for his countrymen. This blank undoubtedly remains yet to be filled, for Thomson was rather a renegade Scot, who merely used his recollections of Scottish scenery to embellish his vague generalisms, which can hardly be applied correctly to any clime or country in particular.

We have dwelt principally on this class of Mr. Aird's writings as we conceive it to be really that on which his after-reputation will rest, though it forms by no means the predominating element in the contents of the volume. Tales such as the "Captive of Fez," of a class whose day has gone hopelessly by, and a long dramatic poem, the "Tragedy of Wold," take up the greater part—in our opinion, greatly to the detriment of their less assuming companions. Of the tales we need say nothing, unless that they might be of great value to certain minor poets—small editions of Samuel Rogers—but serve no good purpose as emanating from Thomas Aird, only tending to send away the casual reader from the untasted banquet, under the impression that he is one of those well-meaning versifiers born to be forgot. The "Tragedy of Wold," a huge conglomeration of blood and thunder, raving and ranting, is not without evidence of great poetic powers and strength of conception; but these are not in sufficient proportion to render it effective as a whole. The haughty, unbending stoicism of a duchess of the old times which leads her to sacrifice her son without compunction to a freak of loyal devotion, is not calculated to excite a very high amount of sympathy. Mr. Aird, to his praise be it said, has, unlike many other poets, a strong, reverential predilection for old age, which has inspired some of his tenderest and most beautiful effusions. In this case, however, he makes it so intolerably prominent that it is hardly possible to refrain from an involuntary impatience at being compelled, like poor Roland Gracine, to be at the beck of two grand-dames, whose weighty

communings engross so much of the narrative. Similar objections apply to other dramatic poems, but the beauty of many detached passages, especially in the "Mother's Blessing," abundantly supply the lack of general interest. We need only allude to a poem so widely known as the "Devil's Dream." The "Demoniac" and "Churchyard" likewise are powerful and imaginative productions, though the latter is loosely put together in the extreme; the ghosts who conduct a poetical conversation during three nights, being a great deal too ghost-like, continually fading away, and leaving the author to all intents and purposes, to speak for them, which he does by launching out at some length into his favourite vein, and then sticking in here and there "First Ghost," "Second Ghost," and so on. Indeed, so much is this the case, that in the present edition we find him withdrawing one of these pseudo-ghost's pleasant recollections of earth, and introducing it as a separate poem under the title of the "Holy Cottage." Some other similar transplantations are also effected without the theft being in the slightest degree visible, evincing we think that their author has not the greatest faith in the acceptability of some of his larger poems.

We trust this present opportune republication will greatly extend the circle of Mr. Aird's readers. There are a few new poems included in this volume, but it is chiefly valuable in comparison with former editions, on account of the great evident care with which the whole has been revised, there being hardly a page which does not bear traces of the file. Redundancies are retrenched, heightening touches thrown in, and laxities of expression corrected. These alterations are not always happy, the wheat now and then getting well nigh pulled up or "laid" along with the tares, but on the whole the general effect is much improved. We could of course, for our own part have dispensed with what we consider a vast amount of extraneous matter. We hardly expect that Aird will obtain his due modicum of fame till (long may the day be distant!) some unscrupulous biographer, shall treat him in a similar fashion to that in which he treated Delta, and sweep away without mercy whatever appears unworthy of his genius. Meantime, in spite of all surrounding cumbrances, those who can appreciate strength and originality of thought, a deep insight into and acquaintance with the grand and the minute of nature, and an unlimited command of language and imagery of the very highest order, will find profit and delight in the strong masculine, and at the same time, tender and true utterances of this genuine "poet of nature."

We trust Mr. Aird will be long spared for the *task* at which

we have hinted, realizing in his latter days the peace and repose of his own Sylvan, "deep in the bosom of his native valley." He has not yet retired from the stir of active life, and now that age has begun to steal upon him, our best wishes for his future will be expressed in his own words—

"Labour, Art, Worship, Love, these make man's life:
How sweet to spend it here! Beautiful valley,
Thine eyre the lilies of the Spring, and thine
The Summer's leafiest places; Autumn next
Crowns your glad crofts with corn; nor should we dread
The Winter here. On January morn
Down your long reach, how soul-inspiring,
Far in the frosty yellow of the East,
To see the flaming horses of the Sun
Come galloping up on the untrodden year!
If storm-flaws more prevail, hail, crusted snows,
And blue-white thaws upon the spotty hills,
With dun swollen floods, they pass and hurt thee not
They but enlarge, with sympathetic change,
The thoughtful issues of thy dwellers' hearts,
Here, happy thus, far from the scarlet sins,
From bribes, from violent ways, the anxious mart
Of money-changers, and the strife of tongues,
Fearing no harm of plague, no evil star
Bearded with wrath, his spirit finely touched
To life's true harmonies, old Sylvan dwells
Deep in the bosom of his native valley."

ART. VII.—*Die Psalmen*. Uebersetzt and Ausgelegt von Dr. Hermann Hupfeld, Ordentlichem Professor der Theologie zu Halle. Erster Band Gotha, 1855. 8vo. (*The Psalms: Translated and Explained by Dr. H. Hupfeld, Ordinary Professor of Theology at Halle.*) Vol. I.

AMONG the sacred books of the old dispensation, the Psalms will ever occupy a chief place in the minds of Christians. The devotional spirit which they breathe is generally consonant with that of the New Testament, so that they must always afford important aid in exciting and elevating souls desiring to commune with the Most High. Dear to the pious heart are these sacred odes: so exactly adapted are they to the varying moods of the inner man once awakened to the consciousness of divine things. It is not surprising that many commentaries should have been written on a work like the Psalter. It needs,

possessing genius, he has yet a strong common sense which keeps his fancy in check. We are, therefore, disposed to attach an importance to his original investigations into Hebrew words and constructions, which, in our opinion, is not due to Ewald.

Secondly. Another excellence is the concise analysis of the general sense of each Psalm furnished by the learned author. In this respect he may be said to excel all previous commentators, except, perhaps, De Wette; though the latter is oftener incorrect than Hupfeld. The difficulty of giving a complete and faithful yet brief analysis, can only be appreciated by such as have tried the experiment. In nothing is the mastery of a subject evinced more than in this. As an example we may refer to Psalm V. on page 67.

Thirdly. Like De Wette, the author follows the historical method of interpretation. This is the only true method. The right sense can only be derived from the words themselves taken in their common acceptance and modified by the context in which they stand. No other principle is safe, because in all other modes of exegesis a sense is imported into the text which the terms, interpreted historically and philologically, will not bear. Whoever therefore would understand the book of Psalms must follow the path in which Hupfeld has walked. In every case we must first inquire what the words exactly mean, before the original sense of the whole be apprehended. In consequence of Hupfeld's rigid adherence to the historical sense, he has been able to bring out the meaning of each successive verse very clearly, unbiassed by theological creeds or pre-conceived notions. His theology has been everywhere kept, as it should be, in subservience to his philology; instead of dictating to the latter, as it too frequently does, even in Hengstenberg's case.

Fourthly. Another characteristic excellence of the present commentary is the able investigation of the circumstances and time in which each separate Psalm was written. Here he has an immense advantage over Hengstenberg, Tholuck, and others, who adhere to the correctness of the titles in all cases; whereas nothing appears to us more certain, than that *all* the titles should not be relied upon. Any commentator who adheres to them as correct, must, in our view, fail in his work. Accordingly, all the best expositors of the book feel that they are at liberty to depart from the traditional notices embodied in the inscriptions, when they find sufficient internal evidence to justify a deviation. De Wette and Ewald have done so, not to mention Hitzig and Olshausen. If these observations be correct, nothing can be more fallacious than such a table as is inserted in the "Hand-book of the Bible," based on the authorship indicated in the inscriptions, in which an attempt is made to show first,

with it. It is one-sided, narrow, and illiberal in its theological interpretations; while a dogged adherence to the correctness of the traditional titles, and the ascription of far more Psalms to David than he really composed, shake our belief in the expositor. Still there are beautiful remarks here and there, which could only have proceeded from one who has felt the power of vital religion. Olshausen's, which forms part of the "Exegetical Hand-book to the Old Testament," is an exceedingly perfunctory performance. The selection of such a man, who is a mere philologist, not a divine, for the task, we reckon peculiarly unfortunate. His production is useless. We believe, however, that Hasse was to have undertaken the part performed by Olshausen. He would have done it much better.

The work of Hupfeld is not exactly what it was first intended to be. We happen to know that he was applied to by Mohr, the Heidelberg publisher, to prepare a new edition of De Wette, which is now out of print. But in the course of the negotiations between author and publisher, something occurred which determined the former to follow his own method, and to produce an independent work. And it is well that the event so happened, for the public have a much better book than was originally contemplated.

The volume occupies 439 pages, and reaches no farther than the XXIst. Psalm; but it is likely, that when completed, it will not be larger than Hengstenberg. Each succeeding volume will contain more psalms in the same space, because things once explained need only be referred to again. The general introduction is deferred till the close, after the manner of Hengstenberg; and the method of proceeding is similar to that of De Wette, viz., a few books specially on the Psalm, if such exist, are first mentioned in a note, after which come a German translation, a summary of contents, and a minute examination of each separate verse. In the meantime, instead of an introduction, the respected writer has given a long preface, in which, among other things, he speaks particularly of Hengstenberg and Ewald. Here the character and disposition of the man are well seen.

The chief merits of the commentary before us may be briefly summed up under the following heads:—

First. It is distinguished by an exact and accurate philology, to a degree which no other work on the Psalms exhibits. Here the learned author is at home. Competent as he is to furnish important contributions to Hebrew grammar and lexicography, he has given not a few specimens of his successful ability in this department, which will not be overlooked by future philologists. His mind is original; yet not capricious in its judgments;

possessing genius, he has yet a strong common sense which keeps his fancy in check. We are, therefore, disposed to attach an importance to his original investigations into Hebrew words and constructions, which, in our opinion, is not due to Ewald.

Secondly. Another excellence is the concise analysis of the general sense of each Psalm furnished by the learned author. In this respect he may be said to excel all previous commentators, except, perhaps, De Wette; though the latter is oftener incorrect than Hupfeld. The difficulty of giving a complete and faithful yet brief analysis, can only be appreciated by such as have tried the experiment. In nothing is the mastery of a subject evinced more than in this. As an example we may refer to Psalm V. on page 67.

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after what scripture each Psalm was composed ; secondly, the probable occasion on which it originated, with the date B.C. appended. As an example of incorrect authorship in the titles we may refer to the XXth. Psalm, which many expositors have rightly referred to an unknown poet. David himself could hardly have offered up such wishes and prayers for his own success. Rejecting, therefore, the Davidic authorship of it, as Ewald and Hupfeld do ; we must also reject any definite historical occasion for it in David's life ; such as his war with the Ammonites and Syrians.

There is one point connected with the composition of the Psalms on which we have not been able to find any definite opinion in this volume ; we mean, that of *Maccabean Psalms*. It is well known that Hitzig is the most enthusiastic advocate of this view in modern times, looking upon the affirmative position as essential to a right interpretation. As the settlement of the Old Testament Canon touches this question, it is not one of mere speculation. De Wette hesitated much about it, and finally rejected the so-late origin of certain Psalms. But Olshausen, heedless of Hasse's arguments, has boldly maintained the existence of such compositions in the Psalter. We shall wait with some impatience to see what side of the question Hupfeld will take. There is reason to believe that his mind is not made up on it as yet.

Another interesting topic connected with the book of Psalms is that of the so-called *imprecations*. Here, too, we must wait for the remainder of the commentary, as none of those expounded in the first volume necessarily brings the subject before the reader. It is most probable that Hupfeld's opinion on it does not differ from that of De Wette. And we apprehend this to be the substantially correct view, as it is undoubtedly the *natural* one. While the sacred writers had the divine spirit in them, they did not cease to be men. They were not wholly divested of their mental idiosyncracies. In consequence of the individuality of an author appearing more prominent on some occasions than others, or the different degrees of spiritual illumination possessed by different writers, we meet with the passages in which the human manifests itself very strongly, so as almost to overpower the divine. These hints will lead our readers to see that we reject the usual methods of explaining and vindicating such Psalms as seem to breathe a spirit of revenge. Even Hengstenberg, with all his ingenuity, has failed to make them square with the mild, forgiving spirit inculcated by the Saviour. And the very able and interesting article by the lamented Professor Edwards in the American *Bibliotheca Sacra*—which is, on the whole, the best attempt to expound the

imprecations in such a way as to make them fully harmonize with the true spirit of Christianity—must be pronounced unsatisfactory.

But while we put a very high estimate on this commentary on the Psalms, regarding it as superior to every other, we cannot coincide with all the views expressed in it. Before its appearance, we feared that the learned author might probably fail in regard to the Messianic Psalms. Knowing as we did, his stand-point to be substantially the same as De Wette's, some deficiency was to be apprehended here. And so it has proved. We cannot confess to an agreement of opinion with him about the IIInd. Psalm; neither does he seem to have attained to the best view of the XVIth. The latter indeed is so difficult that there will always be considerable diversity of sentiment respecting it among the ablest commentators. Some, for example, who decry the theory of a double sense in prophecy, will tell us that the XVIth. Psalm refers solely and exclusively to the Messiah; as Professor Stuart explains it. But we are far from holding with them, or rejecting what has been called a double sense in prophecy, *when rightly explained and more happily enunciated*. The opponents of the double sense are greatly mistaken if they suppose themselves able to dislodge that view of the interpretation of prophecy which Warburton, Arnold, and Davison have so well unfolded and enforced. They may call it "double nonsense" if they will; but the thing is *true and correct* notwithstanding. The entire genius of the Old Testament is in harmony with it. The sacrifices, types, emblems, and institutions of the Jewish economy, had all the same twofoldness. Why then should not prophecy have an analogous feature?

The four last verses of the XVIth. Psalm are quoted in the Acts of the Apostles, and applied there to Christ and the resurrection. But Hupfeld affirms that this application is no hermeneutical rule for us. It is simply an accommodation to the use of the Old Testament then prevailing. We believe it to be much more than this. The apostles Peter and Paul argued rightly and properly from the true sense of the words they quoted. Yet Hupfeld, like De Wette, does not entirely renounce a Messianic reference; for he says, that the part quoted should have an *ideal* acceptance; and it expresses for substance only thus much, that *the poet's hope found its full truth and accomplishment in the resurrection of Christ*. Tholuck's opinion is much the same. Here the interpretation is defective. The quotation is *more Messianic* than this. We fear that Hupfeld's ideas relative to the inspiration of the apostles are not such as commend themselves to the sober judgment of

English theologians. He attributes too little *authority* to the affirmations of New Testament writers.

But notwithstanding some defects in the commentary before us, we regard it as greatly superior to any of its predecessors. While it resembles De Wette's more nearly in character than any other, it excels it in fulness, philological exactness, and range of reference. The German version itself here presented is, on the whole, considerably better; though it is in this part that De Wette is most at home. We do not say that Hupfeld exhibits more taste or elegance than De Wette; but he shows much greater erudition and ability. The production could only have proceeded from a man of deep earnestness and piety, as the author is known to be. While he possesses an amount of Hebrew learning which Gesenius never had, he has another spirit than that of his illustrious predecessor in the chair at Halle. Upright, sincere, transparent, spiritually-minded, he has far more sympathy with the mind of the sacred writers than Gesenius unhappily exhibited. But while the distinguished Hebraist of Halle has an earnest piety, he is also a bold and fearless thinker, who would be termed by Hengstenberg and his party something of a Rationalist. In this country, he would certainly be considered no more than *moderately evangelical* by calm and liberal theologians. But he is a man of transparent honesty and true spirituality. None that know him can fail to be impressed with his enlightened and thorough piety. He is not only the first Hebraist in Prussia—probably in the world—but the true-hearted, consistent Christian in all his deportment. In him we see a sanctified genius under the control of sound judgment; not wayward and erratic like that of Ewald, straining after originality and despising others. We commend this first volume of his commentary on the Psalms to the attention of English theologians, as an excellent and valuable production which surpasses all others on the same sacred book. We should not like to dispense altogether with the last edition of De Wette's, nor even with Hengstenberg's; but if any were to ask for *one* commentary, Hupfeld's would be mentioned as the best on the whole.

We conclude with a literal translation of the German rendering given of the XVIth. Psalm.

1. [An ode of David.]

Preserve me, God, for I take refuge with thee.

2. I say to Jehovah: thou art my Lord, my prosperity is not without thee (or rests only on thee).
3. Among the saints who are in the land, and the noble in whom I have all my desire. ♦

4. Many sorrows do they make for themselves who exchange another: I present not their drink-offerings of blood, and take not their names upon my lips.
5. Jehovah is my portion and my cup; thou preservest my lot.
6. The lots have fallen to me in pleasantness, mine inheritance also is fine for me (pleases me).
7. I praise Jehovah who has counselled me, my reins too admonish me by night.
8. I set Jehovah before me continually: for he is at my right hand, I will not waver.
9. Therefore my heart rejoices, and exults my spirit (properly, mine honour).
My flesh also rests in security.
10. For thou wilt not abandon my soul to the pit, wilt not allow thy favourites to see the grave.
11. Thou wilt make known to me the way of life:
Fulness of joy before thy face,
Delight at thy right hand for ever.

By way of explanation, we may remark that the very difficult commencement of the third verse is attached to the *preceding* by Hupfeld; and the idea expressed in the possessive pronoun (my) affixed to the nouns *Lord* and *prosperity*, in the Hebrew, is supposed to be resumed, and transferred to a wider range of persons, i.e., *my prosperity rests only on thee*, (associating me) *with the saints who are in the land, &c.* The received version is very unfortunate in this place (*my goodness extendeth not to thee, but to the saints, &c.*). It should also be observed, that Hupfeld advocates the plural reading in the tenth verse, of the word translated *holy one*, translating it, *thy favoured ones*. Though he has Hengstenberg on his side here, we cannot believe that the plural was the original reading. But it makes no difference in the sense whether we adopt the plural or singular adjective, since what is said of Messiah applies also to his people in union with him.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*. Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. VII. and VIII. London: Longmans. 1856.

THE long-expected volumes before us close the biography, and with it all that will ever be known, except by tradition, of the poet whom the British public petted with the name of Tom Moore. In our former notices of the successive couplets of volumes which have preceded those now before us, we have referred to that pardonable interest in private history, "that leaning to one's kind," which chains even a thoughtful and philosophic reader to such interesting memorials as these. If he has not had the happiness of a personal knowledge of the eminent men who are here introduced to his intimate acquaintanceship, his interest in such faithful representations of their private life and manners perhaps surpasses that which he would feel in a new Waverley novel; while to the privileged few, the gratification experienced in the perusal of Mr. Moore's faithful and somewhat gossiping Diary, will be scarcely less intense. It reproduces before us the most distinguished men of the last generation. Mr. Pitt exclaimed in a moment of expected triumph, "He would *unchig* his great antagonist for life;"—and if we may take a similar liberty with language, we would say that Mr. Moore has *unparliamented* the greatest statesmen of the day in which he lived. The great Whig leader of the House of Commons is familiarized from Lord John Russell to "Johnny," and the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mackintosh, and all the notabilities of the age are shown to us in the political dishabille of the dining and the drawing room. Perhaps such a work may be properly designated, in the language of our friendly neighbours, as *memoires pour servir* for the best political history of the times.

The contributions of the noble editor to the work which he has now concluded, have been scanty to the last degree; on this point, however, we think the critical press has been far too severe. From the days of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," it has been the habit of biographers, and a wise habit too, to allow their subjects to narrate their own lives, and modern biography has become little else than autobiography. This is as it should be. The biographer should be hidden behind his subject; and as a general principle, the less he is seen the better.

Another consideration should be taken into the account in this case. The pension of Mr. Moore ceased at his death, and the labours of Lord John Russell were devoted to the interest of his widow; and it is impossible to pass over without commen-

dation, the labour which his Lordship has undertaken in order to secure to that excellent lady a compensation for the pecuniary loss which she sustained by the death of her husband. Lord John at least has redeemed himself from the charge which has been urged against the friends of Mr. Moore, that no one of them all attended his funeral, with the exception of his friend and publisher Mr. Longman. His lordship has at last done something in acknowledgment of the gratification which he must have felt for many years in Moore's society.

The volumes before us, like those which preceded them, are almost entirely occupied with the details of private and highly select society. The reader must not expect incidents except indeed those which mark the epochs of Mr. Moore's sunny and triumphant career. In reported conversations, however, they abound; and the characteristic peculiarities of the speakers are so strictly preserved, that it is impossible to entertain a suspicion as to their accuracy. We only see Mr. Moore in his omissions. The more philosophical dialogues to which he must have listened from Sir James Mackintosh and men of similar cast of mind, are seldom if ever recorded; and we cannot but note the same anomaly in the fact that scarcely a sentence from the lips of Mr. Macaulay, whose conversational powers are so notorious, is to be found in the whole compass of the work.* Where, on the contrary, wit and humour, or criticism on art or light literature, gave their charm to the social circle, Mr. Moore's reports are highly entertaining. There is something painfully suggestive in this. With all Mr. Moore's unquestionable talents and high accomplishments, his Diary reflects him as a mere man of pleasure. He records the compliments paid to him as a theological student, yet there is scarcely a single theological criticism or observation recorded throughout the eight volumes which his noble friend has given to the public. He was, moreover, an ardent lover of political freedom, and continually associated with the most prominent rulers of the political world during the most excited periods of our modern history; yet we find in his Diary only the slightest references to political events, his observations being almost confined to the personal and party interests of the statesmen with whom he was intimate. Hence, the critic of Lord John Russell's volumes is shut up to the necessity of selecting from the copious

* In confirmation of this, we find the following entry in the Diary: "Had a letter from Mackintosh's son, requesting me to contribute some remarks or recollections respecting his father, to the Memoir he is now employed upon. I thought at first that I had some memorandums of his conversations which I might communicate, but on looking over them found it would be hardly worth while."

materials before him the happiest conversational *hits* that enlivened the aristocratic circles at Bowood, Holland House, and the few other luxurious resorts of learning and genius. To these we will now address ourselves.

At a dinner with Lord Holland, at which his accomplished *protégé*, Mr. Allen, was present, we have the following amusing *morceau* about Robert Burns: "Told me some anecdotes of Burns; his saying at some public dinner during the feverish times of Jacobinism, on being asked for a toast; 'I will give you a Bible toast, the last verse of the last chapter of the last book of Kings.' This passage Lord John quotes with an observation of his own in the following terms: ('And his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day all the days of his life.') The meaning of Mr. Allen evidently was that Burns wished to see an end of kings; but it is curious that this last verse should be susceptible to a totally different interpretation." On another occasion, having to give a toast before some high Tories, he said to the chairman, "You agree that lords should have their privileges?" "Yes, certainly." "Well, then, I'll give you the privileges of the lords of the creation." But the most genial and entertaining of all Moore's reminiscences are those of his friend Sydney Smith. It is to be regretted that these are so few, and still more that the incessant scintillations from this remarkable man are not presented to the public by a greater number of his constant associates. Those who regard Sydney Smith as a mere jester, are greatly mistaken as to his character. He was a profound thinker, and one of the finest writers who has ever tried the possibilities of the English language. We are much indebted to Lady Holland for her Memoirs of her father; but they leave us longing; and we glean with great delight in the diary of Mr. Moore the crumbs that fell from him at rich men's tables;—some of these we will reproduce: "A note from Sidney fixing to call upon me, and containing a bill of fare which he has suggested to Mrs. Longman as proper for her entomological guests to-day, Spence and Kirby; 'to wit, flea *pâtés*, earthworms on toast, caterpillars crawling in cream and removing themselves.'" A few more of Sydney Smith's flashes of merriment have thus been grouped by a contemporary newspaper critic: "In talking of the fun he had had in the early times of the *Edinburgh Review*, he mentioned an article on Ritson which he and Brougham had written together; and one instance of their joint-contribution which he gave was as follows: 'We take for granted (wrote Brougham) that Mr. Ritson supposes Providence to have had some share in producing him—though for what inscrutable purposes (added Sydney) we profess ourselves unable

to conjecture.' Describing a similar dinner where Rees had the principal labour of carving, *plerumque secat res* is the phrase applied to his assiduity. Talking of the intelligence and concert which birds have among each other, cranes and crows, &c., showing that they must have some means of communicating their thoughts, he said, 'I dare say they make the same remark of us. That fat old crow there (meaning himself), what a prodigious noise he is making! I have no doubt he has some power of communicating,' &c. After pursuing this idea for some time, he added, 'But we have the advantage of them; they can't put us into pies; legs sticking up out of the crust, &c.'" Moore remarks that the quickness, the buoyancy, the self-enjoying laugh, combined with his acting of all this, made two-thirds of the amusement. Two or three pages in succession are thus brightened by the sparkle of Sydney's wit. When Lord Lansdowne is going with Moore to see Prior Park, he charges the latter with a design upon his Lordship's orthodoxy, and recommends that some sound Protestant tracts should be put up with the sandwiches. Enumerating and acting the different sorts of hand-shaking, he says, 'there is the *digitary*, or one finger, exemplified in Brougham, who puts forth his forefinger and says, with his strong Northern accent, 'How *arrrre* you?' the *sepulchral*, or *mortemain*, which was Mackintosh's manner, laying his open hand flat and coldly against yours; the *high official*, the Archbishop of York's, who carries your hand aloft on a level with his forehead; the *rural*, or *vigorous* shake," &c. He spoke of women bearing pain with greater ease than men, which Moore explained by asserting that they had less physical sensibility, and that they could hold, for example, a hot teapot much longer than men could. When he offered to put it to the test, Sydney began to dilate on his cruelty to the female part of the creation, and the practice he had had in such experiments. 'He has all his life,' he said, 'been trying the sex with hot teapots; the burning ploughshare was nothing to it. I think I hear his terrific tone in a *tête-à-tête*, 'Bring a teapot.'"

The greatest popular triumph that Moore ever enjoyed was on occasion of his visit to his native country in 1835. His fame had now arrived at its culminating point, and the enthusiasm with which he was received by his countrymen, might well have intoxicated a man less accustomed than Moore to the incense of popular adulation; yet even amidst this triumphal reception, Moore indicated a touch of nature which showed that he was not a spoilt man. We refer to his visit to the house of his nativity, which he thus describes:—

"Drove about a little in Mrs. Meara's car, accompanied by Hume,

and put in practice what I had long been contemplating—a visit to No. 12, Aungier Street, the house in which I was born. On accosting the man who stood at the door, and asking whether he was the owner of the house, he looked rather gruffly and suspiciously at me, and answered ‘Yes;’ but the moment I mentioned who I was, adding that it was the house I was born in, and that I wished to be permitted to look through the rooms, his countenance brightened up with the most cordial feeling, and seizing me by the hand, he pulled me along to the small room behind the shop (where we used to breakfast in old times), exclaiming to his wife (who was sitting there), with a voice tremulous with feeling. ‘Here’s Sir Thomas Moore, who was born in this house, come to ask us to let him see the rooms; and it’s proud I am to have him under the old roof.’ He then without delay, and entering at once into my feelings, led me through every part of the house, beginning with the small old yard and its appurtenances, then the little dark kitchen where I used to have my bread-and-milk in the morning before I went to school; from thence to the front and back drawing-rooms, the former looking more large and respectable than I could have expected, and the latter, with its little closet where I remember such gay supper-parties, both room and closet fuller than they could well hold, and Joe Kelly and Wesley Doyle singing away together so sweetly. The bed-rooms and garrets were next visited, and the only material alteration I observed in them was the removal of the wooden partition, by which a little corner was separated off from the back bedroom (in which the two apprentices slept) to form a bed-room for me. The many thoughts that came rushing upon me in thus visiting, for the first time since our family left it, the house in which I passed the first nineteen or twenty years of my life, may be more easily conceived than told; and I must say, that if a man had been got up specially to conduct me through such a scene, it could not have been done with more tact, sympathy, and intelligent feeling, than it was by this plain, honest grocer.”

The occasion of this visit was the annual meeting of the British Association, which in this year was held in Dublin. This involved the most flattering reception of the poet from the more distinguished patrons and students of science in the United Kingdom,—the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland being among the first to recognize the claims of the national bard. Moore’s reception at the theatre is thus described by himself:—

“As soon as the company rose, which was not till near ten o’clock, set off for the theatre, accompanied by Hume. Overtook Col. D’Aguilar, who joined us, and all went to Calcraft the manager’s box, which I had bespoke for my first show-off. Found that the audience had been getting rather impatient at the long delay of appearance. Shouts of ‘Moore!’ and rounds of applause on my first showing myself; but it was evident they thought the place I had fixed upon too retired, and many comical hints of this feeling

were given to me from the galleries; such as, 'Tom, don't be shy! Come, show your Irish face! Tom, you needn't be ashamed of it.' This latter appeal gave me an opportunity of making what the actors call 'a hit;' for I immediately stretched forth from the box, and in a very sincere fit of laughter bowed round to the whole house, which produced peals of laughter and plaudits in return. Thinking it was now time to put myself more in evidence before them, I went down to the pit box taken by the Meara's for themselves and my sister, and planted myself by the side of Ellen, in the front row. Then came indeed the real thunder of the gods. The people in the pit stood up and hurrahed, and many of them threw up their hats, trusting to Providence for their ever returning to them again. I then saw to my horror that there was a general expectation I should make them a speech; but thinking it impossible that I could be heard, I resolved to make that my excuse at least to those near me. But to my still greater consternation (for I really knew not what to say) I found on the very first opening of my lips that the whole house, by one common and instantaneous consent, became as mute as a church-yard. I had nothing for it, however, but to go on and plead, in the very face of all this silence, the impossibility of my voice being heard through such a space, adding only that they could not doubt how much I felt the kindness, and how much I should ever feel it. I then sat down amidst as many and hearty plaudits as ever crowned the most sublime oration. Numbers in the pit crowded towards the box to shake hands with me, and as I was obliged to stoop down to reach their zealous grasps, Ellen was afraid, as she told me afterwards, that I should be pulled over by them into the pit. The farce which had been interrupted all this time, and the actors left standing on the stage to gape at our performance, was now suffered to proceed, and after remaining about ten minutes longer I thought it as well to take my leave. A number of persons rushed out of the boxes to meet me in the lobby, and being cheered and bowed along by them most cordially, I got to the carriage that was waiting for me, and dashed off at full speed to the Park, where I had been invited to stop by the Lord Lieutenant."

After his Dublin honours, he was treated to a still more characteristic ovation at Bannow:—

"After breakfast set off for Wexford in a chaise-and-four, Boyse thinking we should have full time for my visit to the corn-market (an old recollection of mine) before we proceeded to our Bannow friends. The weather still most prosperous. While horses were getting ready, Boyse and I walked to the corn-market. It was when I was quite a child, that Mr. and Mrs. Redmonds, old friends of our family, took me down to Wexford to see my grandfather, Tom Codd (my dearest mother's father), and I have a strong recollection of my going to a ball there one night, and coming home from it *alone*. This appeared to me, as a child, a most manly and independent achievement; but I have always suspected since that, the assembly rooms

must have been very near my grandfather's house, and this I now found to be the case, not more than a door or two lying between them. So mighty do small things appear to the child! While I was looking at this locality, a few persons had begun to collect around me, and some old women (entering into my feelings) ran before me to the wretched house I was in search of (which is now a small pot-house), crying out 'Here, sir, this is the very house where your grandmother lived. Lord be merciful to her!' Of the *grandmother* I have no knowledge, for she died long before my youthful visit here; but I have a pretty clear recollection of little Tom Codd, my grandfather, as well as of some sort of weaving machinery in the room up-stairs. My mother used to say he was a provision merchant, which sounded well, and I have no doubt he may have been concerned in that trade, but I suspect that he was also a weaver."

In the same year Lord John Russell, then in power, exerted his official influence in favour of his friend in a manner the more remarkable, as well as commendable, inasmuch as the letter which relates it, was written the day before an important election, in which Lord John was a candidate. The letter is as follows:—

"MY DEAR MOORE.—I have been too busy since I last saw you to be able to write on any but public concerns. Having, however, a little time to spare to-day, I wish to consult you on your own private affairs. I am now in a better position than I formerly was for serving my friends. Still there are very few opportunities of finding any situation that will suit a gentleman who does not belong to a profession. It has occurred to me that a pension for one or both of your sons might be a source of comfort to you in days of sickness or lassitude. But, perhaps, on the contrary, the offer might be displeasing to you, and I do not like to speak to Melbourne upon it without consulting you. If you have anything else to suggest which is more agreeable to your wishes, pray tell me freely as an old friend, and I will answer you as a friend, and not as a minister."

Mr. Moore objected to the grant on certain grounds which he stated in reply, but on the advice of his friends acceded to it, and his wife's letters on the occasion are too interesting to be omitted:—

"MY DEAREST TOM.—Can it really be true that you have a pension of £300 a-year? Mrs., Mr., two Misses, and young Longman were here to-day, and tell me it is really the case, and that they have seen it in two papers. Should it turn out true I know not how we can be thankful enough to those who gave it, or to a higher power. The Longmans were very kind and nice, and so was I, and I invited them all five to come at some future time. At present, I can think of nothing but £300 a-year, and dear Russell jumps and claps his hands with joy. Tom is at Devizes. . . . The Pugets did not come

to tea yesterday, Louisa being ill. To-day they sent me some beautiful flowers. If the story is true of the £300, pray give dear Ellen £20, and insist on her drinking £5 worth of wine yearly, to be paid out of the £300 a-year. I have been obliged, by-the-bye, to get £5 to send to —. . . . Three hundred a-year, how delightful! But I have my fears that it is only a castle in the air. I am sure I shall dream of it; and so I will get to bed, that I may have this pleasure at least; for I expect the morning will throw down my castle."

"Wednesday Morning.

"Is it true? I am in a fever of hope and anxiety, and feel very oddly. No one to talk to but sweet Buss, who says, 'Now, papa will not have to work so hard, and will be able to go out a little.' . . . You say I am so 'nice and comical' about the money. Now you are much more so (leaving out the 'nice'), for you have forgotten to send the cheque you promised. But I can wait with patience, for no one teases me. Only I want to have a few little things ready to welcome you home, which I like to pay for. How you will ever enjoy this quiet every-day sort of stillness after your late reception I hardly know. I begin to want you very much, for though the boys are darlings, there is still . . . How I wish I had wings, for then I would be at Wexford as soon as you, and surprise your new friends. I am so glad you have seen the Gonnies; I know they are quite delighted at your attention. Mr. Bennett called the other day on my sons. N.B. If this good news be true, it will make a great difference in my eating. I shall then indulge in butter to potatoes. Mind you do not tell this piece of gluttony to any one."

It is always with a sobered feeling that we are conducted by a biographer to the closing scene of a life devoted to philanthropy and public usefulness. A mind possessed of any sensibility gradually saddens through the last chapters of a life of Wilberforce, Buxton, or Howard. But it is with a far more pensive feeling that we approach the end of a mere man of pleasure, whose whole course has been one of personal enjoyment and *éclat*,—who has lived only for the enjoyment of personal adulation,—the pet of the *élite*,—the favoured guest of nobles,—“the glass of fashion and the mould of form; the observed of all observers.” It is with an intense feeling of dejection that we speculate upon the last years, and especially upon the last hours, over which Lord John Russell has drawn the veil of silence. Those last years were clouded with mental imbecility and with the failure of those extraordinary powers of conversation which “set the table in a roar,” and of those musical talents which drew tears from the eyes which were much “unused to the melting mood.” In such a case it is melancholy to compare the brilliant drawing-rooms of princes and nobles with the shaded chamber of death; and the subdued applause of aristocratic circles with the solemn accents which

attend the dying bed. It is said of one poet that he declared shortly before his decease that he had never written one line which at that solemn moment he desired to see expunged. We fear that Mr. Moore, had he retained a perfect possession of his faculties at his dying hour, could not have made this humble but glorious profession. Some of his poetical writing had a high political tendency; the greater part of them were sensuous in the more modified sense of that term, while some were absolutely licentious. As a whole, we cannot endorse them as favourable to the moral progress of society, while some of them we must unequivocally condemn. His "Lalla Rookh," in our judgment, is one of the finest poems of its kind in this or in any other language. The well known passage commencing with the words—

"Alas! how slight a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love."

is perhaps unequalled for delicacy and tenderness of feeling in the whole compass of our national poetry.

As a song-writer he stands unrivalled in our literature. His national and Irish melodies will last as long as the language in which they are written; but we trust that the posterity which he claimed as his own, will receive his contributions to British literature with grave exceptions; and, notwithstanding the editorship of his noble political friend, will receive them with that grain of salt which an increasing enlightenment and Christian feeling will infuse into the literature of the past.

Those of our readers who have not taken the trouble to read these eight volumes, will perhaps be anxious to hear something of the closing scene of this celebrated man; we will give it in the words of Lord John Russell:—

"Moore's domestic life gave scope to the best parts of his character. His beautiful wife—faultless in conduct, a fond mother, a lively companion, devoted in her attachment, always ready (perhaps too ready) to sacrifice her own domestic enjoyments, that he might be admired and known—was a treasure of inestimable value to his happiness. I have said that perhaps she was too ready to sacrifice herself, because it would have been better for Mr. Moore if he had not yielded so much to the attractions of society, however dazzling and however tempting; yet those who imagine that he passed the greater part of his time in London, are greatly in error. The London days are minutely recorded. The Sloperton months are passed over in a few lines, except when he went to Bowood or some other house in the neighbourhood; the words 'read and wrote,' comprise the events of week after week of literary labour and domestic affection. Those days of intellectual society and patient labour have alike passed away. The breakfasts

with Rogers, the dinners at Holland House, the evenings when beautiful women and grave judges listened in rapture to his song, have passed away,—the days when a canto of 'Childe Harold,' the 'Excursion' of Wordsworth, the 'Curse of Kehama,' of Southey, and the 'Lalla Rookh,' of Moore, burst in rapid succession upon the world, are gone. But the world will not forget that brilliant period, and while poetry has charms for mankind, the "Melodies" of Moore will survive.

"His last days were peaceful and happy; his domestic sorrows, his literary triumphs, seem to have faded away alike into a calm repose. He retained to his last moments a pious submission to God: Mrs. Moore has recorded in her memory, his earnest exhortation, 'Lean upon God, Bessy, lean upon God;' and a grateful sense of the kindness of her whose tender office it was to watch over his decline. Those who have enjoyed the brilliancy of his wit, and heard the enchantments of his song, will never forget the charms of his society. The world, so long as it can be moved by sympathy and exalted by fancy, will not willingly let die the tender strains and the patriotic fires of a true poet."

ART. IX.—*A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847, comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that period.* Vols. I. and II. Longman and Co. 1856.

THERE are some works which seem to take us into the buried strata of society and acquaint us with their fossil remains. Such works must necessarily be the records of private history, character, and anecdote; for the habits of public life change but slowly. Mr. Raikes was not a statesman nor a man of action, but one, who like Hook's character of Mr. Hull in "Gilbert Gurney," "happened to know" everything that passed in the salons of Paris, and not a little that occurred in those drawing-rooms and cabinets of London, the curtain between which and the public even a free press neither lifts nor makes transparent. Moreover, Mr. Raikes was one of the fossil gentlemen to whom we have referred. He was a thorough Tory of the old school, and he introduces us to a number of his imbedded brethren at such half-forgotten places as The Oatlands of the Duke of York. All his sympathies are with this party, and he cannot conceal his gratification at every thing calculated to bring the liberal interests into disrepute. Hence, the introduction of such men as Cobbett and Gully into the House of Commons, after the passing of the Reform Bill, afforded him the greatest pleasure. Like poor Lord Eldon he considered national ruin and bankruptcy as

the inevitable result of the measure. On the 27th of February, 1833, we find the following entry: "The aristocracy are hourly going down in the scale, royalty is become a mere cipher. I was walking the other day round the Royal Exchange, the *enceinte* of which is adorned with the statues of all our kings;" and here Raikes's experience rose into a stream of prophecy. "Only two niches," he says, "now remain vacant; one is destined to our present ruler, and that reserved for his successor is the last. Some people might say it was ominous."

Mr. Raikes's intimate acquaintance with some of the most eminent diplomatists of Europe placed him quite behind the scenes of European politics. A curious illustration of this is to be found in a passage bearing date January 28th, 1833, which throws some little light upon recent events. It is as follows:—

"The object of Pozzo di Borgo's mission to this country (England), is unveiling itself. Russia, irritated and mortified by the cavalier treatment which she has experienced from France and England in the conference on Belgium affairs, and the subsequent hostilities at Antwerp against Holland, has now made known her intentions of taking her own line as to Turkey; and a new question is coming forward in Europe which will be much more difficult to solve than the last."

The anecdotes of the late Prince Talleyrand are chiefly illustrative of his sarcastic wit. Of these the following are examples:—

"His friend Montrond has been subject of late to epileptic fits, one of which attacked him lately after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, scratching the carpet with his hands, his benign host remarked with a sneer, '*C'est qu'il me paraît, qu'il veut absolument descendre.*'"

"A certain Vicomte de V——, friend of Talleyrand, who with him frequented some distinguished *soirées*, where high play was encouraged, had incurred some suspicions not very creditable to his honour. Detected one evening in a flagrant attempt to defraud his adversary, he was very unceremoniously turned out of the house, with a threat, that if he ever made his appearance there again, he should be thrown out of the window. The next day he called upon M. de Talleyrand to relate his misfortune, and protest his innocence, '*Ma position est très embarrassante,*' said the Vicomte, '*donnez moi donc un conseil.*' '*Dame! mon cher, je vous conseille de ne plus jouer qu'au rez de chaussée.*'"

The following anecdotes afford a curious insight into the temperament of this remarkable man:—

"1832.—De Ros said, that in society lately the conversation turned on the horrid scenes which a field of battle presented on the

following day. Talleyrand, who was present, described that which he had himself seen after the battle of Austerlitz, which field he visited from Vienna in a carriage with Marmont soon after the victory. He concluded with saying, '*Marmont pleuroit à chaudes larmes ; quant à moi je vous assure que cela ne me faisoit aucun effet.*'"

It is stated, however, that Talleyrand had been seen to cry :—

"Alvanley said, that he had likewise once seen Talleyrand melted into tears, and the occasion of it was rather curious. A little more than a twelvemonth ago, in the House of Peers, the Marquis of Londonderry, in the heat of a violent attack on the foreign policy of the present Whig administration, made some very personal allusions to the private character of Prince Talleyrand, which as ambassador to a foreign court he might have omitted. There was only one opinion on this subject in the House, and the Duke of Wellington rose immediately to protect his veteran friend, finishing his speech with many handsome compliments to the Prince on his great talents, and the eminent services which he had performed on many occasions for the good of Europe. Alvanley went to visit the Prince on the following day, and found him perusing the debates of the preceding night, and, though much hurt at the attack of Lord L., still more affected by the friendly intervention of the Duke. He expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms, while the tears ran down his cheeks, and then added: '*J'en suis d'autant plus reconnoissant à M. le Duc, que c'est le seul homme d'état dans le monde qui ait jamais dit du bien de moi.*'"

From these specimens the reader will rightly conclude that these volumes consist chiefly of personal anecdotes, handled in that style of mingled urbanity and vivacity which are suited to the characters of those to whom they relate. As Mr. Raikes was chiefly resident in Paris, the point of the tale is generally given in the French language, which, while it constitutes a happy vehicle for wit, has almost ceased to disguise a joke from the general readers of this country. These of course we might multiply indefinitely did our space permit ; the following dying *bon mot* of Louis XVIII. is new and remarkably illustrative of the levity of our French neighbours :—

"My friend General Ceiri told me that on the Sunday preceding his dissolution the officer on guard at the Tuilleries came to him as usual in the evening to receive the parole and the countersign to be given to the troops. It is customary on these occasions to give the name of a saint for the one, and of a fortified town for the other. Louis with a significant look gave, St. Denis and Gyré'. (*J'y vais.*)"

On the whole the volumes before us throw so much light from behind the scenes on the personal aspect of the great political drama which our times have witnessed, that the continuation of the Diary will be awaited with very general curiosity.

Brief Notices.

Annals of Nottinghamshire: History of the County of Nottingham including the Borough. By Thomas Bailey. 2 vols. (bound as 4). London.

IN the preface to this work the author enters into an explanation of the reasons which induced him to adopt the annalistic in preference to any more scientific method, and offers an excuse for venturing to depart from recent precedent and general custom in several other respects. We are satisfied with the excuse, and are well content to forego the wonderful history of pre-adamite Nottingham on the supposition that time and space are thereby economized for matters of a more directly human interest. But with regard to the reasons assigned for the adoption of the form of annals we feel bound to say they hardly meet the gravity of the case, and we are afraid that in his vague allusion to those reasons Mr. Bailey was only very partially impressed with the objections which might be urged against his choice. "Annals" constitute the materials of history, but are not identical with history in the modern significance of the word. We acknowledge their value of indispensableness,—we will even admit that their fresh simplicity is of itself an enduring charm; but in the progress of ages, we have come to regard their rude, unwieldy mass as the quarry whence the material is drawn on which philosophy must impress a living character, and imagination lavish all her glories, before it becomes the vigorous and exciting drama which we now denominate the history of man. "Annals" is history in the making—it is the minute-book of each hour, day, and year as it passes,—the day-book, in short, while the balance-sheet, or at any rate the ledger, is what we now understand by history, the only worthy ends of which are certainly not to be secured by the mere reprinting of the innumerable entries, but by means of classification and deduction. There are objections to the adoption of this plan that are of a very homely nature in their immediate bearing; and we are willing to suppose that Mr. Bailey is as superior to them on principle, as he is by force of circumstances, for assuredly to any author who writes under the spell of a bespeak for a thousand copies of a work in four volumes, the fear of critics and the anxiety to stand well with the purchasing community, must occur with considerably less than their usual force. But so far as the work appeals to a larger public than those directly interested in its details, we are afraid that the prevailing taste will be found too artificial, too dainty by long indulgence in highly-seasoned viands for the undressed solids here served up for their entertainment and nurture. There is the rattle of dry bones in the very title of the book, and on the first glance, the quick succession of dates, so nearly alike, has the effect on the fancy of a row of skulls, while the frequent clusters of non-connotative names beget suspicions of a degree of

insipidity which secondary beauties only aggravate by contrast, which no amount of crimson and gold, nor any number or quality of engravings can either enliven or disguise. We do not for a moment seek to vindicate this prejudice on the part of superficial readers, but remembering that they constitute the majority, we think the objection important in one point of view, and that we do not exaggerate its extent or power will be apparent to any one who considers that is only by dint of puffing in authoritative quarters, and by the violent obtrusion of fashionable example, that a circle of readers large enough to ensure the speculation, has been secured for the early chronicles from which our own history, as a nation, is partly elaborated, although these "annals" have a charm for modern minds in the rich profusion of the fanciful, which modern annalists would disdain to employ. The only way in which this popular dislike would have been dealt with by anticipation was by abandoning the form which commended itself to the writer's own judgment; but as he had already made up his mind, the attempt to defend his choice against such an attack would have been waste of time and temper. There remain, however, two grave articles of accusation against the method which might have been anticipated in the preface, and which we propose to indicate and answer for the sake of the opportunity it will afford of expressing our own satisfaction, with the plan and the reasons by which our satisfaction is determined. The first objection, then, is one which must fall painfully on the ear of any author, whatever may be his personal independence of pecuniary failure or success, but especially of one who has conscientiously devoted his best energy and hours to the accomplishment of his self-imposed task. The spinning out of a narrative, on the principle of annals, looks, in these days, very like incapacity or indolence in composition. The indolence is that of a man who is sickened with his preliminary researches, or of one who has not the patience to take stock and balance his various accounts; while the incapacity suspected resembles that of a man who is unable to discern the drift in a crowd of details or to present general results in a clear, intelligible form. In reply to this objection we will content ourselves with arguing that if we can gather from the body of the work that an author is a man of educated taste, the mere labour of colligation of facts should save him from the reproach of indolence, involving, as such labour must to a man of refined mind, no ordinary amount of self-denial and patience: our suspicion of incapacity also would stand arrested by internal evidence of the logical and rhetorical faculties, by the occasional presence of analysis as applied to character, and of imagination exerted in description. We are able, after reading every word of these volumes, to rebut the presumptive evidence of indolence and inability; but, then, it is only by thus wading through the whole that we are relieved from our original suspicion, and as few will be found prepared to follow our example, we can only laud the courage of Mr. Bailey in thus defying the inevitable prejudice of cursory readers. Where there is a fair opportunity for indulging the higher intellectual

tatses, where contradictory statements require weighing and arbitration, or complicated movements in public affairs demand patient unravelling and rearrangement, we are reassured that it was not from any lack of constructive genius that our author recurred to the simpler method—that which, regarded relatively, is but milk for babes. Throughout there are abundant marks of diligence, not merely in the investigation of documents locally preserved, but in gathering up from all quarters whatever might throw light on the more obscure passages in county or general history. The second objection which we notice opens a wide field for dissertation on the proper ends of history, and the comparative value of the several kinds of contributions which have been made to the treasured knowledge of the past. This objection may be thus stated: that an author must have formed an inordinate estimate of the importance and intrinsic interest of his subject, if he supposes that it can afford to dispense with the usual ornaments and adventitious attractions. And certainly this reproach would seem capable of being fairly launched against any man who stands up to claim the public ear for his lame exercises in an art, which Mackintosh, Mahon, and Macanlay have carried to such exquisite perfection. The story must indeed be entrancing which is to compete, in its natural simplicity, with retouched and finished master-pieces of English literature, and its narrator must indeed think it more than ordinarily worth telling when he disdains all embellishment for his dry chronologic method. But we answer this objection without much difficulty. The art which has flourished so luxuriantly under the care of our most illustrious writers can be carried no further in the same direction. It is even now culminating. There are, moreover, many of those who are captivated by the splendid diction of one writer, or lulled into speculative reverie by another, who are beginning to awake to the conviction that history, and especially English history, has yet to be written; or, at any rate, that the precious ore will have to pass through the crucible of a more vigorous philosophy before the whole wealth of the world's experience can be regarded as available for present and perpetual use. In the presence then, of the well founded opinion that mere literary skill has achieved its utmost in the field of history, he is the wiser man who lays aside even the appearance of a wish to shine in so brilliant a sphere, and in anticipation of a new phase in the manner of dealing with the records of the world, quietly pursues the laborious occupation of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. By adopting the extreme of simplicity the patient gleaner escapes all invidious comparison with his more fortunate fellow-labourers, whose bosoms are filled with golden sheaves, and the kind of interest which he feels, and ventures to claim for his performance, is such as in nowise to interfere with the pleasure which the public rejoices to attribute to the spells of its more eloquent teachers. If we assume that rivalry is out of the question we shall be rather disposed to commend than to blame that man who announces, by the very form of his work, that he has no intention whatever of entering the lists; and without any chance of meeting

with that which would revive the image of the splendour we have left, we are the more likely to find independent and novel satisfaction in the lowlier stages of literary workmanship. When we are fatigued with the oppressive grandeur of the pyramids we may find a relief and even a pleasant diversion in the arid, charred field where the bricks are being moulded out of which new structures of glory may one day be raised. And, again, it may turn out on trial that there is often quite as much solid satisfaction to be derived from a contemplation of the bare fact in its own natural place, as from the ever widening generalizations to which that fact has contributed, in which that fact is merged, and on which men bestow the dignified title of the History of England. For the majority of readers, the generalizations of which we speak are beyond the means of verification, and consequently excite distrust of their soundness; they do not and never can know all the facts which were collated and present to the historian's mind at the time of making his broad deductions. Every day adds to the distracting mass of which a general historian is obliged to be cognizant, and renders the gulf between himself and his reader wider and deeper. This constant accession of materials has already wrought a considerable change in the method of historical study. Not very long ago even young men could boast that they had read the Universal History in somewhere about a hundred volumes; but no one speaks of universal history now-a-days as an essential part of a school-boy's curriculum. There was no doubt a peculiar exhilaration in thus mounting the Pegasus, and coursing from age to age, from clime to clime, but now the journey is hopelessly long, hopelessly difficult; new marvels are continually springing up, each more interesting than the old ones, and these arrest the buoyant flight over the fair field of history. A youth now betakes himself to Keightley's "Outlines," with the melancholy conviction that, large as they are, they will both bear and require a great deal of filling up; and he relinquishes with opportune good sense the Pegasean flight round the globe. And we are inclined to think that a similar limitation, a shortening of the tether, is about to be forced on the great bulk of inquirers into the history of England. The busy Londoner will take up the history of the Great Plague, or of the Great Fire, will hurry over the greater part of what he reads, and will retain only such portions as relate to the number of the dead, or the amount of property destroyed in his own ward or in his own little alley. The items which are thus fixed in his memory have severally and in due course passed through the mind of the general chronicler of events, and have helped to produce the general statement that "the Great Plague ran up the average of mortality in London to an unparalleled height," or "the Great Fire of London may be looked upon as the date of many of our more magnificent edifices." In a similar way, when educated men in a mixed assembly, hear any general statement or description having reference to a by-gone age, they will endeavour to realize that description, each according to his county, or, perhaps, even according to his town. If he be a Nottingham man, and a possessor of a copy of these annals, he will be able to turn to the date without difficulty,

and, in all probability, find what he wants, viz., how did the good county fare? what part did it take? who and what like were the men whom she commissioned to assist in glorious deeds? or, what local record may there be, the particular details of which have in connexion with other details, gone to warrant the larger general statement which he has just heard? So then the county-histories of the empire will be able to boast a double interest; first, as the repositories of all more recent discoveries from which materials will be drawn directly as soon as the new era in general history-writing shall commence, and also as the microcosms in which each man may profitably spend his leisure, however little it may be, and be enabled to realize, to weigh, to feel, any general statements which he may hear. Let a Nottingham man, for instance, hear it said that "even in the days of the earlier Plantagenets manumission from personal slavery was often granted from religious motives," he has a vague idea that he understands the statement, but he turns to his local annals in search of some instance of manumission from religious motives, and his original idea becomes enlarged, and at the same time better defined when he learns that in the reign of Edward II. a great man, Sir William de Staunton, for the good of his soul, was desirous of fulfilling a pilgrimage to the Holy City, but, being much occupied with carnal business, he deputed his slave, Hugh Travers, to undertake the perilous journey on his behalf, and the price he paid for this service, faithfully performed, was the emancipation of the man himself and several of his kindred. Now we venture to say that there is a considerable change in the reader's moral judgment of this manumission from religious motives, and a change favourable to the truth. The general statement of the historian might, and, indeed, most surely would lead the Nottingham man to run away with the notion that religion was, if anything, purer and more directly operative on the human conscience in the days of the Plantagenets than it is in these days of factory toil; but when he turns up one of the primitive facts on which the general statement was based, he finds that the very act of manumission was the worst confirmation he could anticipate of the ordinary debasement of mankind at that early period. Many instances could be cited, if necessary, to illustrate the kind of interest and value which belong to local histories; but this one may, perhaps, suffice to show that while the form of annals is very convenient for reference, it does not necessarily imply an utter absence of lively and permanent interest. Of the history of Nottingham it cannot be expected that we should attempt any synopsis, nor even of this particular work, but we would acknowledge a feeling of surprise at finding this county the centre and theatre of so large a proportion of the more eventful passages in the history of the country, and the birthplace of so glorious a band of celebrated men. It really gives one the impression that through a large space of time the history of Nottingham is the history of England. But we recover from our surprise when we reflect on our little island with its long and noble history. Needs must be that almost every foot of such a contracted soil is sacred to some stirring

recollection. And, besides, the central situation of the county, and the favourable position of the town, with its natural citadel, mark it out as the probable meeting stage of conflicting hosts in times of civil war, or in an age abounding with wars of reprisal between bordering nations. As a further illustration of the inherent interest of county-histories, we may mention that there is hardly a deed of glory on the broad page of England's annals which did not vibrate along the ties of association and kinship into the very heart of Nottingham. Here barons conspired to enforce, and afterwards combined to defend the Great Charter; and here East Repford (for two centuries excused from sending representatives to Parliament on the ground of poverty), became, from the pressure of that same poverty, we may suppose, the stumbling-block of Toryism and the cradle of Reform. Here the virtuous indignation of Edward III. found vent in the seizure of Mortimer, and here, on "the highest pointed hill," Charles I. raised the fatal standard—"At which time all the courtiers and spectators flung up their caps and whooped, crying 'God save King Charles, and hang up the Roundheads!' and so whooped the King to his lodgings." This was royal indignation railing at the Commons, and in after-years this same castle-yard rang to the echo with a people's curses against king and lords, amidst the glare of the burning pile. Here was the birth-place of men who will be conspicuous through all time—of illustrious judges, naval commanders, military leaders, church reformers (Cranmer), safe pilots of the state in stormiest times, historians, poets, sculptors, and painters enough to fill the calendar of any other country than England; and we feel only bewildered when we attempt any classification either of the great events or celebrated men that have shed lustre on the town and county of Nottingham. In drawing this notice of Mr. Bailey's work to a close, we are desirous of directing the public attention to it as not only very much superior to all previous histories of Nottingham, but to the great bulk of similar works throughout the kingdom; and to assure the author that, in our judgment, it deserved rather more care in the arrangement of the paging and in the binding department, which, in spite of its costly appearance, is far from being neatly finished. The printing is highly creditable to provincial skill, but the getting-up of the volumes is slovenly.

The Danes and the Swedes, being an Account of a Visit to Denmark, including Schleswig-Holstein and the Danish Islands; with a Peep into Jutland, and a Journey across the Peninsula of Sweden; embracing a Sketch of the most interesting Points in the History of those Countries. By Charles Henry Scott, Author of "The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea." London: Longman. 1856. P. 387.

MR. SCOTT is one of the most readable and entertaining of travellers. The method of presenting his narrative, which he prescribed to himself, is thus given in his preface: "By avoiding minute notices of

uninteresting facts and passing over trivial incidents of travel—neither indulging in long descriptions of localities, nor plunging deeply into statistics—the author trusts that without inflicting dry details upon the reader, the following pages will be found to contain much information on the present state and past history of Schleswig-Holstein, Denmark, and Sweden, on their physical peculiarities, and on those archæological remains that form a link between the present inhabitants and the race which existed in them a thousand years before the birth of Christ.” The author has adhered to the plan thus laid down, and has consequently produced a highly instructive and entertaining volume. The style is neither ambitious nor slovenly, but clear, vivacious, and natural; and the selection of subjects of observation and research, and of objects of interest, is so judicious, and at the same time so copious, as to invest these pages with a charm which makes it an act of self-denial to close them. One topic alone on which, however, he dilates with much candour, will give rise to much difference of opinion. After alluding to the general sobriety of the Danes, he compares their habits in this respect with those of the British people, especially on Sunday. He states that they are much more regular in their attendance on religious service on the morning of that day than ourselves; and after describing the relaxation which is universally indulged in in the afternoon and evening, adds the following reflection on this much-vexed question: “It is really quite refreshing to see the contentment of these good people, and to observe how well pleased they are with such simple pastimes, and while watching their quiet enjoyment, one doubts the wisdom of depriving a nation of all innocent amusement on the only day when the hard-working classes can find leisure for recreation without pecuniary loss and consequent deprivation to their families. Nor can we help contrasting the respectable appearance, the orderly conduct, and becoming demeanour of these people with the drunkenness which exists on the Sabbath in the large towns of England and Scotland, where such extraordinary efforts are made to prevent any departure on that day from rules which place the most rigid restrictions on every species of amusement.” Happy will be that community whose general habits in the observance of the day shall be free from Pharisaic rigour on the one hand, and on the other from that laxity through which they must incur the deprivation of those spiritual advantages for which it so benignly affords the occasion.

Sketches on Italy: Its Last Revolution—Its Actual Condition—Its Tendencies and Hopes. London: Hamilton and Co. 1856. Pp. 206.

THIS volume lies under the *primâ facie* disadvantage of anonymous publication. The accuracy of its statements, however, is vouched for by the names of Sir Culling Eardley and Mr. C. H. Bracebridge, who explain in their introduction that it is from the pen of one whose name unhappily cannot be divulged without injury to himself, but who is known by all his friends to be intimately acquainted with

the history, politics, and social condition of Italy, and also as a man of high honour and true Christian principle. One of its main purposes is to show that the low mental and moral condition of the Italian people is dependent on the political power of the Pope. He declares that the entire conduct of Pius IX. has been a deception, and has only served to confirm that fatal truth of which the Italians above all other nations are condemned to feel the consequences, namely, "That Papacy and Liberty are two words which comprise in the smallest compass the greatest contradiction in the universe; and with regard to politics, form the most violent antithesis that can be uttered." The author's description of the present condition of Italy is melancholy in the extreme, yet the author is hopeful of Italian regeneration, basing his expectations on the alliance of France with Piedmont, and the generous sympathy of the English people; but in order to the realization of his hopes, he exhorts his countrymen firmly to "resist the suggestions of parties who might mislead them, and who, whatever their colour and tendency, wage (though with opposite ends in view) a deadly warfare against constitutional government, the only government which now at least is compatible with the well being of Italy." The book will be read with much interest by those who desire to acquaint themselves with the political and spiritual condition of those people who walk in darkness beneath the blighting shadow of the Papacy.

The Heroes; or, Greek Fairy Tales for my Children. By the Rev. C. Kingsley. With Eight Illustrations by the Author. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

IN this elegant volume we have Mr. Kingsley at his own fireside, with his children at his knees, listening to the stories of Perseus, the Argonauts, and Theseus, as amplified by the learning of the scholar and the imagination of the poet, and modified by the wise reservations of the father. Though put forward as a story-book for the instruction and amusement of children, and well adapted to win attention in that capacity, it will not be restricted within the circle of childhood. In the ordinary process of female education, only the dry bones of the heathen mythology are exhibited to the pupil, and Mr. Kingsley's book will give vitality to personages whose names now linger in the memory of many an adult young lady only in connexion with

"The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word."

Children of both sexes, indeed of very mature growth, will find it a welcome and delightful volume, for the stories are so many prose poems with a great deal more poetry in them, both as to matter and manner, than in many a pretentious volume of verse. "You can hardly," says Mr. Kingsley, "find a well written book which has not in it Greek names, and words, and proverbs; you cannot walk through a great town without passing Greek buildings; you cannot go into a well furnished room without seeing Greek statues and ornaments, even Greek patterns of furniture and paper; so strongly

have these old Greeks left their mark behind them upon this modern world in which we now live. And as you grow up and read more and more, you will find that we owe to these old Greeks the beginnings of all our mathematics and geometry—that is, the science and knowledge of numbers, and of the shapes of things, and of the forces which make things move and stand at rest; and the beginnings of our geography and astronomy; and of our laws, and freedom, and politics—that is, the science how to rule a country, and make it peaceful and strong. And we owe to them, too, the beginning of our logic—that is, the study of words and reasoning; and of our metaphysics—that is, the study of our own thoughts and souls. And last of all, they made their language so beautiful, that foreigners used to take to it instead of their own; and at last, Greek became the common language of educated people all over the old world, from Persia and Egypt even to Spain and Britain. And, therefore, it was that the New Testament was written in Greek, that it might be read and understood by all the nations of the Roman Empire; so that, next to the Jews, and the Bible which the Jews handed down to us, we owe more to these Greeks than to any people upon earth.” All this is true, and to the present generation it is a truth which is presented with additional interest, from the fact that the war now happily concluded lay in the very track not only of the old Greeks themselves, but of those mythological heroes of theirs of whom Mr. Kingsley writes so pleasantly. But is there not more of peculiarity than appropriateness in the term “Fairy Tales” applied to stories from the Hellenic mythology? It may be that the word “fairy” is derived from the “Fata” of antiquity; that you may deduce it, with Casaubon, from the Greek, and with Sir W. Ouseley from the Hebrew; but the idea which it conveys to modern apprehensions is of a very different order of beings from the deities and heroes of the classic ages. Even the old translators applied it, if we mistake not, only to the inferior deities—the intelligences of the fields and fireside—the Dryads and the Lares, the predecessors no doubt of the fairies, in their haunts and offices, but hardly identical with them. Fairies in popular belief, are a mediæval race. Keats in a correctly historical as well as poetical spirit, has stated the case:—

“ Upon a time before the faery broods
Drove nymph and satyr from the prosperous woods,
Before king Oberon’s bright diadem,
Sceptre and mantle clasp’d with dewy gem
Frighted away the dryads and the fauns
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip’d lawns.”

After all, we make this objection with due deference. So excellent a scholar as Mr. Kingsley has not written, we may be sure, without a reason. Our regret is that he has not stated it. He can scarcely be unaware that he has set up an obstruction in the stream of current opinion. Mr. Kingsley handles the pencil as well as the pen, though not, we must say, with equal skill. The illustrations to the volume are not merely from designs of his own, but appear, with one

exception, to have been drawn on the wood by his own hand. The feeling of the poet and of the artist are one, and the designs are such as may be expected from an accomplished and poetical imagination. But the execution betrays the amateur with the exception to which we have alluded, the frontispiece, which was evidently put upon the wood by a practised hand.

On Cystic Entozoa in the Human Kidney; with an Illustrative Case.
By T. Herbert Barker, M.D., F.R.C.S.

THIS pamphlet is a paper for which the gold medal of the Medical Society of London was awarded to the author. We refer to it, although belonging to a special branch of science, on account of its bearing upon a difficult scientific problem, which has been most unwisely introduced into the arena of theological controversy; viz., the doctrine of spontaneous or equivocal generation. It has been conceived by some, that if animal life could be shown to originate otherwise than by immediate descent from a like parent (from an ovum, as it is expressed), the basis upon which the belief in an intelligent Creator rests would be overthrown. It is difficult to see what relation there can be between the premises and the conclusion in such an argument, but whether the logic of it be bad or good the progress of science has completely overthrown the data on which it was founded. With respect to the Entozoa, or the parasites which have their abode within other animals, it has now been distinctly proved that they are in every case developed from germs taken with the food, or otherwise entering the body from without. The experiments and observations of many inquirers, which are briefly described in Dr. Barker's pamphlet, have also demonstrated that all the various forms of Entozoa belong to comparatively few distinct species which undergo very remarkable, and in a scientific point of view, very interesting metamorphoses. Not presuming, nor wishing, to judge the motives of any man, we yet cannot forbear to remark upon how very slight a basis, and with what unreasonable haste, the most doubtful theories have been erected into arguments against the truths of religion and the authority of revelation. We may observe that Dr. Barker has brought together some evidence to show that the use of uncooked animal food is a probable cause of Entozoic disease, and that pig's liver, and the brains of sheep and pigs (to which we may add moist dark sugar) are suspicious articles.

On Acquaintance with God. Twelve Lectures, by John Howard Hinton, M.A. London: Houlston and Stoneman. Pp. 273.

WE are prepared to give Mr. Hinton a most hearty welcome as the author of these lectures. Considering the difficulty of the subjects with which he had to grapple, we are not surprised at his modest hesitation in giving this volume to the public. Nevertheless, we should have been sorry had he determined to withhold it. The im-

pression these lectures are calculated to make is, we think, most salutary and solemn. For range of thought, variety of argument, and closeness of reasoning, we think the present work superior to any other production of Mr. Hinton with which we are acquainted. But, though we meet our author with so cordial a welcome, we must take the liberty of objecting to some things in the volume. We object to the principle with which he sets out; that, for the great doctrine which is the foundation of all religion, natural or revealed, viz., the being of God we have no better evidence than that which is urged in favour of baptismal regeneration, namely, tradition (p. 22). We admit, with Mr. Hinton, that most men believe the doctrine because they have been taught it;—they have received it through the medium of direct instruction, as children receive the rudiments of learning. But then we would ask, Why is it taught? The answer surely is, it is taught because it is true. It is not true, because it is taught, but it is taught because it is true; and, if true, it must rest on some evidence convincing to the mind. If there had been no other evidence than universal tradition (query, is it universal?) it would long since have vanished from the earth. The Bible begins, we admit, by assuming, and, therefore, without proving, the doctrine of the divine existence. But it is not true that it affords no proof of the fact. The subject comes up occasionally in the Bible; and the true evidence on which it is founded is pointed out by the inspired penmen. When the Prophets would show the irrationality of idolatry, they do not refer to tradition, but to the argument suggested to the understanding by a contemplation of the universe and the human mind. In short, they recognize the principle of Paley and writers who have followed the same line of argument. "No man," says our author, "has to infer it (the being of God) from nature with Paley." And, yet the sacred writers point to that very principle whenever they touch on the subject. Mr. Hinton himself afterwards, very inconsistently, refers his readers to the same source of evidence (p. 12), where he says, "God has made a manifestation of himself by his works" (see also p. 129, 192). And he admits that "*something* may thus be learnt of God, both just and important." Now *that something* is His eternal power and Godhead—the very doctrine itself in question. This knowledge of God he afterwards says—as if afraid that he had conceded too much—is too limited. We reply that, though it does not reveal the work of redemption and all which it is necessary for us to know, it reveals the being and perfections of God—the subject of which he is treating. He adds, "The evidence supplied by the natural and providential world is conflicting, and, therefore, unsatisfactory, and itself requiring an interpreter." The Psalmist did not think so when he said, "His tender mercies are over all His works;" nor the inspired Apostle when he said "God left Himself not without witness (among the heathen) sending them rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness;" and, when pointing to these and other evidences of the same kind, he said, "Therefore they are without excuse." But if the evidence was so unsatisfactory—so dim and dubious as represented—

surely they *had* some excuse. And when the same writer says, "Because that when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful," he traces their conduct, not to the want of sufficient evidence, but to the depravity of human nature. Light *was* come into the world even then—though not exactly the light of the gospel; but men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. We take the liberty of pointing out what we deem an error in the reasoning of Mr. Hinton, because we think it of importance. We believe the old doctrine of Paley to be the true view of the subject—a view stereotyped by the writers both of the Old Testament and of the New. Nay, more, we believe that its abandonment would lead, if followed out, to the overthrow of revelation; seeing that the laws of nature and the interruption of those laws in a miracle both lead to the same conclusion; that is, they suppose a divine agent. If the one is nothing the other is nothing—they stand and fall together. If the rising or setting of the sun does not prove the being of a God, how can it be proved by a miracle? How can the less prove that which the greater has failed to prove? The subjects treated in this volume are the following: "God an Infinite Spirit," "God a Necessary Being," "God a Social Unity," "God an Intelligent Being," "God an Emotional Being," "God a Voluntary Being," "God an Active Being," "God in Counsel," "God in Consummation," "God not perceived by the Senses," "God manifest hereafter;" none of which can be perused by an intelligent reader without advantage. The one on the Trinity is, to our mind, the most interesting. We do not, however, approve of our author's novelties of language. We think the old phraseology is more correct and more scriptural. The expression "God a Social Unity," if we did not beforehand know its meaning, would be a complete puzzle. We must conclude this notice by again recommending the work to the attention of our readers as written with great ability, and animated by a warm spirit of piety.

A Commentary, Expository and Practical, on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By Alexander S. Patterson, Minister of Hutchesontown Free Church, Glasgow. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1856.

The commentary before us "is to a great extent the substance of what was addressed from week to week" by the author, to his own congregation. In Scotland, the practice of "lecturing" during part of the Sabbath, through some book of scripture, prevails almost universally. Without descending into critical niceties, the lecturer expounds and applies successively every portion of the book under consideration. The congregation has the double advantage of successive teaching, in the manner adopted by the inspired writers in the book which forms the groundwork of the lectures, and of becoming more thoroughly acquainted with the facts and doctrines of the Bible, than by a continuous course of preaching on isolated texts. It may safely be affirmed that much of the knowledge of religious subjects

so generally diffused amongst the Scotch people, is due to this practice, to which minister and people have equally been trained. From his earliest youth, the hearer has had successively various of the most important books of scripture explained to him in a popular form, and yet often with all the appliances of modern biblical research, directed by genuine piety and strong common sense. He becomes acquainted with Scripture doctrine in its connexion; he is instructed and edified, and many of those duties which might otherwise have not been so prominently brought forward, naturally become, in the course of lecturing, the theme of address. Accordingly, a Scotch candidate for the ministry is expected by his ecclesiastical examiners, and by the congregation before which he appears, to "lecture" as well as to preach. But while these lectures are equally instructive and edifying to the congregation to which they are addressed, it may be matter of doubt how far they are suitable to that portion of the general public which may wish to consult a regular commentary on the book of which they treat. Critical difficulties can of course only have been cursorily examined—a number of verses are often summed up—and the hortatory and declamatory elements are of such frequent occurrence, as seriously to interrupt the continuity of the comment. In fact, they are neither commentaries, strictly speaking; nor are they simply practical and edifying books. They are an attempt at combining both elements, which can rarely prove successful, something *sui generis* meant for one object only, and useful only in that sphere—that of congregational instruction and edification—but frequently out of place, and disappointing in every other. We can readily believe that if the lectures, by which, we trust, we ourselves have profited, and of which the notes seemed at the time so valuable, were presented to us printed *in extenso*, we should feel as if they were really different from the instructions to which, under different circumstances, we had listened with so much delight. Mr. Patterson is, we believe, known in the church of which he is a minister, and in Glasgow, as an acute thinker, an able and well read theologian, and a thoroughly evangelical minister. All these qualities appear prominently in his "Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews." We scarcely wonder that "friends" and "intelligent" members of his congregation should have solicited him to publish what must have proved singularly instructive, as delivered week by week from the pulpit. Mr. Patterson has besides "introduced a few short critical discussions, which would have been out of place in the pulpit." But with all this we feel that the work labours under some of the defects which we have above indicated, and which, indeed, are almost necessarily incident to this class of compositions. Coming as it does after the elaborate researches of Owen, the Christian common-sense view of that most acute and eminent theologian, Calvin, the sanctified learning of Bengel, and the investigations of Tholuck, Ebrard, and others, it would have been difficult indeed to produce a work—unless, it were in great measure a combination of their labours—destined yet to stand prominently forward or to supersede them. And

the Epistle to the Hebrews is a portion of Scripture which peculiarly invites and gives scope to the labours of investigators. Many passages in it—such as parts of chap. x.—call for critical acumen and theological learning; types and typical personages—especially Melchisedec in chap. vii.—invite a more searching inquiry and explanation than we have yet met with. But while, even from the specimen before us, we gather that Mr. Patterson possesses in learning, soundness and acumen, and many of the qualities of a thorough commentator, even the form and origin of his work prevent their full display. Our *beau ideal* of a commentary is embodied in works like those of Dr. Alexander on Isaiah, or of Olshausen, of Bengel, and of Calvin—and we are old-fashioned enough to avow it—for racy and apt practical exposition, in the unrivalled work of good, old Matthew Henry. However, to any person who wishes a plain, trustworthy, practical, and sound exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews—although not one which will elucidate its difficulties, or throw new light on the subject, we can thoroughly recommend Mr. Patterson's work. It will prove useful and edifying reading on this portion of Scripture as it must have furnished instructive and appropriate lectures to the congregation to which it was originally addressed.

The Rich Kinsman: the History of Ruth the Moabitess. By Stephen H. Tyng, D.D. New York. With Preface by a Clergyman of the Church of England. Sampson, Low, and Co.

THIS is a work which belongs to the class of typical theology. The author explores the history of Ruth for the purpose of finding in it Christ, and all the doctrines of the Christian economy. He says, (p. 9,) "But this blessed instruction is not peculiar to the book of Ruth. It is to be found everywhere in the Scriptures of the Old Testament. They are full of histories which are intended to lead your minds and hearts to the same gracious and holy Saviour. They all testify of Christ and of that eternal life which is to be found in Him alone. It must ever be your aim and effort to gain a knowledge of the Saviour from them all. To obtain this knowledge of Jesus, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, is worth all the study it may cost you, and all the time it may require. Seek for this as an invaluable blessing. Throughout your whole Bible try to find the Saviour speaking to you. He is everywhere in it. The same Spirit has written it all." The author subsequently remarks: "The Old Testament is a rich mine of Gospel truth. The Gospel lies hidden there in all its fulness and worth. The Saviour is to be found under all the types and histories which are there contained. It is your privilege to search these Scriptures for that knowledge of your Saviour which is eternal life. These types and histories are like pictures of our blessed Lord in the different parts of the work of His redemption for man, drawn by the Holy Spirit for man's instruction. The Old Testament is full of them, and thus full of the knowledge of Christ. Oh, that I could persuade my young friends to search for this

knowledge ; to feel and to say, 'How I love Thy word ! it is dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver.' " Now we know that Christ is, in a certain important sense, the sum and substance, as it is commonly expressed, of the Old Testament and of the New. The Bible is a revelation of Jesus Christ. All the parts of the former dispensation gradually prepare the way for the latter. The history of the Fall introduces the first promise concerning the seed of the woman. The history of Abraham is the occasion of bringing in the covenant of grace which God, through him, made with all mankind. The Sinaic economy carries out the same general plan, and the history of Rahab and Ruth, as Gentile progenitors of our Saviour, of course, find their place in the sacred narrative ; while the prophets, one after another, lead us on by the most striking predictions—some brief and apparently casual ; some ample, eloquent, and extended, to the same one grand event—the advent of the Messiah. Besides all this, we are free to admit that there are in the Old Testament types, in the proper sense of the word. But these latter, we think, ought to be carefully ascertained and clearly proved ; if this rule be neglected, a wideness, vagueness, and latitude of interpretation will be generated which can have no good results. If we want to know what the gospel, is we shall not find it by wandering in the wilderness of Old Testament history and allegories. We can learn it only from Christ and His Apostles. The fathers were fond of this hieroglyphical mode of teaching, and carried it out to a most ludicrous extreme. That partiality for the symbolical and recondite which we observe in some authors, strikes us as characteristic of a mind in which fancy predominates over judgment, and ingenuity takes the place of sound argument. This species of writing is a sort of 'medium between poetry and prose—between imagination and philosophy, and satisfies the claims of neither. It yields not the light and instruction of the one, nor the pleasant dreams and enchantments of the other. To those, however, who are pleased with such a method of treating sacred subjects, we might recommend the present volume. One fact is very conspicuous : the work breathes a spirit of warm piety and devotion. It is probable that there are minds capable of deriving spiritual improvement from productions of this class ; to such we would commend this little work, with our best wishes for their edification.

An Analytical Concordance of the Holy Scriptures ; or, the Bible presented under Distinct and Classified Heads or Topics Edited by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature, &c. Crown 8vo. Pp. 788. London and Glasgow : Griffin and Co.

A VERY valuable work which we cannot too strongly recommend to that interesting class of persons for whom it is primarily designed, the teachers in our Sunday-schools. The scriptures are here presented under forty-two heads ; the passages being printed at full length. The volume has at the beginning an excellent synopsis, and

closes with a very full index. Ministers and private Christians will find it a very useful auxiliary in studying the divine word: yet we agree with the editor when he says: "we counsel the continuous consultation of the scriptures themselves, and of the verses in their original connexion. For there is a living unity in the Bible amidst all its divinity, and it is with it as with the minerals of the globe, which presents a more glorious order in the respective positions in which nature has placed them, than when artificially arranged on the shelves of a cabinet."

Fragments of the Great Diamond set for Young People: being a Variety of Addresses to Children. By the Rev. James Bolton, B.A., Minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, Kilburn, Middlesex. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1856. Pp. 154.

A good little book with a fanciful and rather obscure title, "The Great Diamond" meaning the Bible; and "The Fragments," short and simple texts, "set," that is, illustrated, in a very beautiful and striking manner for the use of the young. We have seldom met with a work better adapted for fixing the attention of children on the truths of the gospel. If addressed to a Sunday-school, we should expect that all eyes would be fixed on the speaker. If we are not misinformed, the author is a grandson of the most popular preacher of his age, William Jay, and he does no discredit to his ancestry. May the blessing of Heaven rest on his labours!

The Nature of the Atonement, and its Relation to the Remission of Sins and Eternal Life. By John Macleod Campbell. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1856.

MR. CAMPBELL'S book is devoted to the discussion of the two great questions, What was the nature of the Atonement? and What was it intended to accomplish? Its extent, and the elements which gave to the obedience and sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, their peculiar and infinite value, are only treated incidentally. Mr. Campbell's first chapter awakened hopes which we deeply regret that he has not fulfilled. Very much of the feeble and worthless writing about the Atonement which we have been troubled with of late years has clearly arisen from inadequate thoughts of the evil of sin. The very intelligible and important moral and spiritual phenomena represented by the phrase "conviction of sin," have been overlooked by the very writers who have most loudly professed that all theology must be constructed with a reference not so much to the intellectual as the moral necessities of human nature. But Mr. Campbell commences the exposition of his theory of the Atonement with very unequivocal teaching concerning the reality of sin. He has evidently known, experimentally, what he analyzes and describes with so much power, "the feeling of simple, unqualified

guilt." He "cannot qualify the assertion that the testimony of scripture as to the reality and guilt of sin, has a clear and unequivocal response in conscience, the recognition of which response, on the sinner's part, is the proper attitude for his mind to assume on listening to and weighing the doctrine of the Atonement."—P. 12. He says, that what is required by man is forgiveness, not benevolent pity, and that the Atonement has not only a prospective reference to the good it secures for the devout believer, but a retrospective reference to the evil from which it is our deliverance. Towards the close of his first chapter Mr. Campbell reminds his readers of the significant and unquestionable fact, that men who have discovered their guilt cannot be brought to trust God by general representations of his mercy; no matter how gracious and merciful he may be, they cannot believe that he will pardon their sin, and yet "they are found able to believe in such pardon, and to receive the hope of eternal life, when these are presented to them in connexion with the sacrifice of himself by which Christ put away sin, becoming the propitiation for the sins of the whole world."—P. 22. And Mr. Campbell has too much penetration and good sense, and too much moral earnestness to account for this simply by the very obvious solution, that in Christ's death we have a demonstration of love, in the presence of which all doubt and hesitation must be overflowed with the joy of perfect trust and full-hearted gratitude. The death of Christ is a demonstration of love, but "love cannot be conceived of as doing anything gratuitously, merely to show its own depth. . . . A man will not actually lay down his life merely to show his love, and without there being anything to render his doing so necessary, in order to save the life for which he yields up his own." It seemed scarcely possible that after all this Mr. Campbell should deny the doctrine of substitution. Without wishing to commit ourselves to all that this first chapter contains, we scarcely know where to find a more thoughtful, devout, and just statement of the subjective reasons that make an Atonement necessary. We are quite at a loss, however, to understand how Mr. Campbell harmonizes the beginning of his book with the middle and the end of it. The theory with which this really able and earnest man is satisfied, may be very briefly stated. Our Lord Jesus Christ—belief in whose divinity is justly stated to be an absolute necessity, if all the springs of our spiritual life are in him—came into the world to accomplish a twofold work; to deal with us on God's behalf, and to deal with God on our behalf. He reveals to us God's fatherhood, not merely by his teaching, but by his own perfect submission to his Father's will, and unfaltering trust in his Father's love. All the varied experience of his earthly life only proved his absolute self-renunciation in the presence of his heavenly Father. In the last words of Jesus, "Into thy hands, O Father, I commend my spirit." Mr. Campbell perceives Christ "realizing the nakedness of simple being, stripped of all possession but what is possessed in the heart of the Father. . . . It is the most perfect and absolute form of that ex-

perience, 'I am not alone, for the Father is with me.' It takes away creation and leaves but God." In this revelation of God's fatherhood, Christ reveals to the guilty race the foundation of their hope of forgiveness and spiritual rescue. We must trust not in Christ's obedience, sufferings, and death, but in the fatherhood of God, which Christ revealed. But Christ deals with God on our behalf; but *how*, according to Mr. Campbell's theory, we have some difficulty in saying. He shrinks with uncontrollable revulsion from the idea of vicariousness; he denies, in the broadest and strongest terms, that the sufferings of Christ were penal; and yet, at times, he appears to grant almost all that would be asked for by most of those whose views he criticizes and condemns: such admissions are, however, slight and casual. His prominent idea is that Christ made an expiation for our sins by confessing them in our name; that he appeared before God with infinite sorrow because of the transgressions of the human race; and that sorrow for sin is a truer, higher atonement than the endurance of its penalty. There is very much in this which we unfeignedly admire and cordially believe. It is deeply touching to look on the Lord Jesus, our elder Brother, bowed to the dust before God in sorrow for our transgressions. "Tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin," he does not refuse to call us brethren; he stands before God in our name, heart-broken with grief because of our wickedness, acknowledging the justice of God's anger against sin, "receiving the full apprehension and realization of that wrath, as well as of that sin against which it comes forth, into his soul and spirit, into the bosom of the divine humanity, and so receiving it, he responds to it with a perfect response, a response from the depths of that divine humanity, and in that perfect response he absorbs it."—P. 135. We wish Mr. Campbell had written more habitually in the mood in which he wrote this sentence; not, however, that we think even this anything like an adequate representation of what the work of Christ really was and is. We have already said that the penal character of the sufferings of Christ is strongly denied. Christ is declared to be a "propitiation for our sins," because he enables us to overcome them and to keep God's commandments. "He makes reconciliation for the sins of the people" because "he succours us when we are tempted." "Reconciliation for our sins is the ministering to us a present help, according to our spiritual need."—P. 198. And if the interpretation of these two expressions commends itself to the reader, "he will be prepared to receive a corresponding interpretation of the expression 'peace' as applied to Christ, when he is said to be 'our peace.'" Mr. Campbell thinks this refers not merely to the reconciliation between Jew and Gentile, the breaking down of "the middle wall of partition," but to the restoration of the soul of man to God, by the removal of what kept the soul spiritually at a distance from him. Difficult as Mr. Campbell must have found it to make the passages just quoted fit into his theory, we wonder how he would deal with those texts that tell us that Christ "bore our sins," the meaning of which declaration

is removed beyond the reach of question by the repeated occurrence of the same expression in such passages as "the son shall not bear the iniquity of his father," "he is guilty, and shall bear his iniquity;" we wonder how he explains Christ's being "made a ransom for us," and a sin-offering." The truth is, that throughout the book the teaching of the Scriptures is made auxiliary to the author's interpretation of man's moral requirements. We think, however, that if the teaching of his first chapter had more permanently and powerfully controlled him, that Mr. Campbell would have been led even from the moral phenomena which he states and analyzes with so much power, very near to the doctrine of substitution as held by most evangelical churches. We have left ourselves no room to say what we had intended upon the three chapters in which the themes of Luther, of Calvinism, as represented by Owen and Edwards, and of the modified Calvinism, represented by Payne, Wardlaw, and Pye Smith, are stated and criticized. The historical introduction must only be considered as subordinate to the development of the author's own theory, or it would be exposed to the charge of omitting all notice of some of the most vigorous controversies about the Atonement, and some of the most important modifications of the doctrine. The *quid pro quo* theory of Anselm, the *acceptilation* theory of Dun Scotus, the modification of Calvinism in France, represented by Cameron and Amyrant, receive no notice. Even the pernicious influence of Grotius is very slightly, if at all, referred to; the doctrine of rectoral justice, however, being satisfied in the Atonement, and that Christ suffered, not because it was *right* that the eternal connexion between sin and suffering should be maintained, but because it was "for the good of the universe," is keenly criticized, and shown to be a hollow, worthless thing. When the heart of a sinner is filled with horror by the fear of hell, his alarm is not awakened by the discovery that it is "for the good of the universe" that he should suffer, but by the stern voice of conscience, which tells him that sin is in itself a damnable thing; and that even if there was no universe it must be cursed. The Atonement is not merely a symbolical declaration of God's intention not to suffer sin to go unpunished, but it actually exhibits, though in a grander and more awful form, the operation of the same moral necessities that have filled the devil and his angels with misery and despair. We wish Mr. Campbell had written with a little more care. Sometimes the awkwardness of the style, and the superfluous repetitions make the reader's work very wearisome. There is very much in the work that cannot be read without profit; and we lay it down regretting that we are obliged to dissent so much from the conclusions, on such a subject, of a good and thoughtful man.

Select Works of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., Vols. VII. and VIII.; or, Institutes of Theology, Vols. I. and II. Pp. 602 and 582. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1856.

We are gratified in being able to report the progress of the cheap

republishing of the works of this eminent theologian, the greatest benefactor of his native country, and one of the brightest luminaries of the Christian Church, in modern times.

The Pictorial Bible; being the Old and New Testaments, according to the Authorized Version, illustrated with Steel Engravings and many hundred Wood-Cuts, &c., with Original Notes, &c. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. A New Edition, with Additional Notes, based on the Discoveries of Recent Travellers. In Four Volumes. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1856.

HAVING, in our last number, given so copious a notice of Dr. Kitto's Life and Writings, we are not now going to enlarge on the merits of the "Pictorial Bible." We simply wish to point out the improvements made in the edition in process of publication by the Messrs. Chambers. We have compared it attentively with the former edition, and find it in no respect inferior, while in several points it has decidedly the advantage. The border round each page is very pleasant to the eye; the wood-cuts, though we presume from the same blocks, have been worked off in a superior manner to those in the former impression. Here and there tail-pieces and vignettes have been added, which are very ornamental. For the map of Ancient Egypt, in Vol. I. (originally designed for another work), is substituted a much more suitable one of Egypt and the Peninsula of Sinai. In the second volume are two maps, not before given: one of the countries mentioned in the Bible; the other of Canaan, as divided among the twelve tribes. Dr. Kitto's notes have been, very properly, left in their integrity, but each volume has a valuable appendix, embodying the researches of Layard, Lepsius, and other oriental travellers. We can only repeat the opinion we have already given, that for all classes, but more especially for educated young persons, we know no works comparable to the "Pictorial Bible" and the "Daily Bible Illustrations," for shedding a light on the contents of the Sacred Volume, and impressing them with a sense of its inexpressible value.

Review of the Month.

THE RESTORATION OF PEACE HAS BROUGHT IN ITS TRAIN THE USUAL SUCCESSION OF FESTIVE DEMONSTRATIONS, MINGLED WITH THE DISCORDANT EXPRESSIONS OF DISSATISFACTION AND REPROACH. A general day of Thanksgiving was appointed, but as Sunday was the day fixed for this celebration, no sacrifices of the material interests of society were involved. This was at least a cheap mode of performing a public duty. The occasion drew forth, as usual, a prayer from the Archbishop of Canterbury, which contained the

scantiest infusion of evangelical sentiment, if indeed, it contained any at all. But where the colours exhibited by the antagonistic parties in the church are so various, it seems the almost compulsory policy of an archbishop to display a neutral tint. Thankful as we are for peace, we cannot think that its terms, as far as the interests of this country are concerned, are such as the equity of the case demanded. It is a concession to the spirit of the age; and the most enlightened parties to the treaty incur, as usual, heavy material sacrifices in the maintenance of those great principles, which, in Austria and Prussia, are as music to the deaf. It has seemed fit to the government to expend, in honour of this occasion, £20,000 in exhibitions of fireworks. We must confess ourselves but little alive to the value of such demonstrations, and we think the money might have been far better expended, even had the treaty been more satisfactory, and the peace-breaker had paid the costs of the war, in benefitting the widows and children of those who have fallen in this disastrous struggle. Expensive monuments to the memory of those who have died, in a great measure through official neglect and incapacity, are melancholy memorials, in more senses than one, and we cannot but regard such a demonstration as a wasteful extravagance, for the glorification of generals who have been proved, by evidence before the Crimean commission, to have been singularly remiss and incapable, and of a civil administration at home so defective in all its arrangements as to call for radical reform. If that demand for reform meets with a firm response from the British legislature, the enormous expense of human life and of the national treasure, melancholy as it is, will not have been incurred in vain.

THE MOTION OF MR. WHITESIDE, INCULPATING THE GOVERNMENT IN THE MATTER OF THE FALL OF KARS, WAS REJECTED BY AN IMMENSE MAJORITY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. Mr. Whiteside spoke for four hours, with great animation. Sir B. Lytton, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston, distinguished themselves in the debate, the motion being, in point of fact, a vote of want of confidence in ministers. It was defeated by the decisive majority of 303 against 106. The censure of the public seems to fall unanimously on Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, whose total neglect of upwards of seventy despatches from General Williams,—and those of the most urgent kind,—constitutes an anomaly in the entire history of British diplomacy. The evidence on this important case is thus succinctly summed up by the *Times*:—"The opinion of all thinking men who have bestowed any degree of attention upon the papers connected with Kars has been throughout, that to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's private animosity and petulant impatience of control, the fall of Kars must be mainly attributed. Neither Mr. Whiteside, with his vast powers of protracted speech, nor Sir Bulwer Lytton, with his elegant rhetoric, nor Mr. Disraeli, with his pungent sallies, could convince the House that the Queen's Ministers in London are responsible for this most calamitous incident. With no particular anxiety to defend the acts of the administration throughout the late war—and we think we have proved ourselves

remarkably clear from all such prepossessions—we are bound to declare that Lord Clarendon and his colleagues appear to have done their best to carry relief to the beleaguered city. All their remonstrances with the military leaders at the seat of war were met with an answer which it was impossible to controvert. They were told, in reply to all their importunities, that the capture of Sebastopol might be imperilled by any diminution of the besieging force. To divert any force from the Crimea was to weaken the chances of success. As it has turned out, the generals were mistaken on this point, as they were mistaken upon a good many others; but he is a bold man who will venture to assert that had he been in the place of Lord Palmerston or Lord Clarendon—had he been charged with the responsibilities of decision upon so momentous a point, he would have dared to disregard the requisitions of the leaders in the Crimea. If there be any man who can conscientiously say that at the time, and with such means of information as then existed, he would have done this, we admire his audacity rather than envy his judgment."

MR. BEKBELEY, THE MEMBER FOR BRISTOL, HAS AGAIN BROUGHT FORWARD HIS ANNUAL MOTION IN FAVOUR OF THE BALLOT AS A MEANS OF COLLECTING THE SUFFRAGES OF CONSTITUENCIES FOR REPRESENTATION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—No new arguments were introduced by the honourable member, except those which arose out of recent elections in which bribery and intimidation were notorious to all except a committee of the House of Commons. His speech was sarcastic and hitting, but the House responded to it but feebly, and his motion was rejected by a majority which showed that honourable members are indisposed to entertain the subject.

ANOTHER ATTACK ON THE MINISTRY WAS MADE ON THE 22ND IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS BY LORD COLCHESTER, who moved a series of resolutions, condemning the article of the convention appended to the Treaty of Paris, by which a change has been effected in the maritime law of England without previous reference to the Legislature. The declaration laid down four principles; it was chiefly to the second of these that he wished to draw the attention of the House; it stated that a neutral flag should henceforth cover an enemy's goods unless they were contraband of war. This was a surrender of an important right, which this country had always possessed; he cited the ancient authorities by which this right has been declared part of international law; and stated the periods and occasions when the right had been asserted by the English Government. It had now been abandoned in a negotiation of eight days only; and the question was whether a minister could so sign away a portion of the law of the land. The Earl of Derby was the leader of the opposition, and in a most ingenious but sophistical speech charged the Government with the surrender of an important imperial right. The question was discussed at great length, and issued in the justification of the ministry by a satisfactory majority.

WITHIN THE LAST MONTH A BILL TO AMEND THE OATH OF ABJURATION HAS BEEN INTRODUCED INTO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. This measure is based upon the fact that no heir of the House of

Stuart is now in existence. It enacts a declaration on oath that the member shall do nothing to contravene the Protestant succession as settled by past acts, and distinctly provides for the Protestantism of every individual who may be heir to the crown of the British realm. It provides at the same time for the validity of a solemn affirmation on the part of Quakers and Moravian brethren. The words "on the true faith of a Christian" are intentionally omitted, thus allowing Jews to take their oaths and their seat in Parliament. This measure is obviously intended to introduce by a side wind members of the Jewish persuasion to seats in the legislature. It was carried by a decisive majority in the House of Commons, but how it will fare in the House of Lords remains to be seen.

THE WHOLE COUNTRY HAS BEEN EXCITED WITHIN THE PAST MONTH BY ONE OF THOSE CASES WHICH CONSTITUTE AN EPOCH IN THE CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE OF THIS AGE. — We refer to the trial of William Palmer, upon three indictments, for murder by poisoning, on the first of which only he has been tried; namely, for the murder of James Parsons Cook. On this charge the jury have found him guilty, and the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Campbell) has sentenced him to death. It is unnecessary to go into the particulars of this heart-sickening case; but it is important to state that there never was so impressive a lesson taught to the whole population of this country upon the vice of gambling. We have reason to believe that it prevails from the highest to the lowest classes of the community, and that, in the less wealthy classes of society, it leads to forgery, theft, and wholesale murder. There is no vice more difficult of cure. Happy will it be for the community at large if the fate of this wretched man shall withdraw them from those habits which, in the haste to get rich, lead them step by step to the edge of that awful precipice over which this miserable culprit has fallen.

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 Arthur (Wm., M. A.). The Tongue of Fire; or, the True Power of Christianity. Pp. 363. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
 Auldjo (John). Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc. Pp. 112. Longman & Co.
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- Bible Defender for May. Ward & Co.
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 Hales (Rev. J. D., M.A.). *Facts and Arguments for the Consideration of Bible Societies.* Pp. 38. Wertheim and Macintosh.
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 Hall (Mrs. S. C.). *Popular Tales.* Pp. 248. Lambert & Co.
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- Malan (Rev. S. C., M.A.). *A Vindication of the Authorised Version of the English Bible.* Pp. 232. Bell & Daldy.
- Masson (David, A.M.). *Essays, Biographical and Critical, chiefly on English Poets.* Pp. 475. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.
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Declaration made before the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of the City of London.

(copy.)

I, ROBERT FEAST, of No. 15 and 16, Finsbury Pavement, in the City of London, Italian Warehouseman, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I was in Partnership with Mr. GEORGE BATTY for the term of eighteen years, that is to say from the twenty-fourth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, to the eleventh day of August, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, and that no other person was ever in partnership with us or either of us; And I further declare that the Council of the Great Exhibition of Works of all Nations, in one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, awarded the only Prize for Pickles to the said George Batty and this Declarant Robert Feast, trading as and exhibiting the Goods as Messrs. Batty and Feast: And I declare that one Medal was delivered to the said George Batty and one to Myself, the undersigned, Robert Feast, which Medals are now in our respective possession: And I declare that it is untrue that any Prize was awarded to any such persons as "Batty and Co." and that it is also untrue that Batty and Company, of Leadenhall Street, have any Prize Medal whatever in their possession issued by the said Council to any such firm as "Batty and Co." but that the said George Batty has only one of the above-mentioned Medals issued by the said Council to "Batty and Feast."

And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act made and passed in the sixth year of the reign of His late Majesty King William the Fourth, intituled "An Act to repeal an Act of the present Session of Parliament, intituled an Act for the more effectual Abolition of Oaths and Affirmations, taken and made in various departments of the State, and to substitute Declarations in lieu thereof, and for the more entire suppression of voluntary and extra judicial Oaths and Affidavits, and to make other provisions for the abolition of unnecessary Oaths."

ROBERT FEAST.

Declared at the Mansion House, in the City of London,
the Twenty-second day of July, 1854.

Before me,

THOMAS SIDNEY, Mayor.

COPY OF CERTIFICATE.

I hereby certify that Her Majesty's Commissioners, upon the Award of the Jurors, have presented a Prize Medal to BATTY & FEAST, for Pickles shown in the Exhibition.

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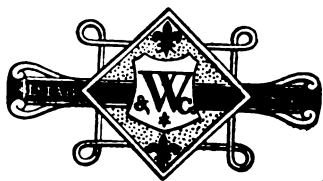
(PREFACE.)

THE motives which induce me to present another edition of the Life of my mother to the public are very simply told. The two editions edited by my sister and myself have been for some years exhausted. Inquiries for the work are frequently being made, whilst our own judgment tells us, that a record ought permanently to exist of public labours so blessed, and private life as lovely as hers whose memoir we would again prepare. Nor is the Life of Elizabeth Fry valuable merely as a personal narrative. Her objects and endeavours are interwoven with many of the greatest interests of the day in which she lived. She illustrated a principle—the deep debt due from man to man—and proved, in her own person, how much human agency, in dependence on Divine assistance, can effect towards raising the fallen and consoling the afflicted. Her endeavours were carried on as indefatigably as though success depended upon her exertions alone, whilst she sought for Heavenly guidance, and implored a blessing from on high, with as much fervour as though her best powers were of no avail.

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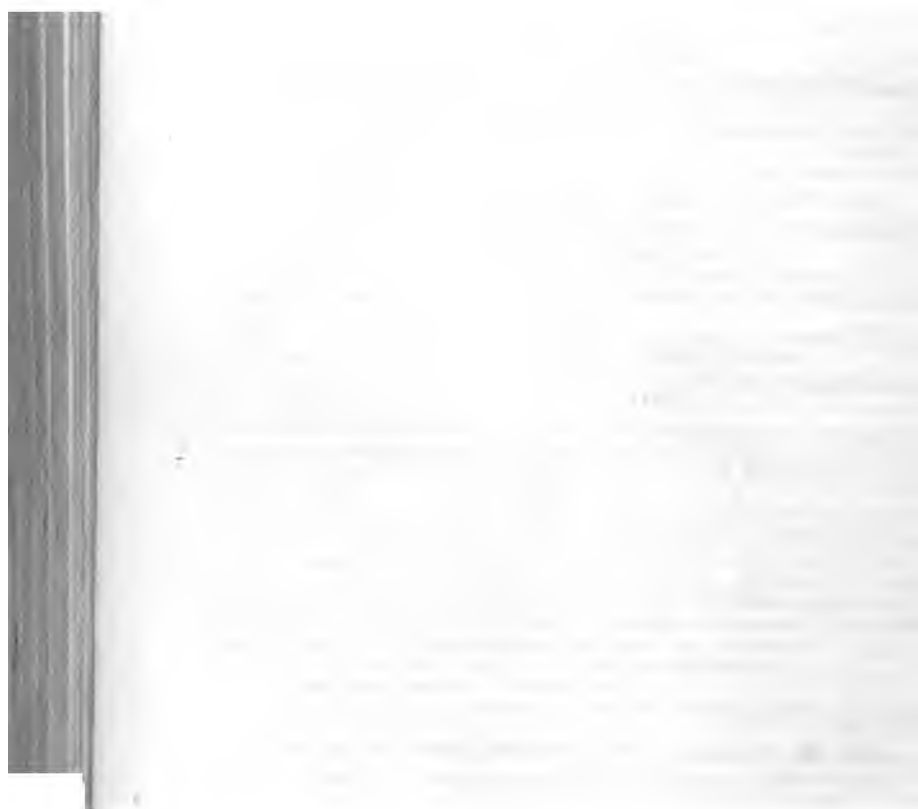
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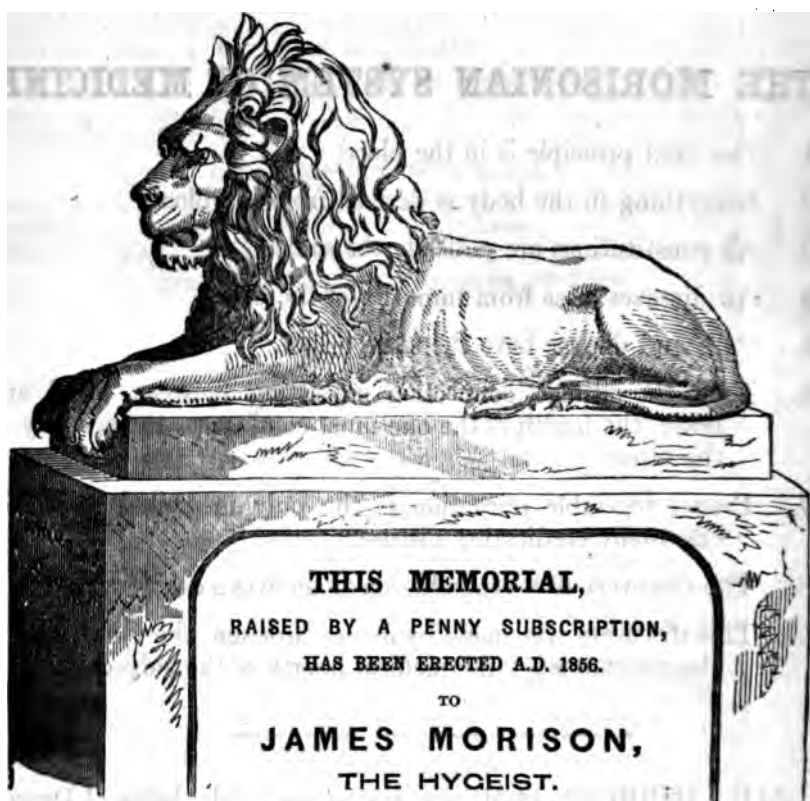
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Are but the varied GOD! The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
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ERRATA :—P. 547, line 2, for "Arcagna," read "Orcagna." P. 558, line 19, for
"brightened weather," read "Highland weather."

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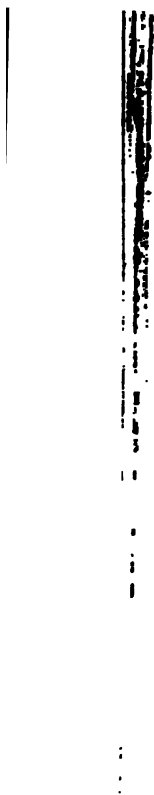
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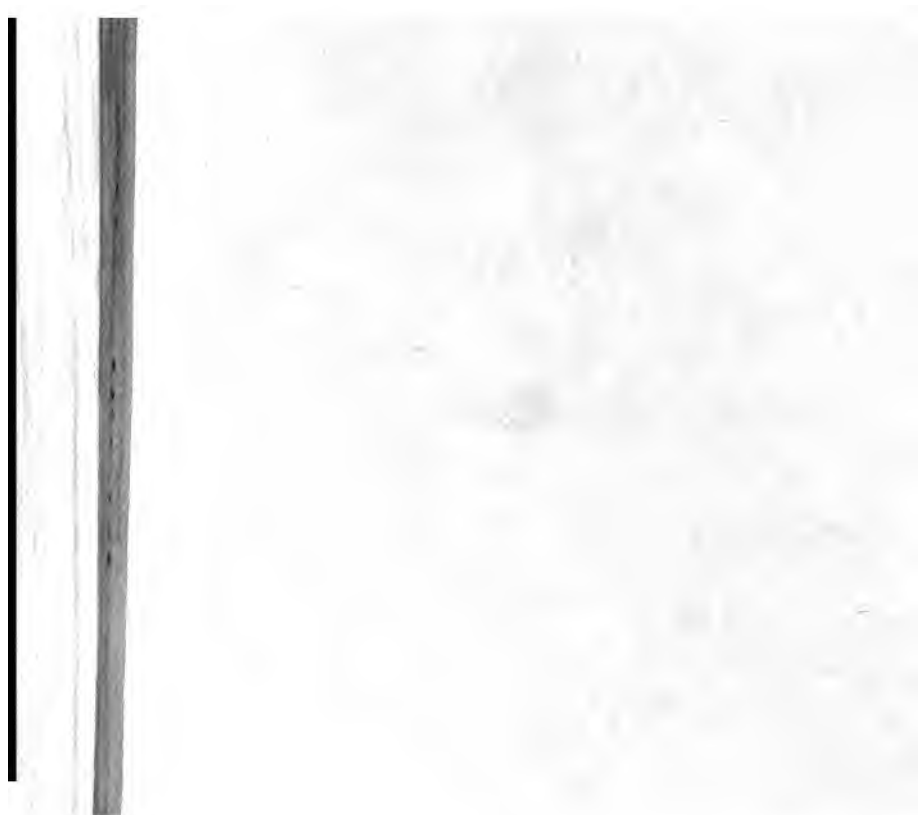
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